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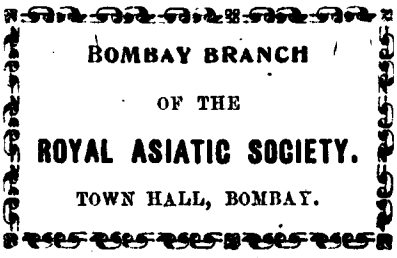

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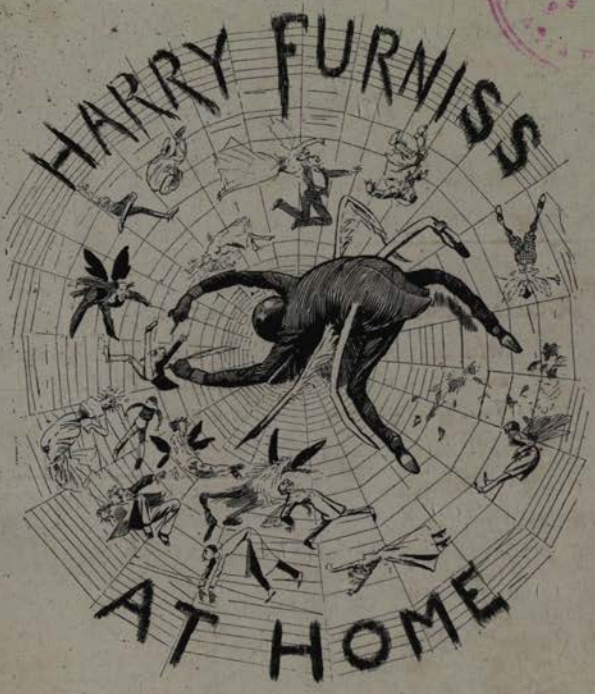

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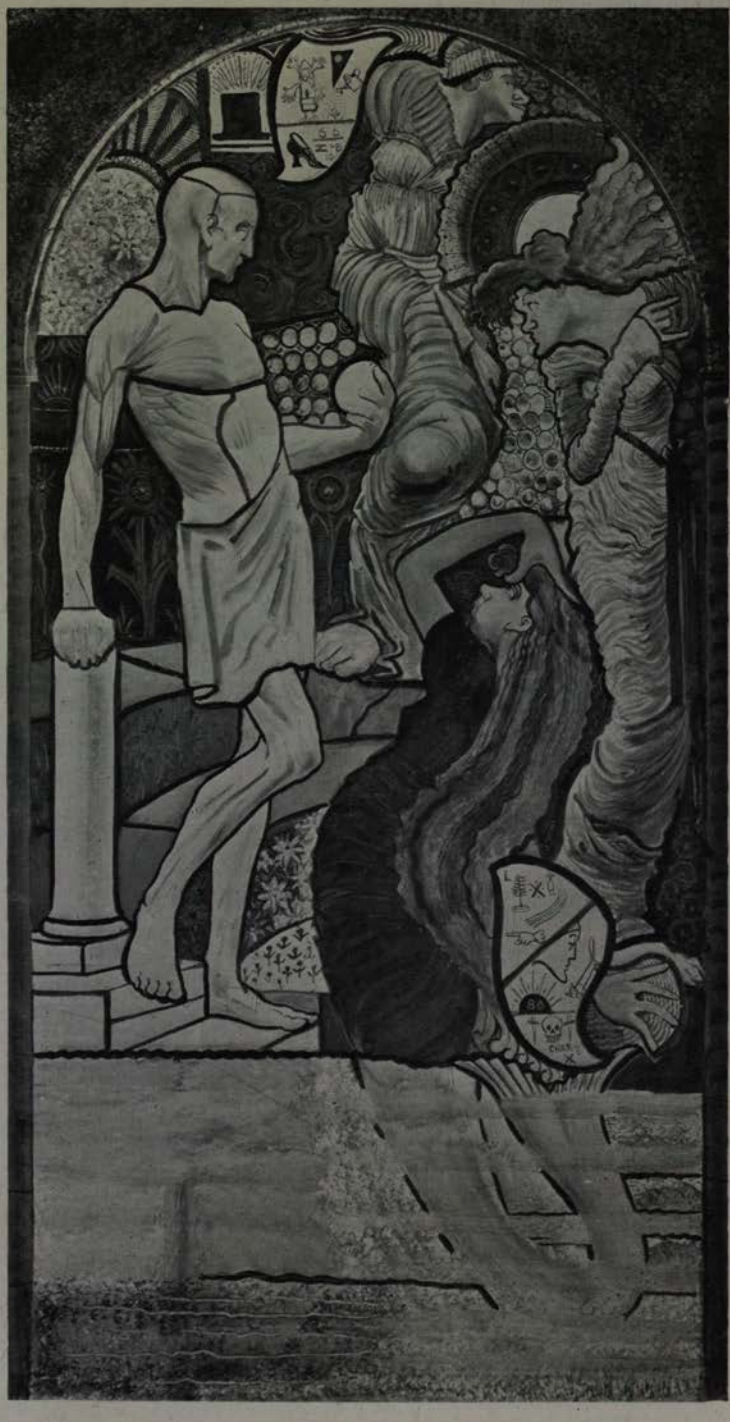

THE JUDGMENT OF THE PLASTER OF PARIS, BY SIR EDWIN BURNE-JONES. FROM MY ROYAL ACADEMY "AN ARTISTIC JOKE."

HARRY FURNISS

AT HOME

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HIMSELF

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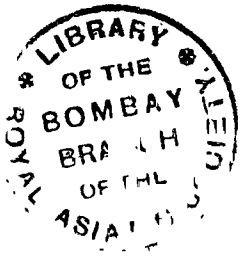

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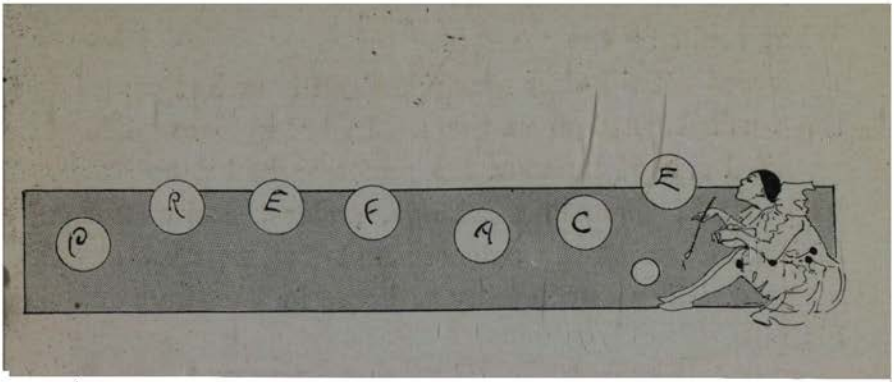

A WELL-KNOWN judge was once persuaded to deliver an address upon the subject of Humour, and prefaced his discourse by saying that he should divide it into two parts: first, Theoretical Humour, and second, Practical Humour. Theoretical Humour, he explained, was exemplified in the telling of humorous stories and *bon mots*. "This," he continued, "I shall endeavour to do in the first part of my address; but Practical Humour must take a concrete form. If, for instance, I were, during the interval, to slip off quietly and leave you here, confidently expecting my return—well, that would be practical humour."

The address was a great success, and the audience was convulsed with laughter. A particularly brilliant tale finished the first part of the programme, and the orator bounded off the stage accompanied by a storm of applause.

The ten minutes' interval allowed by customary usage passed quickly, and expectation was at its height. If the first part of the address was so good, what might they not expect from the latter portion? A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the people began to grow fidgety; another five minutes, and they began to show their impatience by stamping their feet, clapping their hands, and calling for

the speaker's return. Was he ill? Had he fainted? What could be the matter?

It was not till after nearly half an hour had passed that the truth dawned upon them. In order to exemplify the practical side of humour, the professor had done just what he had told them he might do, under the circumstances, in illustration of the subject; and was, no doubt, at that moment sitting comfortably at home in his study enjoying his pipe.

Two years ago I was induced by Mr. Fisher Unwin to give my "Confessions," which he published in two handsome volumes; and now, just as I am enjoying reading the confessions of others, over a cigar, in my studio, he comes to inform me that the public are waiting for my return. Well, that is a practical illustration of their humour, and it shows that my theoretical confessions, which ran through two editions, have been a success. This is my apology—not for keeping you waiting, for it has yet to be proved that Mr. Unwin is justified in disturbing my peace and yours—but, for fulfilling a promise, made by me in the preface to my first confessions. There I wrote:

"Do not let any Editor imagine that these pages are my professional obituary—my autobiography. . . . I am in my forties, and there is quite time for me to prepare and publish two more volumes of "Confessions," and many other things, before I am fifty."

Among other things I have to confess to having done, since then, is the writing of my first novel; which theoretical confessions I have put on one side, for the moment, to produce these practical ones. That I, a caricaturist, should have committed such an offence (as no doubt my jury of critics will regard it), while still in my

forties, reminds me of an incident that happened at the Old Bailey some years ago.

A prisoner, on trial for his life, stood in the dock keenly watching the jury take their seats, after considering their verdict. In one hand he held a pen; in the other some official-looking papers. The very moment the fatal word "Guilty" passed the foreman's lips, and before the judge could put on the black cap, the culprit wrote his name at the end of the document, and threw it to his friends. Once sentence had been passed, the signature would have been useless. This was running matters pretty close.

In my case, the jury—composed of the public—has found me guilty of successfully killing time, or helping others to kill theirs. I sign my name just in time to keep my promise, and now entrust these "Further Confessions," to your tender care.

HARRY FURNISS.

March 25, 1904.

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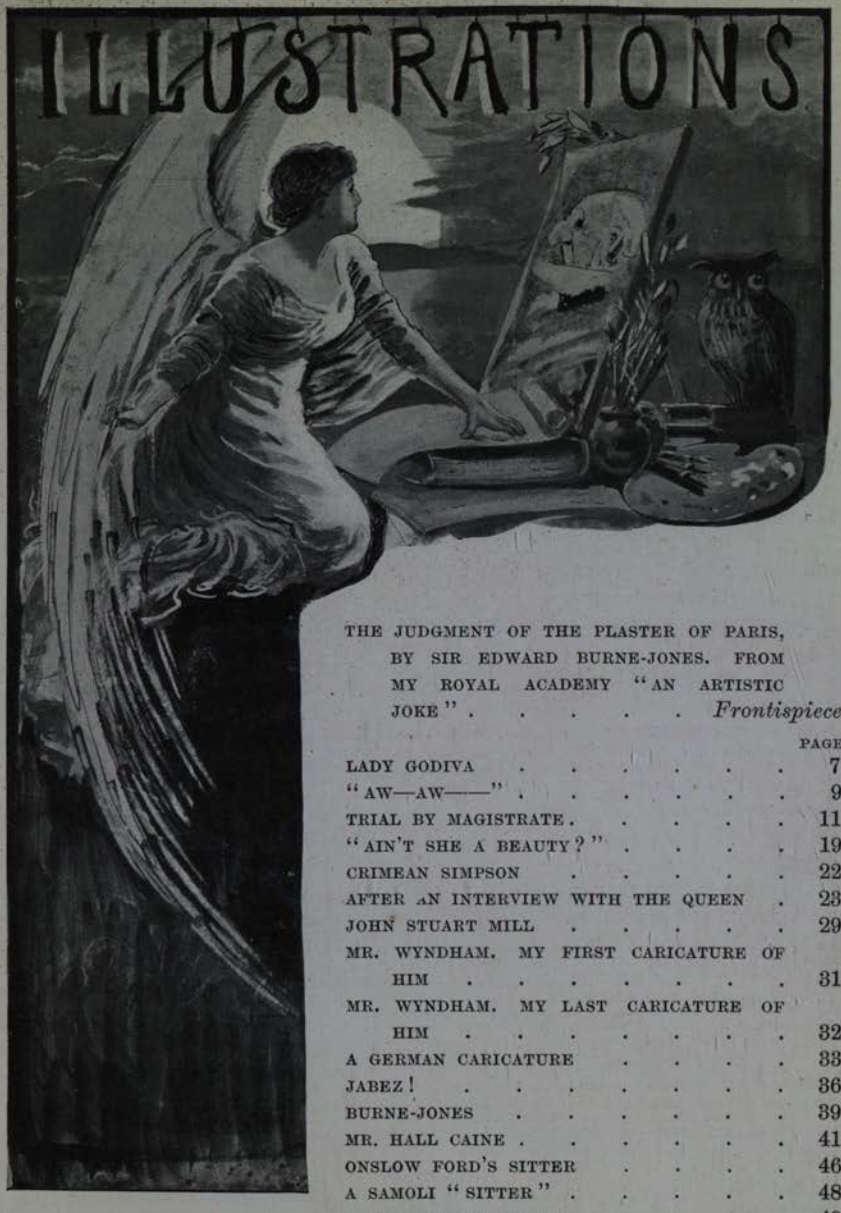

THE JUDGMENT OF THE PLASTER OF PARIS, BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. FROM MY ROYAL ACADEMY "AN ARTISTIC JOKE" . . . . . *Frontispiece*

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CHAPTER I

THE CONFESSIONS OF CELEBRITIES

HARRY FURNISS AT HOME

CHAPTER I

THE CONFESSIONS OF CELEBRITIES

A Frank Compliment—Toby, M.P.—Happy-thought-go-lucky Records—Arthur W. à Beckett's Cook—Blowitz's Hat—"Clothes-Horsley"—Kerrisms—Plowdenisms—Justin McCarthy—The G.O.M.—Lord Tennyson and the Critic—"Crimean Simpson"—"Who said Belt?"—Cecil Rhodes and the late Queen.

I WAS standing in the hall of the Garrick Club, one afternoon, towards the close of last year, (1903), when a member came up to me and said:

"By the way, I have just been to my dentist, and while waiting to be operated upon, I was looking over back numbers of *Punch;* and I must tell you how much I enjoyed your work. I laughed heartily over your Parliamentary designs—some of the very best things that ever appeared in *Punch.*

I thanked my fellow-member for his flattering remarks, and I felt it necessary to take a little walk, to hide my blushes and restore my habitual sense of modesty. As soon as I recovered, I burst out laughing. At that moment a friend stopped me.

"You seem highly amused at something," said he. "What is it—the latest joke?"

"No, the latest compliment; serious, I assure you. And then I repeated what had just been said to me, and gave him three guesses in which to find the name of my flatterer. He failed to hit upon the right one, so I told him. "Well, I never!" he ejaculated, with a laugh. "That is too funny for words."

The same thing happened when I told other acquaintances. Not one guessed rightly; so I imagine none of my readers will either. I shall therefore give the name, in full: Sir Frank Cowley Charles Mary Burnand, Editor of *Punch*.

When Sir Frank's "Records and Reminiscences" were published, I thought that he would, probably, disclose more confessions of the thoughts suggested by his visit to his dentist's, and that he might, possibly, give some clue to this one. But I extracted nothing bearing upon the matter from either volume. Yet he evidently made another discovery, about *Punch*, when waiting for his dentist. For in writing of Toby, M.P., in his newly published "Records," he states that H. W. Lucy (Toby, M.P.), was lucky in having me as an illustrator, and adds, (after paying a like compliment to my excellent friend and successor, E. T. Reed), that I left *Punch* for reasons best known to myself. As if Sir Frank Burnand hadn't been my anything but heavy father when I, in consequence of his match-making, jilted other suitors and gave my hand to Lucy, at the altar of *Punch*; and as if he were not well aware why there was a divorce of that long and happy union!

Mention of this Happy-Thought-go-lucky Editor's "Records," brings me back to *Punch* days, and therefore to old stories.

There is an American tale of a marriage in New York that I will give, as it seems applicable to my ex-Editor, Burnand.

It is generally known that ceremonies of the kind, in the United States, are very showy spectacles, but somewhat

slipshod in regard to orthodox details. In this case, the clergyman paused, at the point at which the bride should be handed over, by her father or guardian, to the man about to become her husband. As no one came forward, and learning from the bridegroom that she knew of no one present, at the moment, to undertake this particular task, the clergyman raised his voice and asked:

"Is there any one present who can give this young woman away?"

After some minutes of silence, a young man, at the back of the church, stood up and said:

"Waal, I guess I could give that young lady away,—but I shan't."

Well, I could give Sir Frank away, but I shan't—till my next volumes, which will be devoted entirely to the period during which I was wedded—not particularly to Lucy, but to *Punch*, under the genial editorship of Burnand.

The readings of the confessions of others revives memories of one's own experiences in the past. The mere mention of a place, or the name of some old friend, will give the reader food for an hour's reflection, if left undisturbed by his dentist or friends.

As I am still in my forties, it is plain I cannot go so far back as can Sir Frank Burnand, and his early contemporaries, who write about a period including the days when I had not a tooth in my head; and subsequent days of innocence, before the canines came through, or the inclination to sarcasm was developed. But all these volumes of reminiscences set my pen and pencil a-wagging—not with the impulse to dish up cooked accounts of my own dealings, but to produce spontaneous sketches, more or less personal and new, or dealing with facts ignored by other writers, in reference to persons and places mentioned by them. Speaking of cooked, reminds me that the worn-out, mother-in-law joke of the comic papers, both in England and America, has been dropped, in favour of jokes concerning the cook. I have noticed, within a week, no less than three

jokes about dismissing cooks; but what really happened, in the household of Arthur à Beckett, is funnier than any of them, and I am surprised he has not included it in his reminiscences.

He dismissed his cook, because he and his wife were frightened at her. When the eventful moment came for her departure, she ran up to her room, presumably to finish packing. But the nervous heads of the house were rather startled, by finding a crowd collecting in the street, whence, at intervals, rose shouts and cheers. Looking out of window, they saw various articles of clothing descending, from the top window of the house, to the amused crowd; and when this extraordinary performance was finished, one of the housemaids came in, and informed my old friend, that, cook, having sent out, in advance, every single article of wearing apparel she had had on, or possessed, now defied them to turn her out!

The tale of à Beckett's missing cook suggests Blowitz's missing hat. I have not seen the great correspondent's Biography, but no doubt the story is in it; for it is no secret that the materials for the daily publication, in the *Times*, of secrets of the great Berlin Conference, in the seventies, were transferred, to the celebrated *Times* representative, by means of hat-lifting. A clerk of the Conference, in the pay of the correspondent, dined every night at a certain *café*. He spoke to no one, looked at no one, but, after hanging up his hat, devoted himself to his meal and an evening paper. At the same time another man (the correspondent) did exactly the same thing. They were, apparently, strangers, but they were both well known and well watched. The trick was so simple, a Sherlock Holmes would have been baffled to discover it. These strangers' hats were on adjoining pegs; the correspondent took the clerk's, with the secret documents hidden in the lining, and the clerk took the correspondent's. This little juggling was continued, night after night, and was never discovered.

I was travelling, at the time the Biography of the great

little Blowitz appeared, and did not even see the review of it in the *Times*, the paper with which he was so long identified.

By the way, in the *Times* review of Mr. Horsley's "Recollections of a Royal Academician," containing a criticism, to the effect that Horsley is not very correct

LADY GODIVA.

about certain statements in his Recollections, there appears the following passage:

"Mr. Horsley seems to have passed through his long life—he died the other day at the age of eighty-six—without entertaining any ill-feelings against any human being, even against the critics and young artists who made such merciless fun of his intervention, some twenty years ago, in a certain burning artistic controversy. It is noteworthy that his volume does not contain one single reference to

that question, or to the unkind nickname which the young school gave him, and which stuck to him for so long.

I suppose this alludes to Horsley's absurd objection to the study of the nude in the Academy School. If so, then the *Times* reviewer is quite as incorrect in his facts. For he says that Horsley—"Clothes-Horsley" was the nickname—bore no ill-feelings against the critics. He certainly bore me ill-feeling, for he would never allow my name to be mentioned in his house. This was in consequence of my skit, (published on page 7), that appeared in my "Artistic Joke" Exhibition. Horsley came into the gallery, one day, walked straight up to the picture, looked at it for a minute, read the following reference, in the catalogue, and walked straight out of the building:

"LADY GODIVA.

"I waited in the rain at Coventry
(A very naughty town, suggestive once
Of nudities, and new ditties, but that,
Thanks to my chaste crusade, is now all changed);
I hid, like Peeper Tom, behind a curtain
To spy—what might I spy; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into—THIS!!!".

Godiva regarbed (by T. H. R. A.)

Another autobiography, published in the last few months, which recalls a matter of personal interest to myself, is that of Mr. Commissioner Kerr, Judge of the Sheriff's Court, in the City of London. It bears the title "Commissioner Kerr:—An Individuality," and certainly the individuality was a strong one.

The ire of litigators is periodically aroused by the tediousness of the law's delays; and it is a fact that a boy prisoner might be continually brought up, time after time, until he became as old as Methuselah. Commissioner Kerr was the man to alter all this. It was not his method to adjourn and adjourn, as most of the judges do. He usually polished off his cases with celerity and an epigram. Indeed, the Com-

missioner was quite a character; his witticisms from time to time were duly recorded, and we see them now in a handy volume. The last epigram I heard from him—for I sometimes went, in search of "copy," to his court—was uttered when a plaintiff "hoped for a decision in his favour." "Ah," said Mr. Kerr, "it is no use hoping in courts of law. You might put over their doors the inscription, 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here!'"

I had an experience of my own in Mr. Kerr's court years ago. A book came out which caused a sensation. I set to work at once, wrote and illustrated a parody upon it, and gave the work into the hands of an engraver and printer to reproduce. He was sold up, or in difficulties, at the moment, and I could not get my work returned. It was seized by his creditors. Of course the parody appeared, meantime, in other papers. A long time afterwards, I received a bill for work done—work I had never seen. A friend of mine, a solicitor, unsolicited, would not allow me to pay this ridiculous claim, but said he would fight it, in court—that there could be only one result. The case duly came before Mr. Commissioner Kerr, but my solicitor friend did not. At the last moment, he sent some young ass, who had just grown the first hair of his moustache, and who, I don't believe, had ever been inside a court before. To my astonishment, this youth stood up and said that he represented me. "Then," said Mr. Kerr, "why don't you pay this man his money?" "Aw—aw—because—aw—the fact is—aw—don't dispute the work was done, and well done, but—aw—the engravings were not the right size." "Is that true?" said the Commissioner to the plaintiff. "There was never any question about the size at all," said he. I jumped up and said I had never

seen the things, and was on the point of explaining, that my legal representative knew nothing whatever about the case. "You can't speak," said the Commissioner; "you are represented by counsel. I can see the mistake, but I can't help you. It will be a lesson to do without lawyers in future."

From memories of the late city cynic, the autobiography of Police Magistrate A. C. Plowden, in the pages of "Grain or Chaff," brings me back to my first "Confessions," where I gave an account of an absurd charge made against me—that of riding my horse furiously. There was no foundation for the charge, nor a semblance of chaff, from the witty beak, on the occasion when the case was heard. Perhaps his discovery that the police constable was entirely wrong may account for the following passage:

"It is one of the consolations of a police court that you never know what is going to happen. Any moment may witness some surprising development, which changes in an instant the whole current of thought and feeling."

One day, quite recently, I happened to go into Mr. Plowden's court, to make a sketch of him, for a magazine article I was writing on Police Magistrates. I had not, to my knowledge, seen Mr. Plowden since my appearance before him, on the equestrian charge; but I had not hidden my feelings about the way in which the case against me had been tried by him.

The constable had sworn, that I dug my spurs into my horse's side till the blood flowed; that the children in the neighbourhood were in danger of their lives, &c., &c. Now, as a matter of fact, no spurs had ever touched my horse; I had ridden for years, and never wore any. I was, with my daughter, cantering up to my own door, at eight o'clock, and not a soul, was in our Terrace, but the aggressive police constable and another policeman. When my horse stopped at my door, the policeman—the Chief Inspector of the neighbourhood—said, offensively, he would charge me, and afterwards informed me (he came from the disthressful

country) that "he would teach me to caricature the Irish members!" Acting upon the advice given me, years before, by Mr. Commissioner Kerr, I did not employ a solicitor; and, when I opened my fire of sarcasm, upon the constable, for his statements (he admitted he was mistaken, and that there were no spurs and no blood), I informed Mr. Plowden that it was on such evidence as that that he revoked cabmen's licences and punished poor persons who could not retaliate; and I added that I had been charged by his Chief Constable, and that Mr. Montague Williams gave it, as his opinion, that the longer a policeman was in the force, the less you could believe him. Mr. Plowden's "whole current of thought and feeling" changed in an instant, and in the end I had merely to pay half a crown, the cost of the summons, not because I had ridden to the danger of the public, for I had not—but because I had questioned the word of the police; after, mark you, the vile charge against me of having spurred my horse had been admitted to be entirely without the slightest foun-

TRIAL BY MAGISTRATE.

Magistrate: "What is this charge, Inspector?"
Inspector: "Furious riding a bike—bicycle, yir honour, to the danger of the public. This gentleman is well known as the 'Scorcher,' sir; rides over children and heverything, and is the terror of the neighbourhood."
Magistrate: "What have you to say, sir, against this serious charge?"
Eminent Solicitor: "I appear for Professor Toddle, and am prepared to prove that the Inspector is entirely mistaken. The Professor was never on a bicycle in his life; in fact, he always goes about in a Bath chair."
Magistrate: "That's bluff, and won't do for me." (To Constable) "How old are you?"
Inspector: "Sixty, sir. Forty years as swearin' 'ere."
Magistrate: "That will do. I cannot listen to any solicitors after that. Defendant, I am ashamed of you! Ten pounds and costs!"

dation. Now comes a funny sequel. I offer it to Mr. Plowden for the next volume of his most entertaining reminiscences.

When I entered his court the other day, for the purpose of drawing him, again, he caught sight of me, and saw that I made no secret of my mission. Something like this is the scene which followed:

A smart-looking Irishman, wearing a bright-coloured buttonhole, was placed in the dock, charged with having been drunk and disorderly. The policeman, who had taken the prisoner up, gave his evidence—the same old story, repeated on Monday mornings a dozen times in the course of every hour.

Mr. Plowden inquired if accused had been celebrating any anniversary—a wedding, or anything of that sort.

"No, your worship; but I lost my hat in being taken off, and the policeman wouldn't pick it up."

"A good hat?"

"Yes, your worship; a brand-new one."

"Ah," said Mr. Plowden, eyeing the prisoner, "there is a touch of departed dandyism about you that I cannot understand. I will let the loss of the hat go for the fine; you may go."

But you ought to have seen the face of the policeman!

The next was another drunk and disorderly. The case was simple. Constable gave his evidence clearly; prisoner had nothing to say. But the magistrate had. He turned to the constable, and a dialogue, nearly as follows, took place:

"How can you be certain this prisoner was drunk? Are you a doctor?"

"No, your wusshup."

"Did you call one?"

"No, y' wusshup; he didn't ask for one."

"Ah, I see, I see; you place it on his shoulders. Oh, well, he can go!"

Next. Similar case. Policeman was bowled out, by a clever twister from the magistrate, first ball.

He stumped the next, and yorked the third.

The Marylebone Cricket Court had never seen such overhand bowling as was seen that morning at the Marylebone Police Court.

As I left the court I came across an indignation meeting of those policemen who were out.

"What is the matter with him, I want to know!" said one.

"Yus; that's what *I* should like 'uxplained,'" said another.

"Carrying his jokes too far," put in a third.

"No, 'im ain't humour; he was dead serious; but he wouldn't let me 'ave a word, sideways."

"'Ere's my note-book," broke in another; "look, the facts are 'ere."

Aye; but the facts were in my sketch-book. They had the grain and I the chaff—now.

This will not prevent my reading, with pleasure, his capital reminiscences, showing him at his best and not at his worst, and I have preserved some of his best sayings. The humorous witticisms of this genial magistrate are generally recorded in the papers as "Plowdenisms"; that ought to be the title of his next book, and the following "Plowdenisms" ought to be in it:

A very portly woman, in reply to a charge of being drunk and disorderly and using bad language, pleaded that her husband had starved her since Christmas.

Mr. Plowden: You will forgive me saying, the traces of famine are not very noticeable from your appearance. (Laughter.) I hope you are not confusing hunger with thirst.

Prisoner: No, I don't look very hungry, do I? It's the contented mind. (Great laughter.)

Mr. Plowden: A contented mind is a continual feast. Five shillings. (More laughter.)

The next prisoner was a man, who was alleged to have aroused a constable from sleep, in the middle of the night, by his quarrels with his—the prisoner's, *not* the constable's —wife.

Mr. Plowden (to the accused): Do you understand the full gravity of your offence? (Laughter.) You may go this time, but remember that the sleep of a constable is precious to the public service. (More laughter.)

A conscientious objector to vaccination, asked his worship for exemption. In reply to questions, he said he did not believe in it, and he would not believe in it.

Mr. Plowden: That is a very intellectual position to take up. You may have your certificate.

Following him, came a woman, who wanted damages for a dog-bite.

Mr. Plowden: You must go to a civil court. I don't mean that this is a rude court—(laughter)—but it is not a civil court.

I found it a very rude court indeed!

To turn to another confessor. "My Working Life" is from the pen of one whom I have, in my own working life scores of times, caricatured—Justin McCarthy. The man of letters, and the man of manners, was at one time, in consequence of this double character, a *rara avis* in the Irish Party. He sat, like an owl, that bird of wisdom, next to his eagle-eyed chief, John Stuart Parnell; but as soon as the Eagle disappeared, the Owl was bewildered, until his eyes were opened in the light of the fierce Parliamentary struggle, which followed the strangling of the bird of freedom. In fact, Mr. Justin McCarthy has, like all other refined men of letters, been lost as a legislator; and his value, as a Party figurehead, decreased, as the novelty of his being a man of letters, among illiterate politicians, wore off.

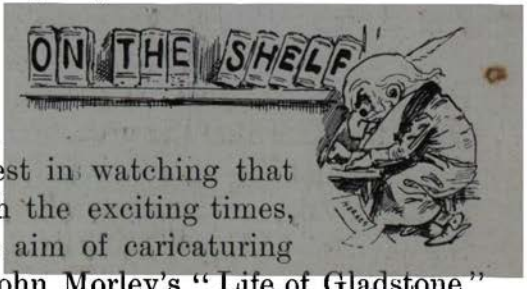
Mr. Justin McCarthy, in Parliament, always suggested to me the French clown in the circus—the good-natured, officious gentleman, who superintends everything and everybody, and does nothing. He takes up a bill, and instead of

carrying it, drops it where he found it. He orders his men about, by gesture, knowing all the time, that they are doing this work in their own way, and paying no heed to him. Such men, in the ring, are always favourites with the public; and in this Mr. McCarthy follows my simile closely.

"It is said, the Irish members lament Mr. Justin McCarthy's 'distressing want of native ferocity'; but those who are tired of the 'scenes' in the House, heartily wish all members from Ireland, on both sides of the House, would take the accomplished member for Londonderry city, as an example of Parliamentary manners," remarked a Parliamentary writer when "scenes" were frequent in the House of Commons.

We are never without some fresh, and always delightful, book of reminiscences from his scholarly pen, and, so far as I am concerned, the mere mention of his name takes my mind back to those Sessions I spent in caricaturing himself and his friends in Westminster; to the "G.O.M.," and to Mr. Morley's Life of him.

About this book I have a confession to make. I have discovered that "there isn't a penny in Gladstone." Much as I caricatured the G.O.M., I think any one who has read my first Confessions will have seen that I had some more serious interest in watching that great personality, through the exciting times, in the eighties, than the aim of caricaturing his collars. When Mr. John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" appeared, I was very anxious to show this, in a greater

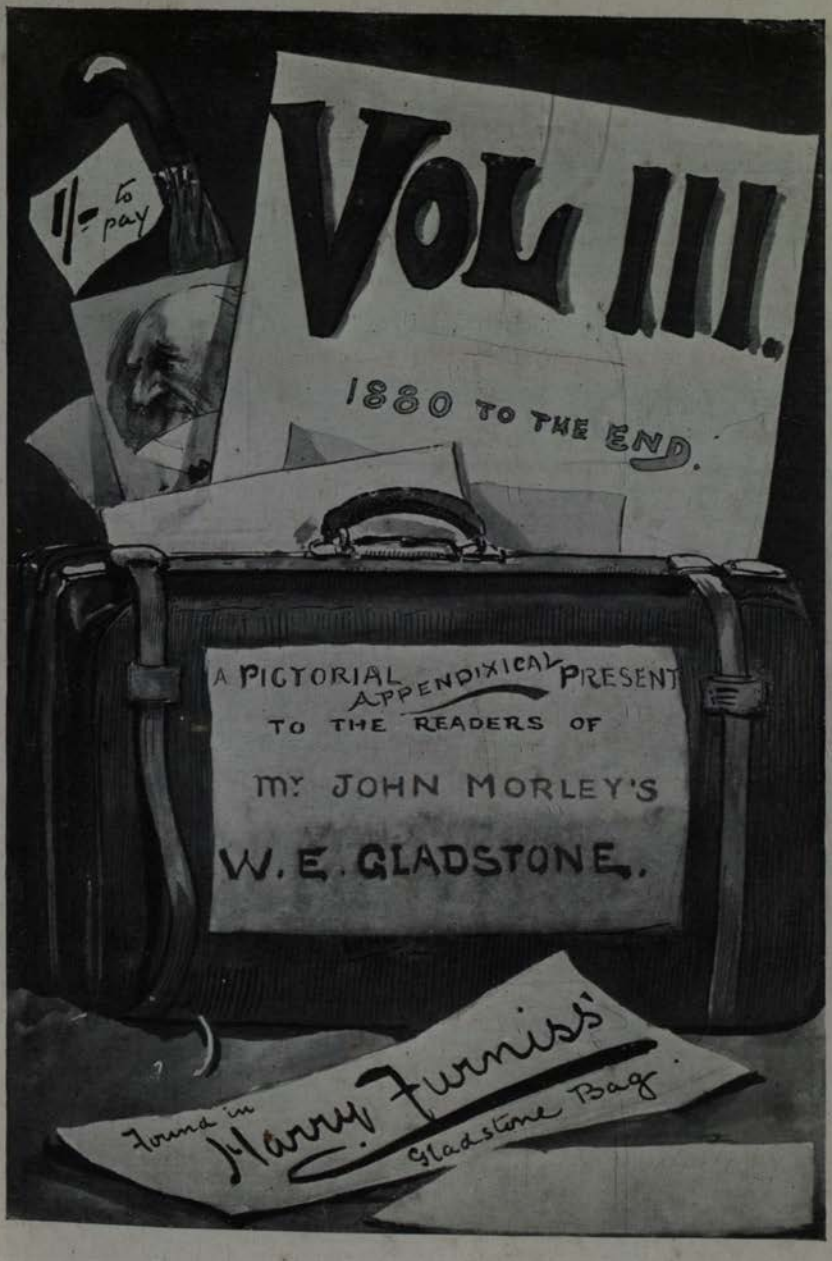


degree than I had done in my first Confessions, by publishing some sort of artistic "appreciation" of the G.O.M., from my point of view. But I could not find a publisher to touch it. The one reply I received was: "There isn't a penny in Gladstone;" and, strange to say, since the time of the Home Rule Bill, nothing published about Gladstone has paid. Morley's magnificent Life was a family affair, and outside ordinary publishing speculation.

To me, Volume III. is so interesting that I thought of calling my rapid review Vol. III. The design for the cover (without the colour), I show here. But I returned, from shooting over the publishing preserves, with an empty Gladstone bag. "There is not a penny in Gladstone," now; and not even Mr. John Morley's great effort has roused the public, or—what is necessary before the public can be appealed to—the publishers, to galvanise the name of Gladstone into public interest again.

Yet Gladstone's contemporary and friend, the late Poet Laureate, is still a name to conjure with. The conjuring trick being the putting of a *réchauffé* of his poems in a new binding, and employing some captious critic to preface the great poet's work, with offensive and belittling "introductions." This twentieth-century idea of humour may have a penny in it, but one is not the wiser by the reading, and such humourists as these, deserve to be put in the pound for stray donkeys. I wonder what Lord Tennyson would have thought of being reintroduced to the public by critics! He was not very fond of them, as the following anecdote will show:

A celebrated journalist, an American, when in England, managed, after much manœuvring, to arrange an interview with the late Poet Laureate, at the latter's country seat. The great journalist, who was full of glee at the success of his diplomacy, arrived, for the important occasion, dressed in the pink of fashion—a silk hat of dazzling newness, light summer overcoat, lavender trousers, and patent leather shoes.


1/- to pay
VOL III.
1880 TO THE END.
A PICTORIAL APPENDIXICAL PRESENT
TO THE READERS OF
Mr JOHN MORLEY'S
W. E. GLADSTONE.
Found in Harry Furniss' Gladstone Bag.

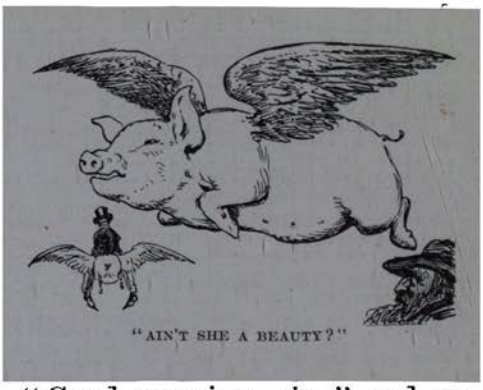
The Poet Laureate met him cordially, and said:

"Fond of pigs?"

"Why, certainly, my lord," replied the interviewer.

"Follow me, then;" and the Poet Laureate seized his broad-brimmed hat, threw his Inverness coat over his shoulders, and stalked out by the back door, across the yard, through the farm and on, to the pig-sties. The distinguished journalist followed, holding up his lavender trousers and walking on tiptoe, as he crossed the filthy yard. The poet stopped at a sty, and, leaning over a wall, he scratched the back of a huge sow, and, for the first time, spoke:

"Ain't she a beauty?"—scratch—"oh, such a beauty!"—scratch—"eh, my charmer? You know"—scratch—"show yourself to this distinguished gentleman,"—scratch—"you like interviewing,"—scratch—"appreciate the honour, my beauty;"—scratch—"don't you, eh?"—scratch.



"AIN'T SHE A BEAUTY?"

Then the Poet Laureate turned round to the distinguished journalist, and, holding out his hand, said, "Good morning, sir;" and so the interview terminated.

Another biography, I have come across, published quite recently, is that of "Crimean Simpson," the famous war correspondent, the mention of whose very name brings me back to my toothless days. For I was, myself, a Crimean baby. Not that I was born in the East, any more than wine, known as Waterloo port, was made in the place which decided the fate of Napoleon; but 1854 is my vintage year. I well remember, when I was a matured artist, at the age of nineteen, seeing "Crimean Simpson" the first time I called upon the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, with my work, and being struck with the shrewd look of the veteran artist. How well, also, I recollect some of the first work I

did for the *Illustrated London News;* which was to make the finished drawings, for publication, from the rough sketches sent home by Simpson, from the front, during the Afghan War. His name and work suddenly open up, in my mind, a beautiful scene with which he had absolutely nothing to do: a scene some twelve or fourteen years later—my first sight of the Dolomites in winter. Another scene, also, is opened up, in my mind, by the mention of his name—a sequel to the first. Just to illustrate how a mere name may conjure up all sorts of reminiscences, not necessarily connected with that name, let me take this particular instance.

It was in the eighties, at Easter-time, when I, with some friends, travelled over the Dolomites. The snow was as thick as ever it was in the Crimea; the road upon which we travelled was a deep cutting. As we wound down, down to Cortina, the sun was setting. I was wrapt in admiration; I thought it one of the most idyllic pictures nature had ever presented to my view. I had forgotten the presence of my fellow-passengers, my dear old friend, the late William Woodall, Governor-General of the Ordnance in the Gladstone Government, Sir Philip Magnus, the great expert on educational matters, and others. The trip, I may mention, was made by a few of the members of the technical commission, and I was allowed to join them as an outsider. As I say, I was in silent ecstasies. Such a view I have seldom seen, before or since. The glistening snow, touched with the setting sun, contrasted with the deep, purple night-shades, which came to view alternately, almost mesmerised my artistic faculties, and I was deaf to the general conversation; but I overheard one sentence:

"I say, I wonder how the Belt case is going on."

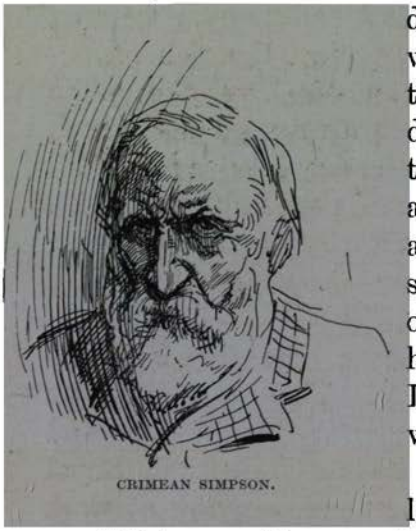
If my reader has ever seen those clever companion pictures of a dog "Asleep," and of his jumping up, entitled "Who said Rats?" he will understand my transformation at that moment. "Who said Belt?" I cried, suddenly awakened from my reverie, ready to argue with, pulverise, and worry to death, any one who took a view of that cele-

brated case in any way favourable to Belt. As time flies quickly, and memories are short, perhaps I ought to explain, to my readers, that the Belt case was, at that day, the *cause célèbre*, second in interest to none in our time. It was an action for slander, brought, by a sculptor of the name of Belt, against another sculptor, for saying that he did not model the statues he exhibited as his own work. Belt posed as the self-made sculptor, who, in his early struggles, picked up a piece of stone, that had fallen off the Houses of Parliament, and with a nail modelled his first portrait. This may not be quite correct, but there was some silly story of that kind, put forward by his friends; and, generally, he was set up as the poor genius, against the rich mediocrities. The evidence was purely technical, yet the public had made up its mind that Belt was a wronged individual, and his traducers were villains of the deepest dye; that all artists were wrong, and the public and poor Belt were right. As a matter of fact there never was a case—except, perhaps, the Tichborne Claimant's first case—in which the public were so absolutely wrong.

The defendant, in the Belt case was that splendid sculptor-athlete, Sir Charles Lawes. The other sculptors who figured in it, were two of the most upright men, and the finest sculptors, of our time:—the late C. B. Birch, Royal Academician, and Brock, Royal Academician, now at work upon Queen Victoria's memorial. Yet, in spite of the evidence of such men, the public, including my friends in that carriage, winding its way down to Cortina on that beautiful evening at Easter in the eighties, were all for Belt! On this occasion, I forgot my beautiful surroundings, and, notwithstanding the nature of my companions' mission, informed them, with warmth, that they were entirely wrong, and that I was prepared to stake my artistic reputation on the statement that, like all outsiders, they did not know—could not know—and would not understand, that there is such a thing as an expert in art. The debate was renewed a month, or more, afterwards in the house of a friend in

London, after a large dinner given to well-known men about town, who, without exception, all sided with Belt, I being again alone for the defence of the artists. Our host was the famous Army coach, Walter Wren. That coach was as nearly in danger of being upset as the one we travelled in, down over the Dolomites, when, as usual in every gathering at dinners—or anywhere else at the time—the inevitable discussion took place, as to whether Belt and the public were right, and the world of art all wrong.

"It is sheer balderdash," said Wren, in his usual direct manner, "for Furniss to say that none of us is capable of detecting technicalities in artists' work. We are all agreed, he is in the glorious minority of one in this discussion, but I'll put him to a test. See, up on the wall, there is a very small drawing I picked up at a frame-maker's shop—a landscape with figures, drawn in pencil over wash. The man who sold it has no idea who it is by, nor have I, or any one I have shown it to; will Furniss tell us?"



CRIMEAN SIMPSON.

I jumped up on a chair and looked at the little framed drawing.

"Crimean Simpson is the artist," I said. "I never saw anything pastoral of his; his war subjects are all I have seen, and very few of them, and nothing so finished; but that is his touch, and no one else's."

And so it was! There is, perhaps, little or no interest in this incident, but I introduce it to show how the reading of reminiscences can have, upon the reader, an effect no other kind of book is able to produce; and that is, by the mere mention of a name, to lead one to recall, through the association of ideas and by reason of one's own reminiscences, some incidents not necessarily connected with that particular name. At least, such books have that effect on me, and one

result is the impulse to give these further Confessions to the public.

The announcement that Mr. Boyd, son of the celebrated "A. K. H. B.," who has acted for the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, as his confidential London representative, is entrusted with the writing of the famous Empire-maker's biography, will be universally welcomed. It is to be hoped that Mr. Boyd will not omit from his work a description of his old chief's interview with Her late Gracious Majesty. The imperturbable Colonial Colossus could face, with the utmost composure, a cross-examination on the Jameson Raid, before the House of Commons, and treat, with the greatest unconcern, the attacks of Labouchere and others, the gigantic Company meetings at the Cannon Street Hotel, and the stormy scenes in the Cape House of Parliament, to say nothing of facing, alone and unarmed, the chiefs and indunas of the Matabele nation, at the now historic *indaba*, on the rocky slopes of the Matoppe Hills, amidst the silence of which he is now sleeping his last long sleep; but I am informed, by Mr. Boyd himself, that, upon the only occasion on which this dreamer of Imperial dreams was called upon to interview our late Sovereign, he was absolutely in what we should describe, in the days of our youth, as an "awful funk," even like the immortal Cæsar, when the fever was high upon him: "'Tis true, this god did shake," as Shakespeare hath it. He evidently felt like a juvenile schoolboy having a private interview with the headmistress herself; and on quitting the august presence, he looked uncommonly relieved, at escaping with a mild remonstrance, instead of a severe

AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN.

lecture. No doubt, in the Life of the giant statesman, which Mr. Boyd is writing up, he will give us the particulars of this famous interview, which plainly demonstrated the fact that Her late Majesty possessed, not only a wide grasp of the affairs of Empire, but a keen sense of humour as well.

I sincerely hope that my continuing my "Confessions," after this reviewing of the various confessions of others, published since I left off, will not be mistaken for egotism. "That's how *you* do it; now I'll show you how I do it" style of thing is very, very far from my intention. I am inspired to emulate, not to criticise, nor even to chaff; which confession recalls to my mind an incident worth retelling. A "dug-out" colonel, of my acquaintance, was holding forth about the raw recruits in our army.

We want an army of Buffalo Bills, rather than an army of Sandows; so a stripling, who can shoot, is preferable to a Hercules, who cannot. Firing practice is, therefore, most important, and this inspecting-colonel is naturally strong on that point.

"Dear me," said this colonel, after watching some recruits at target practice, "that will never do. I'll show you how to shoot. Give me your gun," he said to a trembling recruit on his left. He raised it, fired—an outer! "That's how *you* shoot," he said, handing back the rifle. "Now give me yours," he said to one of the recruits on his right. He fired—another outer! "That's how *you* shoot." Then, having got his sight, he fired a third time, and, with an air of superiority and satisfaction, hit the target. "And that's how *I* shoot," he said.

This is only my second shot; my third may hit the mark, if this fails; but I am not borrowing rifles or attempting to show "how it's done." I am still a raw recruit, in the forties, trembling in the presence of the great men, still among us, whom I have here mentioned.

CHAPTER II

ON CARICATURES

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ON CARICATURES

Does Ridicule Kill?—Dizzy—"Bobby" Lowe—John Stuart Mill—Ayrton—George Wyndham—My Prophecy—Eccentricity, a Hint to Public Men—Sir E. Burne-Jones—Monsieur "Erbure"—Puzzled by Changes—Sir Douglas Straight—Professor Herkomer as a Mesmerist—Onslow Ford's Statue—His Sitter—Under Fire—"Ragging"—A One-eyed Samoli—A Mesmerised Advertisement—What is a Model?—Some Further Confessions About Models.

IT cannot be said that the world contains many who emulate Democritus, the laughing philosopher, who smiled, with contempt, at the feeble powers of man; for the world laughs at men who are anything but feeble. Were I to pick out a dozen famous men who have been butts for jokes, the laughing-stocks of the public, at one time or another, I should find that, out of twelve, taken at random, ten are names of men to be honoured for their great abilities, but laughed at, frequently, by their most ardent admirers, merely on account of some eccentricity. Nor, in regard to those selected, do I wish to infer that, in every case, they were justly placed in the pillory of ridicule.

In some instances I would select a person who has been the subject for laughter to illustrate the fact that the laughing

public, and not their butt, is an object of pity. Some may hold that, in many cases the professional humourist, whether with pen, pencil, or voice, is to blame for misleading the public; forgetting that the professional humourist has to live, that public men are fair game, and furthermore, that public men have, more often had their reputations enhanced, than retarded, by being chosen as his subjects. It is not too much to say that some men have been made, solely by these flattering attentions of the lampooner.

There is no more absurd saying than "There is nothing kills like ridicule." Ridicule often makes the man. Disraeli, the most ridiculed man of his time, when he first saw a caricature of himself, jumped with joy, and exclaimed: "Now my reputation is made!" He continued to be caricatured and satirised to the day of his death. No man was more laughed at than he, yet no man has left a name more publicly honoured than Disraeli.

I could continue to fill this chapter with portraits of politicians, alone, who have been laughed at; suffice it to mention one or two, to illustrate my point, men—for obvious reasons—of the past.

A famous minister, endowed, like Beaconsfield, with clear, sarcastic wit—Lord Sherbrooke—better remembered as "Bobby Lowe," made himself the laughing-stock of the public, by one unfortunate slip. When Chancellor of the Exchequer he put a tax on matches. In those days the selling of matches in the streets, by children, was an important occupation—in fact the livelihood of many of the poor depended upon it. Consequently the outcry raised against this tax was tremendous: children and match-makers paraded the streets; there were meetings, protests, caricatures. At that time a sensation in the London music-halls was "Lu Lu," a young lady acrobat—who, by the way, wasn't a young lady at all, but Farini made up as a woman—being shot up from a trap-door on the stage to the top of the building, where she caught a trapeze. One of Tenniel's happiest cartoons depicted Robert Lowe,

as Lu Lu, springing up from a match-box. But he came down very quickly, abandoning the tax; still, he never recovered from the ridicule which the foolish propositior brought upon his conceited head.

Another politician, John Stuart Mill, was a remarkably able man, treated with reverence and respect by all who admired philosophical thought and true greatness of mind—until he touched politics. Then he was laughed at.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Yet what a mind he had—what a record! I have read his Life with interest. He began life as a bookworm, trained by his father, "who was an accomplished scholar and earnest student, and he devoted himself zealously to the education of his son, who, before he was six, gave promise of what he might become." When quite a young man, and in the City, young Mill was one of a band of ardent, scholarly youngsters who met every evening at 8.30 to study logic. He edited the brilliant *Westminster Review*, published works on the "System of Logic," "Principles of Political Economy," and other deep subjects; while, at the same time, he was chief examiner of political correspondence in the India Office. He wrote an essay on the "Subjection of Woman," and then, in Parliament, went in boldly for the championship of womanhood suffrage. That was the turning-point of his sublime literary reputation into a ridiculous parliamentary one. Being small of stature and severe of countenance, he was an easy prey for the pen and pencil.

Tenniel was then (1867) at his very best; every *Punch* cartoon told, and Mill was honoured with two cartoons within the space of three months. Mill refused to call his charming ladies, women, speaking of them as "persons." So the first cartoon shows the little man, hat in hand, at a polling booth, pushing on one side John Bull and his fellow male voters, and followed by lady voters. It is entitled "Mill's Logic; or Franchise for Females," and Mill is saying, "Pray, clear the way, there, for these—a—persons." The second picture represents Mill as Mrs. Bull's advocate in the lobby of the Law Courts. "Mrs. Bull: Lor, Mr. Mill! what a lovely speech you *did* make. I do declare I hadn't the slightest notion there were such miserable creatures; no one can say it was *your* fault that the case broke down." Mill, politically, broke down, losing his seat and the Westminster election. He did a great work and left a name England might well honour; but ninety-nine out of every hundred "persons" merely recall a very little, thin man, with a severe mouth, bushy hair and side whiskers, the advocate of women's rights—and they laugh!

Another politician, of a very different mental calibre from the three I have mentioned, was Ayrton—a pompous member of Parliament, whose lack of humour made him the laughing-stock of the public. A chronicler of parliamentary events sarcastically refers to Ayrton, on the memorable occasion when, on the Irish Church debate, Disraeli left the House during a "scene."

"Mr. Ayrton, the member for the Tower Hamlets, whose suave demeanour and high-bred manner, coupled with his polished deference to the rules of the House, fully entitled him to act as arbiter on all occasions where parliamentary etiquette was concerned, commented severely upon the absence of the head of the Government during the discussion by the Committee of so important a question.

"Mr. Disraeli happened to re-enter the chamber when Mr. Ayrton was laying down the law as to the duties of the

leader of the House, and on the conclusion of the lecture, the Premier rose to vindicate his conduct in a few words. . . . No doubt when Mr. Ayrton had arrived at the position of leader of the House, the conduct of the debate would be very different. 'Still,' said Mr. Disraeli, 'I am of opinion that the manner in which I attempt to perform my duties as leader of this House is preferable to that ideal which, on several occasions, the hon. member for the Tower Hamlets has offered to the admiration of this assembly.'"

Naturally, the comic papers, of the time, made much fun of the unfortunate Ayrton. (See initial to this chapter.) Coupled with his want of humour was his excess of parsimony, in dealing with the monies, as Minister of Public Works. Tenniel portrayed him, in *Punch*, November 20, 1869, as a Board of Works' beadle clinging to the money-box (loq.): "I don't know nothink about Hart an' painters, an' Sculpchers, an' Harchitex, an' Market Gardeners, an' such like; my dooty's to take care of the *money!*" Thus showing that certain men—great men on occasions—have been the laughing-stock of the public. The caricaturist does not always lead the public, but—as I have endeavoured to point out — follows public opinion concerning the man who has made himself ridiculous. These few, I have mentioned, were before my time.

MR. WYNDHAM.
My first caricature of him.

But do caricaturists make men ridiculous, by the mere fact of noticing them? I hope not. Mr. George Wyndham I "discovered" before the press or the public did; but in spite of the following, published at the time, Mr. Wyndham has never become one of the butts of the caricaturist:

"When a public man gets the length of being caricatured he is on the high road to fame. Mr. George Wyndham has

now been caricatured, and no doubt greatly relishes the process. It is a sign that he is being taken notice of, and that he is rapidly making his mark. Lord Randolph Churchill had quite an extensive collection of caricatures of himself which had been published in the public prints, and takes great delight in looking over the lot, and showing them to his intimates. Mr. Wyndham has been caricatured in the new weekly paper, *Black and White*, by the genial pencil of Harry Furniss." Explanatory of the drawing is the following good-humoured badinage (written by me): "The lieutenant in question is Mr. George Wyndham, who is unquestionably, one of the coming men in the House, and always commands attention when he speaks. He possesses an excellent parliamentary style, which would lose nothing of impressiveness if it were divested of certain artificial traits, which at times excite a smile. When, for instance, he hurriedly grasps a portentous pile of printed matter, and nervously searching it, for the reference he requires, exclaims, in the usual set phrase, 'I have clearly in my mind, gentlemen, that case in which,' &c., his listeners are apt to doubt the retentiveness of his memory. But, although a young man still, Mr. Wyndham will, no doubt, make his mark, and some day his effigy may be seen upon one of the empty pedestals of London, in that attitude which he is always striking, which is so suggestive of a presentation portrait, with one hand grasping the conventional roll of papers and placed defiantly upon his hip, whilst the other reposes, elegantly, on the breast of his coat."

MR. WYNDHAM.
My last caricature of him.

I think my prophecy, "Mr. Wyndham will no doubt make his mark," has come true.

If politicians wish to be made notorious by the caricaturist, they must be eccentric—un-English. The prosaic Englishman does not understand eccentricity. Eccentricity, in an Englishman, spells ruin; in any one of foreign extraction, or name, it spells fame or fortune, and sometimes both. Disraeli, in politics; Whistler in art; Paderewski, and before him Paganini, in music: we have others in the pulpit, on the stage, as authors, scientists, humbugs, and social successes; but they must not be English. It was an Eastern flavour associated with Disraeli, that something uncanny in his appearance, in his tactics, and in his power, that, after first resenting it, we finally worshipped. Disraeli, himself, hated the commonplace, and never did anything in a common way, and when the commonsense, commercial, everyday Englishman, in the person of W. H. Smith, was doing his best to support his chief, Disraeli, it is said, would remark, "I never can remember if the man is H. W. or W. H."

Unfortunately for the caricaturists, we have too many of the W. H. Smith's type, in Parliament, now, and too few eccentrics. My advice to young politicians is—be "eccentric" in dress, if not in address. As an illustration, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is perfect in dress, but is quite unconventional enough in his speeches and votes, and often gets a laugh. Had he adopted an eccentric appearance—a combination, say, of his uncle, Lord Beaconsfield, Whistler, Sir Squire Bancroft, and Dan Leno—what a treasure he would be to the political caricaturist!

A GERMAN CARICATURE.

Prince Bismarck was, to the German caricaturist, what Mr. Gladstone was, to his English *confrère*, with the exception that, whilst we in England always treat our politicians with a kindly satire, Germans are no exception to the other Continental caricaturists in being gross and

malicious. Mr. Gladstone's collar was merely a creation, dealing with an eccentricity of dress—it became a trade-mark; but the three hairs—the trade-mark of the Bismarck portrait in caricature—were a libel on the great Chancellor's hirsute adornment, and drew attention to a failing of nature—very different from a mere eccentricity of the shirt-maker.

In another way comparison may be useful. It must be admitted that the English artists have been pretty successful in catching the features of Bismarck, but Continental artists have never taken the trouble to master the features of our statesmen. Lord Salisbury, for instance, was generally represented as a curly, black-headed, black-bearded, Jewish-looking gentleman of five-and-thirty; Mr. Gladstone was a creation, or a series of creations (for no two were alike), by the artist, of some imaginary individual, unlike any member of the 670 in our House of Commons, but, most of all, unlike Mr. Gladstone. It is said that Bismarck detested photography—certainly he did not emulate the present Emperor, in the care with which he posed for the camera. His best-known portraits—standing in a muddy waterproof, between his two dogs—are interesting, from the fact of their being unstudied and anything but works of art.

We copied the German caricatures of Bismarck, as the German caricaturists flattered me (as their English brethren did too), by occasionally adopting my Gladstone. Here is a specimen.

As regards political caricature, I am reported to have "given myself away," to a reporter, somewhat on these lines:

"I have always striven, during my career in Parliament to avoid giving offence to any member, whom I might light upon for a satiric sketch. And my sketches are not so satirical after all. They are, I think I may say, fairly true to nature; and if I slightly exaggerate any one point or feature, I endeavour to refrain from anything like malicious suggestion. Why, members write me, not exactly suggest-

JABEZ!

ing that I should depict them for the next number of *Punch*, but putting it delicately, like this:

"'HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"'DEAR MR. FURNISS,—I hope to catch the Speaker's eye, at a quarter past six, exactly, next Thursday, and shall then deliver a speech, on my scheme for the taxation of pocket-handkerchiefs. If you should happen to be in the neighbourhood of the Gallery, it would perhaps be a fruitful coincidence.

"'Yours faithfully,

"'SOCRATES BLATHER.'

That's the kind of thing I get. Oh yes! the ordinary legislator is by no means averse to going into my Gallery of Parliamentary portraits. I have often seen the subject of my sketch laughing over my presentation of his distinguished self, but I am not sure, by the way, that he always believes that I drew him correctly; still, if he is not an ideally beautiful personage—and M.P.'s are like most other men in ungainliness—he will charitably set down his lack of the picturesque to my love of caricature and humour. One of my hits has proved to have had quite a prophetic value; it was a sketch, I once took, of Jabez Balfour, of Liberator Society renown, running, as hard as his short legs could carry him, to be in time for a division. In my 'Humours of Parliament' entertainment—some people insist upon calling it a lecture, a title I abhor—I use that sketch of Balfour. He is shown in the act of 'running away,' and of course everybody in my audience at once saw the moral.*

"I endeavour to adjust myself to things as they turn up. The humorous side of Parliament is simply inexhaustible, and I need hardly say, that the new M.P.—with his pro-

* Jabez Balfour had run away from England, and was at that time hiding in South America.

found self-consciousness, his feeling that the eyes of the country are upon him, and his determination to do his duty to his constituents, and to himself, especially the latter—is a very droll character. It takes the average legislator some time to settle down, to abandon his little ambitions, and to reluctantly acknowledge that his wife was right in declaring that he was not cut out for the Premiership, and ought rather to stay at home and mind his own business, instead of that of the nation. Yes; the first session of a new Parliament would provoke a cynic to very immoderate laughter."

From politicians I come to painters. In truth we are not an artistic nation. Landseer, with his humanised animals; Frith, with his strong pictures; the batch of modern painters, of such subjects as "The Lovers' Quarrel," "Mama's Pet," "A Venetian Idol," "The Shrimpers," and "The Queen's Dolls," if they do not inspire the public, compliment it, by playing down to its limited understanding of Art matters; but those who are "over their heads" cause it to laugh. It laughed at Millais, the pre-Raphaelite. Millais painted down to its level, and the public, that laughed at his "Lorenzo and Isabella," admired his soap advertisment, "Bubbles." Neither Burne-Jones, nor J. McNeill Whistler, painted for a soap-boiler; so the public still consider their work fair game for laughter. Besides, Millais cut his hair and dressed in the orthodox fashion of a country gentleman. Burne-Jones wore his hair long, and, as I have said before, J. McNeill Whistler's eccentric appearance, had more to do with the public's amusement than had his clever, eccentric work.

Burne-Jones, like all the pre-Raphaelites, was the cause of laughter. He was absolutely under the artistic control of Rossetti and William Morris. As that learned critic, the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, wrote: "Rossetti ran a great risk, in bidding him forego all academic training. He had never had the patience to go through a thorough discipline, himself, and his want of craftsmanship is pain-

fully visible, in much of his work. It seems something like the advice of the fox who had cut off his tail; but there is no question of Rossetti's sincerity. He feared, that the enforced drudgery, of copying from the antique, would blunt, if not destroy, the fine, sensitive imagination of his young friend; and he, himself, was fitted, as no other man was, to stimulate and direct that teeming fancy, that fine sense of decorative beauty, which Burne-Jones possessed. By strenuous efforts, Burne-Jones has fairly made up for the deficiencies of his early training. He is now, one of the most subtle and exquisite of draughtsmen, and, if some imperfections still remain, they are not of a kind to impair, either the expression of his feeling, or the beauty of his conceptions."

BURNE-JONES.

If caricaturists made much sport of Burne-Jones, the father of one of them, Sir E. J. Reed, broke into verse in his praise:—

"Artist of many arts,
Master of all that thou attemptest, say
With what deep secret hast thou charmed away
From Life its baser parts;

And set thy soul to see
Only the lights that through our darkness shine—
Amid earth's evil only the Divine—
In all its purity?"

Another artist, a member of the Royal Academy, whose work, placed on the line by right of membership, was the cause of much merriment, among the public, visiting Burlington House, for some years, before his death, was laughed at, all his life, by those who knew him privately, in consequence of a strange assumption of a foreign accent. In truth, his natural accent was decidedly Cockney. The

first letter of his surname was a trouble to him; so one day he left Town, an unmistakable Cockney, and the following day he returned, a typical Continental! "You Englash peoples are so droll! You call me 'Mr. Herbert.' I know not that name; my name in my own country is 'Monsieur Erbure.'" Apropos of this, Charles Dickens is supposed to have said one of his best things: "Herbert went over to Boulogne for the day, fell down and broke his English accent." Herbert never mended it again. I recollect him walking round the Academy with friends, acting the Frenchman, and speaking English without the letter H, while people stood before his serious work in roars of laughter. He, and his work, were the comic relief, of that rather dull annual show, for several seasons—"Erbure," with a big E and not with a big H, was irresistible.

Novelists, as a rule, I think, are rather grateful for being moderately ridiculed. It is an advertisement, and to caricature an author is to assume that he is sufficiently well known for your caricature to be generally understood. It is no good laughing at Mr. Nobody; for nobody knows him, and your joke falls flat.

Mr. Hall Caine, the author of "The Deemster" and "The Manxman," is undoubtedly, a great novelist, and a most entertaining and humorous acquaintance; but I have never discovered whether he likes being laughed at, or considers himself too superior, to take any notice of those who make capital out of his eccentricities. It is fortunate that Mr. Hall Caine has a keen sense of the ridiculous; for perhaps no one at the present moment is looked upon as fairer game for pen and pencil than this highly successful author. Mr. Caine, besides being a man of letters, is a man of the world; and therefore enjoys a joke, even at his own expense.

A man like Mr. Hall Caine, who can entertain his friends, for hours, with the most humorous anecdotes, is not the man to mind the chaff of the humorous writer or the caricaturist. I, myself, often introduce Mr. Caine's caricature, as a compliment to his genius, without shocking him;

but he related to me a few days ago the account of a terrible shock, he received, while walking through London. The poster of an evening paper was thrust into his face; and on this poster, he read the following, startling announcement, in large letters: "Hall Caine comes a Cropper." Some admirer had named a racehorse after him, and this announcement referred to a sporting event.

He told me this story, at the house of a mutual friend, who had called, a few days before, to say how sorry he was he could not include me in his dinner list, for a particular evening, as Hall Caine was to be present.

MR. HALL CAINE.

"But what has that to do with it?" I asked. "I know I shall soon be a rival novelist, for my first——"

"No, no, nothing of the kind," he replied; "but I am told that he is furious with you, for making fun of him, in your new show on the platform."

"I am truly sorry," I said. "Well, it cannot be helped; but I frankly make fun of Caine, as I know he does not object."

"Well, he has, and wants your blood."

The following day, I received another visit, from my very good friend, to say Hall Caine was unable to be present, as he was laid up with a cold, and he pressed me to go.

You ought to have seen my host's face when, over our cigars after dinner—I am not sure I was not giving an imitation of Hall Caine, at the moment—in walked the novelist!

Entering the room, he shook us all, warmly, by the hand, myself included.

"I could not resist coming round; as I felt better, and I heard Furniss was here, and we have not had a chat for ever so long!"

Any special pleading, of mine, for caricature, might possibly be mistaken for egotism. I am, therefore, driven to two, brief quotations from the serious Press. Not long ago the following appeared:—

"In an article on the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon Scott-Holland complains, that it was not until that strong man succeeded Archbishop Benson, that the public realised his greatness. 'Curiously enough,' he says, after a reference to the famous sermons in St. Paul's, 'as soon as he went to Canterbury, when the day of his mighty sermons was over and gone, the Press became imaginatively aware of him.' 'The apotheosis of fame,' we read, was reached, 'when the caricaturist seized upon those rugged features and made them familiar to all the world.' While we are disposed to question the charge of public indifference during Dr. Temple's occupation of the See of London, we are at one with Canon Holland in his tribute to this influence of the caricaturist. It seems to be a fact that the public takes but the smallest interest in a man until he has caught the eye of the comic artist. One could have no better example of this than the case of the Navy, where—because the caricaturist has no opportunity for sketch-making—the great Admirals of the Fleet are scarcely known even by name to the public. And in the House of Commons, as we all know, a pushing and incompetent person who happens to catch the draughtsman's eye becomes a far more important man in the public imagination than men of real power and intellect. We can only hope the comic artist will realise his responsibilities."

What is the greatest trouble of the caricaturist is the fact that men will alter their appearances, as is sympathetically shown, in the following, by a Parliamentary writer:

"Mr. Harry Furniss was in the lobby, this week, in a state of sore distress. Some one had told him, that one of his Parliamentary portraits was wrong. The hon. gentleman was shown wearing long hair, whereas his crop has been shorn. The amicable satirist of *Punch* came down to see for himself. We studied the object between us. I was shown the drawing, which was true to nature, as nature at that time was suffered to take its course, but apparently, with the advent of the hot weather, the hon. gentleman had placed himself unreservedly in the hands of his 'artiste.' Mr. Furniss went on to enlarge upon the troubles of caricature. 'Sometimes,' he groaned in weariness of flesh, 'I have to dodge a man for hours in the lobby before he stands long enough to be caught. That is bad enough. But now, it seems, I must come down here on the eve of publication to make sure that he has not made away with himself. Who would be an artist on the lobby list?'"

But, worst of all, there is such a thing as portrait blindness. Should you alter your appearance, in any way—say by shaving off your beard, or, being bald, suddenly wear a wig, or shave off a moustache and adopt side whiskers, or dye your hair or black it,—as a matter of fact, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, your most intimate friend will say, "There is something funny about you," or, "What have you been doing to yourself?" But they'll wait for you to tell them of the exact change—they won't see it. The experiment causes very little trouble or expense; so put my statement to the test and see if I am not correct.

A well-known writer, at one time a frequent visitor at my house—he was daily there as I was illustrating a story of his, and he generally lunched with us—sported an aggressively large, black moustache, but was otherwise clean-shaven. For private theatrical purposes the moustache was sacrificed, and when he turned up, one day, without it he smilingly asked me if I knew him. Of course I did.

"Well, you are the first person to-day who has recognised me. My own servants thought I was a stranger."

Shortly afterwards I put this to the test, at lunch, by introducing him, to my wife and family, as his own cousin. And then I had *my* joke. I made him listen to all my old stories over again. He was bound to laugh, or give himself away. He could hardly drink claret, as did the author; so, to keep up the deception, he drank whiskey and soda, which he loathed. Of course we discussed his cousin's work, and he frankly acknowledged he did not think much of it.

"Well," said my wife, "now that you say so I must say that I agree with you. But of course one does not like to be so frank with the relatives of sensitive authors."

I thought it about time to end the deception, but my family wouldn't have it.

"Oh no, no, Harry is not going to take us in in that way. We are too accustomed to his jokes. Fancy our feelings, if you really were your cousin, after what we have said!"

Some years ago I was seated, alone, in the smoking-room at the Garrick Club, when a member came bounding in, clasped me by the hand, and greeted me with—

"Hullo, old chap, how are you?"

"Capital, thanks; how are you?"

"*Who* are you? you ought to say, for I am sure you don't remember me."

"I frankly admit that I don't know who you are."

"Ha, ha, ha! that's funny! No one does! I knew you wouldn't. Think again."

I thought, and was silent.

"Well, well, and you an artist, too! I've grown a beard. Now think."

I shook my head.

"It's very funny, but, like the rest of them, I puzzle you. Ha, ha! none of my old friends know me, since I came back from India. *I am Douglas Straight.*"

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Sir Douglas, but I never saw you before in my life."

And, as a matter of fact, I never had.

Perhaps no public man has been so transformed, by the removal of the hair from his face, as Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A. After his transformation, not even his brother Academicians knew him, as the following incident shows:

For the purpose of theatricals, at Busney, he shaved off his moustache and beard, about the time the hanging of the pictures was taking place, in the Royal Academy. On the R.A.'s day, the beardless Professor was walking round, watching his brother Academicians, at work. He stopped, opposite to a sculptor, engaged in touching up his masterpiece.

"H'm!" said Herkomer, "I would refine that little toe-nail, I think."

"Would you, sir?" replied the sculptor, the late Mr. Onslow Ford, one of the most delightful of sculptors and popular of men. "I can't see what right you have to interfere with a stranger."

"Stranger? Ha, ha! Don't you know me, old chap? I am Herkomer."

"Herkomer? Well I never! Ha, ha, ha! You do look ridiculous. Oh, dear! Ha, ha, ha! You look too funny for words!"

"Sir! What means this? Do not ridicule me, sir. I shall hypnotise you." And he proceeded forthwith to send the frivolous sculptor into a trance. "Now, sir," said the Professor, performing "passes" over the unhappy sculptor, "before twelve to-night you shall have cut off your own beard!"

Ford went home. He laughed, at dinner, as he told the story, but before dinner was over he rose from his seat, left the table, and, after the absence of several minutes, returned with his beard cut off.

This fact leaked out, and the other Academicians were discussing it freely. One, endowed with a massive beard, approached Professor Herkomer and said—

"I say, Herkomer, is it true that you hypnotised Onslow Ford, and made him shave off his beard?"

"Sir!" thundered the Professor, "if you say a word I shall——"

"Oh no," said the little man, "not that." And, holding on to his beard, he took to his heels, as fast as possible.

I told this joke to Herkomer, and he did not deny it.

I was glad to hear that a statue of the late Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., provided by public subscription, was to be erected at the junction of Grove End Road and Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, the locality in which the eminent sculptor lived and worked for many years. Onslow Ford was a most popular man as well as an excellent sculptor. He was, however, not a genius, as that master sculptor, Mr. Gilbert, is, and there are some who may, therefore, wonder at this great, public honour. But, as Onslow Ford was always ready to lend his talent to testimonials, in honour of others, it is only right that his name and figure should be handed down, to posterity, in marble. I did hope that the sculptor of the Ford statue would let us see, in marble, Onslow Ford, as he was. His personality was everything. His curious French tall hat—a perfect "chimney-pot"—his wide, flowing, French tie, and baggy, French-cut trousers, were familiar to all Londoners, particularly in the neighbourhood where this statue is placed. By the way, apropos of clothes, I wonder if that story of Onslow Ford's

ONSLOW FORD'S SITTER.

millionaire sitter is known. This Crœsus arrived at Ford's studio, in the shabbiest of clothes, to sit for his statue, to be erected in the market-place of his native town. Ford looked at him, with surprise. "Aye, Mr. Ford, I'm a careful man, and as you are going to do my statue I just put on my oldest clothes, as your plaster would destroy my new ones."

Ford's surprise could not have been greater than my own when I saw the memorial in St. John's Wood. For a body of men calling themselves artists to—well, no, I shan't confess what I think, I shall change the subject. Ford's sitter recalls to mind another funny incident.

Early one Monday morning, not long ago, "A gentleman in Kharki" might have been observed, knocking at the door of a famous Art School. A number of students, mostly girls, had arrived punctually, so as to get good places for the new model, to be posed that morning. In walked the soldier. "I—ah—have come to sit, don't-cher-know, ah." "Oh, then get on to the platform," said one of the young ladies; and soon the model was surrounded by the critical young artists.

"Can't pose," said one; "Weak arms," said another; "No drawing in his head," a third; "That costume won't do," and so on.

The warrior was speechless with indignation. "I—ah—say, young ladies, this is jolly rough don't-cher-know, by jove—I never felt so cornered. Fact is—Mr. Mahlstick is going to paint my—ah—portrait here, and I was to meet him at 10."

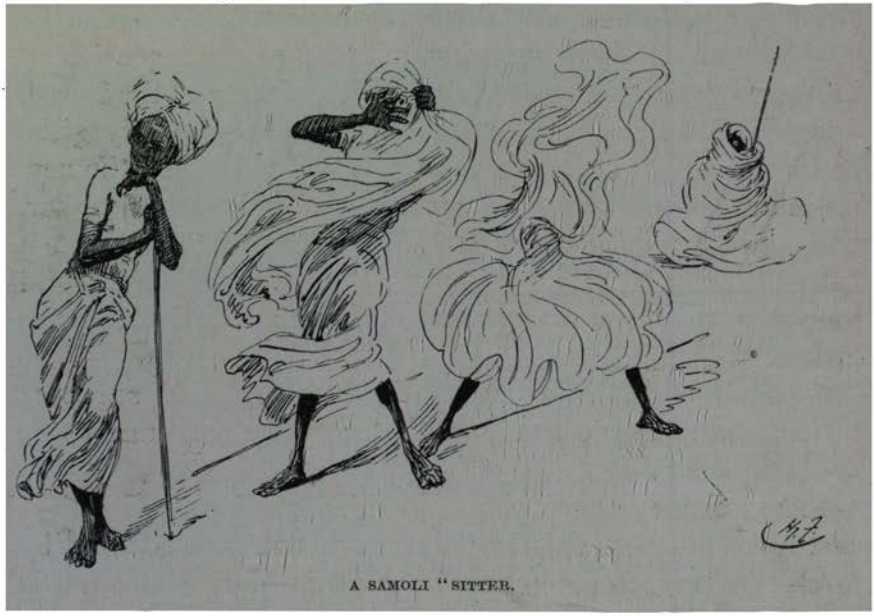
The young ladies disappeared, quicker than the Boers would have done.

Ladies and gentlemen, in reduced circumstances, have tried sitting as professional models, but I have never known them to be a success. Like "lady-helps," they are of little practical use. I suppose, the oil, of their social training, refuses to mix with the water, of commonplace hard work. In my first Confessions, I give an interesting experience, of the manners which illustrate this fact.

A retired officer sat, for a friend of mine; he got on very well, for a time dressed as a cavalier, but his martial dignity was sorely tried, by his having to sit, with a broom-stick, instead of a sword. When it was time to give up work, however, the artist, dropping into studio lingo—an unknown tongue to his sitter—sadly raised the other's ire, by remarking:

"That'll do; you can tumble into your own rags!"

"Rags, sir!" cried the exasperated hero; "what do you mean? I may be in reduced circumstances, but I am



A SAMOLI "SITTER.

nevertheless a gentleman; my clothes may have seen wear, but I have never, never——"

Here his feelings became too strong for his power of expression, and my friend, hastening to apologise, began to think that the old warrior meant "fighting his battles o'er again," and so prepared for a retrograde movement. However, no breach of the peace occurred, but the poor old fellow went off sadly wounded and aggrieved.

When in Aden, I wanted to sketch a Samoli—which is a very difficult matter. I shall never forget one whom I saw

standing in a boat alongside our ship, and seemingly posed for an artist; his attitude was too tempting to miss, and I whipped out my pencil. In a moment, he spied me, and, as if galvanised to life, suddenly he tore the turban from his head, with one hand, and hid his face, with the other. The amount of stuff in the turban surprised me; like lightning he unravelled it, yard after yard, and then, momentarily, performed a sort of skirt dance; enveloping himself, altogether in it, he squatted down and watched me, with the one eye uncovered, until out of sight.

A MESMERISED MODEL.

As a contrast to this, one of the Samoli, I had, on the same journey, a novel experience, which is recalled to mind by my story of Ford and Professor Herkomer, just a page or two back. It is of a mesmerised model—not a mesmerised artist—who sat to me on board the P. and O. liner. He was dressed up, in this fashion, as a walking advertisement for the Servants'• Concert. The head steward mesmerised him, and sent him round the ship. When he came to my cabin, the steward told him to stand for me; and there he stood. Before I finished my sketch, the lunch bugle sounded; I had lunch and a cigar, and came back, to find him still standing there. It struck me that if portrait painters could only mesmerise their models, what a pleasure painting would be!

What is a model? Let me, a caricaturist, make a few further confessions about models. There is as much ill-natured nonsense, spoken about artist's models as about ballet girls. The ballet girl of your fancy, fair reader—a flighty, giddy, naughty young thing—is a myth. There are, of course, exceptions, but the ballet girl is, after all, a woman of experience, who has worked hard, for years, to obtain her position and her pay; and, in nine cases out of ten, she is a

good wife and the mother of a family. The misinformed mix up the ballet girl with the chorus girls—those inactive masses of humanity whose only place is to "draw the youth in the stalls," and who have no more to do with the theatrical profession than the members of an audience.

MY MODEL FOR "AN ENGLISH GIRL."

And, as the ballet girl is a woman of experience, so is the genuine artist's model, and she should be respected, as her profession is as honourable and necessary as any other; but it is a profession, and that fact is too frequently overlooked, by those who think that to sit for an artist is merely to loll, languidly, about a sumptuous studio, sip afternoon tea, put on fine dresses, and get well paid for doing nothing.

I have found that there is a widespread impression, among women of all classes, that no training or qualifications are required, to make a useful model; they could not make a greater mistake than they do when they declare, as one often hears, "Oh, any one can be a model," except when they add the utterly unjust and unwarrantable rider, "that is, any one who has lost her self-respect."

Many a tale could be told of kindness on the part of models. The aspiring genius, with his studio in Bohemian quarters, often owes his rent to his model, and still, like Mr. Micawber, waits for something to turn up in the shape of a dealer. Often, too, he finds the only one to sympathise with, or encourage, him is his model, who good-naturedly gives him a day's sitting, now and then, to help him on—yes, and lights his fire, darns his socks, cooks his chop, gets him a cup of tea, and looks for no reward. And when the day is over, he cheerfully says, "Well, Sally, you're a brick! Some day, when I'm elected to the R.A., you know, I'll be able to repay all the cash you've lent me; I can never repay you for all you've done for me."

"All right, sir," she will say, "I know you will, and I'd rather sit for you, for nothing, than for that cross old R.A. who swears at me all day—he swore that frightful, yesterday, that I walked right out of his studio; then he went on his knees, he did, and said I must sit, or he could not finish his picture for the Academy, so he'll keep a civil tongue in his mouth a bit now. What do you think, sir? He knocked ninepence off my pay, for being half an hour late, 'cause of the fog, and you know the mean wretch never gives a bite for dinner, and barely the shilling an hour. But that ain't as bad as old Scotchy, I sit for to-morrow; he gives you a dinner and charges for it, and makes a profit too! It's no wonder he's rich; you may laugh, but it's true; he works at night so as to get models cheap—gets any one to sit, as is engaged all day, and then he is done up when I go—went to sleep the other day, and—would you believe it?—wouldn't pay me for the hour he slept. I ought to make him. I always say I won't go to him any more; I think I would rather starve than sit for such men."

"Right you are, Sally, but such men live and thrive, you see, while I—well, I think I should starve if it wasn't for you."

I can vouch for the truth of this. Yet there are people who seem surprised when artists marry their models.

I am not aware that the Parliamentary Committee on the "Sweating System" made any inquiry into sweating in studios; but, had they done so, it would have been found that the "system" flourishes, exceedingly, in many of those sanctums, from which come works, that delight our aunts, and draw tears from our tender-hearted cousins, by their maudlin sentimentality and cheap appeals, for parlour applause. Sweating, I repeat, of the worst kind, is the rule in many studios, without the excuse that competition compels; the valid excuse, in the case of many of the trades. For, unfortunately, it is not among the struggling and impecunious brothers of the brush, but in the studios of the Tritons of Art, that petty oppression and cheeseparing are most practised.

"GET WELL PAID FOR DOING NOTHING."

Among models, as in every other profession, there are black sheep (Happy thought—send them to landscape painters!)—but the real "working model," to whom you give your shillings and "the figure will work," is honourable in the performance of sufficiently arduous duties, decidedly above the average of members of better-paid professions. I am sorry to say, that their employers do not often show as much just and honourable feeling towards them, as their position calls for. I feel certain that were models to publish their "reminiscences," with "'orrible revelations" of mean-

ness, vulgarity, and in some cases, cruelty, of artists from high to low, the exposure would create a sensation. Worst of all, unfortunately, is the treatment which female models receive from lady artists, who seem, sometimes, to treat them with that want of feeling and fairness which, cynics say, the fair sex, generally, show to their sisters, when it is in their power. But I prefer not to believe, that these gentle creatures re-enact the story of Barrhasius, in their civilised, twentieth-century brutality, or that these very ladies, who shudder to hear the tale of that cold-blooded enthusiast, calmly studying the dying agonies of the tortured slave, occasionally, without compunction, tax the strength of their women models, utterly beyond the reasonable limits of endurance, besides practising the refinement of cruelty, in observing an overbearing manner, and generally treating them with studied contempt.

I am not musical, so whenever I have to portray musicians, I like the real thing; I cannot "vamp," as the way of handling any musical instrument is unfamiliar to me.

I once had to make a drawing of a German band, and to do it I thought it better to have the band, to sit for me, in the studio, rather than follow them about, and take them unawares. So I went boldly up to the leader, and asked him to let the members of his band come to my studio, and I would pay them, in proportion to what they would earn outside; but soon my eye was opened to the fact that street bands are not the wandering, penniless vagabonds one is supposed to imagine them. The leader told me that their professional engagements would not allow of their even discussing the question. Somewhat disconcerted, I refused to be beaten, so I set to work and found out their head-quarters, in the East of London, and forthwith went to their commander-in-chief. He explained to me that these street bands (I do not speak of the wretched scratch companies, but of the better-class performers) had their regular beats, and were engaged, by residents, to play, early in the morning,

or at lunch-time, or during afternoon tea or dinner, regularly every day, and that they were obliged to fulfil their engagements. The band I wanted, played at Stratford Place, at eleven o'clock, and had several engagements during the afternoon, and played, in Regent's Park, in the evening. My only chance, to have them to sit, was during the lunch-hour, one at a time; and for each sitting, of about an hour, I paid a sovereign. I wish I could play a brass instrument! Unfortunately I cannot speak German, and most of my models

THE GERMAN BAND.

could not understand English, so I had to explain in dumb show what I wanted. He of the trombone was quite convinced, that I wanted to hear him play, so he dashed off into what, I do not doubt, was a very fine exhibition of tromboning. Alas! nothing would make the dolt understand, that I wanted to sketch him, without having my nerves shattered, or the roof of my studio rendered unsafe. Most of his mates were equally stolid and stupid. At any rate, my mode of expressing my wishes produced an immense amount of music and jabbering, but very little work,

so at last, I had to give it up, before I got to the flautist. This is my sketch, done some years ago, under difficulties

There are many who feel that the Government has robbed them of their inventions, and these inventors crop up in the most unexpected ways. The man who has, or thinks he has, invented a new gun, or torpedo, or projectile, is a man to be avoided. A friend of mine, that talented artist, the late W. H. Overend, had an experience, of a crank of this sort. Poor Overend was an artist, who painted pictures of ships and guns and such things, and wanting some one about his studio, as caretaker and general utility man, as well as model, it struck him, that it would be a capital idea to have a naval pensioner; so he engaged one who was highly recommended by the authorities. The man was very comfortably installed, in quarters of his own, in my friend's house, and all went well and pleasantly, until Overend found that his servant spent a great deal of his time calling at the Admiralty; perhaps love for the service and reverence for the noble Lords of the British Navy, caused the pensioner to worship at their shrine. Overend, being an easy-going fellow, did not trouble to make inquiries. Although very awkward at times, no doubt, he put up with the absence of his retired warrior, and one evening, after waiting till dusk, for his return, my mild friend was leaving his studio, when his menial arrived from one of his perambulations round the Admiralty, rushed madly up to his master and knocked him into a cocked hat saying, "I know you have been looking at my inventions in my room, and you mean to rob me of my idea!" The result of the attack, was that poor Overend had to retire, to hospital, for two months. He never saw his servant, again, nor has he any idea, what

wonderful naval invention it was that turned the poor fellow's head.

An interesting book could be written about famous models, or rather the models for famous pictures. There was a combination of both—that is, a famous model for a famous picture—in Millais's "The North-West Passage." The old sailor, in that great picture, was the early friend of Lord Byron, Trelawney; the model, who sat for his daughter, had a pathetic history, well known in the London studios. Millais was fond of painting friends in his subject pictures. "Cinderella" was the daughter of the well-known comedian, and manager of the Haymarket, the late Mr. Buckstone. The Duchess of Westminster, was the model for "Titania," in Landseer's "Midsummer Night's Dream." And there are many other instances of the amateur models sitting to artists; but it is useless to try and escape from the caricaturist. When Pellegrini was the talk of the town, with his first caricatures, in *Vanity Fair*, it is recorded, that Lord Spencer had been warned, that "Ape" was in the House of Lords, inquiring about him. So the noble lord sat "huddled up face and beard in his knees," and so he appeared in the cartoon, and was easily recognised, for the fact was evident, that he had adopted the huddled-up attitude, so as to baffle the caricaturist.

Sir William Broadbent, not so long ago, protested, warmly, against—what is generally considered an honour—being placed in the *Vanity Fair* Gallery. As an occasional caricaturist and contributor, to that gallery, I prefer to quote, rather than put in my own words, the effect of the genial and great physician's complaint:

"Sir William Broadbent must forgive us, if we say that, by his letter to the *Lancet*, protesting against the appearance of a caricature of himself, in *Vanity Fair*, he has made himself supremely ridiculous. It seems, to this sensitive doctor, to be an 'indignity,' to be included without his permission being had and obtained beforehand, in

the same gallery in which His Majesty and almost every one of his most distinguished subjects have found places. It is of no possible interest, whether Sir William objects to a caricature or not; and we are surprised he should not understand so simple a fact."

Apropos of personalities, I should like to record that I was once sent an article, anything but humorous, to illustrate, and I did not caricature, in the strict sense of the word, (I seldom do, in magazine work) but made character sketches, as requested by the editor. This brought down the following criticism from "Atlas" in the *World*, himself no stickler at personalities, and certainly no novice in magazine methods. It was written in the days before photography took the place of original portraiture:

"I am grievously afraid that 'personality,' that bane of modern literature and art, against which we are constantly inveighing in this Journal, is going ahead very fast indeed. One meets with it everywhere, in the most unexpected places. Who, for instance, would have thought of finding it in the —— *Magazine?* a most respectable publication, produced by Messrs. Macmillan, who are *tout ce qu'il y a de plus*, Scotch, decorous, and—shall we say?—dull. Yet the opening article is studded with lifelike characteristic sketches full of personal interest, each, in his habit as he lives, most faithfully rendered. I fear that this article—not the letterpress, which is commendably colourless and flat, but the illustrations—will have the serious effect of selling many thousands of the Magazine."

I often wonder who are these good-natured gossips that circulate untrue stories, and make mischief between friends. They are as dangerous as the inventors of complimentary stories at one's expense. Now, I do not patronise the bars of hotels or dining saloons, and I do not bandy words with strangers—American or Britisher—yet I came across this absurd story in a widely read paper:—

"I wonder when we are to get an end of the good stories about Mr. Harry Furniss? His fund of them seems

to be inexhaustible. I've come across another this morning which looks funny enough to be transferred to. . . . On one occasion, when in a quiet country town where he was going to lecture, he met at the bar of an hotel a Yankee 'doing the old country,' who, eager to meet a celebrity, approached him, 'Reckon you're Mr. Furniss?' 'That is my name, sir.' 'Guess you can draw a few?' 'I hope I can.' 'But my granny can give you points.' 'Indeed!' 'Yes, sir, she drawed a cart when she was two, and she drawed water at seventy,' and then the Yankee laughed loudly at his own smartness. Mr. Furniss let him finish his enjoyment, and then quietly remarked, 'Probably you draw yourself.' 'Guess I do,' roared the Yankee; 'I kin draw a cheque with any man, I've drawed millions on 'em'; this with a swagger befitting one of the *élite* of the moneyocracy. 'You can draw the long bow better than I can, sir,' remarked Mr. Furniss, and then nodding coolly he left the traveller amazed at the 'tarnation imperdence of ther Britisher.'"

All this is a pure fabrication, founded, no doubt, upon an incident in my lecture-entertainment "Comedy in Caricature," as follows:

It happened in the Red Sea, many miles from an hotel. I was sketching my fellow-passengers having their afternoon siesta on deck, when a very wealthy acquaintance of mine came up to me, and looked over my shoulder.

"I say, Furniss," he said, "you know we are both artists; you draw faces, and I draw cheques. Now just sign that caricature and give it to me. I'll send it home to my wife; she can have it framed, and the children will be delighted."

"Certainly," I replied, "if you will draw a cheque at the same time for twenty-five guineas. I'll send that home by the same mail, and my wife will have it cashed, and the children will be delighted."

That's all!

CHAPTER III

LAMPOONS, CARICATURES, AND CARTOONS

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LAMPOONS, CARICATURES, AND CARTOONS

THE FISCAL SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

LAMPOONS, Caricatures, and Cartoons: L.C.C.! How well these familiar initials are known; and some day, perhaps, before the poor London taxpayer is left without a penny to live upon, the L.C.C. may adopt the practice of displaying in the newspaper shop windows, as the other public shows do, illustrated posters delineating their performances. Then the caricaturist's occupation will be gone. But it is not of County Councils, or any other parliaments, that I am writing; nor of those caricatured; nor of questions, political or otherwise, of public and debatable interest. It is only, about the artistic and expert technicalities, of these triplets born of the amusing muses, that I have a word or two to say.

It is an old trick of mine to caricature serious pictures; but I now propose to

caricature caricatures. It would not, however, be fair to subject the work of other artists to such treatment, and I shall therefore content myself, in giving these practical illustrations of humour, with taking myself off. By this I do not, of course, mean that I intend to follow the example of the humourist described in the Preface, and depart; for, indeed, I shall be doubly in evidence during the process.

Palmists assume that the left hand remains as Nature made it; while the right alters according to the development and modification of our character. Therefore, by comparing the two, we may hope to arrive at some interesting conclusions. If both are alike, then we have not changed, for good or evil, or developed in any way, by force of will or weakness. This may apply to ambidexterous persons, and I am told my two hands are not similar; while I know that I am not ambidexterous. Nevertheless, for the purpose of illustrating this chapter on caricature I shall try to be.

Let one hand go for the other. *R* stand for Right, not Radical; *L* for Left, not Liberal. I am afraid, therefore, the compliments paid by *L* will be left-handed ones!

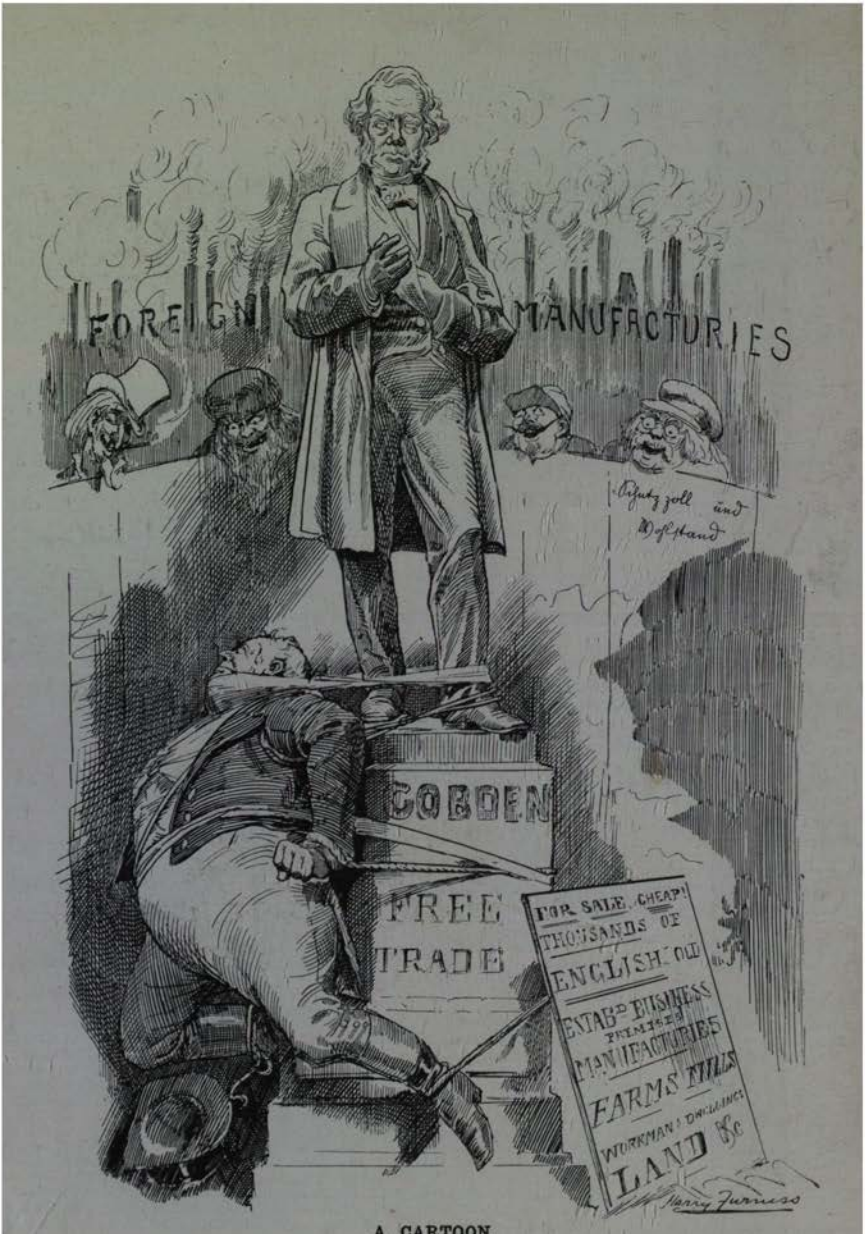
R. "Ah, in these degenerate days, you will not find one person in a thousand, who can tell you the difference between a cartoon and a caricature. Cartoons are called caricatures, and *vice versâ*."

L. "Define caricature, then."

R. "Caricature is from the Italian 'Caricatura, 'caricare,' to load or burden. It means sketches overdrawn."

L. "I wish that were so; but in spite of the dictionary's definition, it is absurd. For caricatures are sketches not drawn enough."

R. "Exactly. Cartoons are finished drawings; caricatures, although in a sense they may be overdrawn, or exaggerated, are not."



A CARTOON.

Chamberlain to the Rescue.

Drawn by my Right hand.

A CARICATURE. John Bull to the Rescue.

Drawn by my Left hand.

L. "I wish I could draw cartoons, but I can't. My attempts are frightfully amateurish."

R. "Therefore all the funnier. You appeal to the popular, not to the artistic, eye."

L. "Yes. That reminds me! What have you done with your 'Open-Eye' cartoons?"

R. "Here they are, waiting for the General Election. This one represents John Bull, tied hand and foot to the statue of Cobden, the great Free Trader, while foreign competitors laugh at him. Free Trade, according to Mr. Chamberlain, spells ruin to Britishers, and prosperity to foreigners, who have not abolished it. Mr. Chamberlain's shadow shows him approaching to free John Bull. That's a cartoon."

L. "And here is a caricature of it. I see you are laughing; that is more than I can do at yours."

R. "Quite so. Cartoons are not to make people laugh, but to make them think. Cartoons are the leading articles, drawn instead of written; caricatures are paragraphs for the funny column."

L. "H'm! That just a *leetle* unkind. If I can make people laugh I am surely more effective."

R. "Now you have it. That is what is meant by being 'overdrawn.' Overdone is another word. If you caricature one man too much, as *Punch* did Dizzy, or as many are now over-caricaturing Chamberlain, you defeat your own object; you evoke sympathy for the man you mean to make contemptible. Be as funny as you like, but do not be vindictive."

L. "But if *facts* are wrapped up in caricature, surely they are better than misrepresentations wrapped up in cartoons. Surely, Lewis Carroll will be read, when Darwin is forgotten. By the way, those clever adaptations of 'Alice in Wonderland,' by F. C. Gould, in the *Westminster*, are more telling than a cartoon would be, even if you selected a Lewis Carroll subject."

R. "Quite delightful, and as much appreciated on our

side as on yours. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Let me show you how easy it is to turn the idea round, so as to make it tell on my side of politics. Some friend sent me the lampoon, and I have illustrated it. Here it is:

FRAGMENTS FROM THE FISCAL WONDERLAND

(*With Apologies to the Writer and Illustrator of the Alice Books. Copyright reserved.*)

I. Advice from a Chanclawyerpillar.

The Chanclawyerpillar, and John Bull, looked at each other, for some time, without a word passing; at last the Chanclawyerpillar took the pipe out of its mouth, and said to him, in a commanding voice, "What are you?"

This was not an encouraging cross-examination. John Bull replied rather shyly: "I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know what I feel to-day, and I have changed my opinion recently."

"How dare you do that?" said the Chanclawyerpillar in a furious rage. "Explain yourself."

"I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir," said John Bull, "because I don't feel as I ought to, you see."

"I don't see," said the Chanclawyerpillar, "and unless you stick to Free Trade I'll hear you no longer."

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," said John Bull politely, "because when I put forward true facts, as they are, they are replied to, with quite a lot of different things, and it's so dreadfully bewildering."

"It isn't," jerked out the Chanclawyerpillar, who seemed ready to ignore any suggestion.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it out yet," said John Bull, "but when you turn into a business man, as you may some day, you will understand my feelings."

"You!" sneered the Chanclawyerpillar, "Who are you?"

This brought them back again to the beginning of their conversation.

John Bull resented this cross-examination. So drawing himself up, he said, with a dignified air, "I think you ought to tell me who *you* are."

"Why?" said the Chanclawyerpillar, who seemed at last inclined to reply, "I never answer questions except by putting others." And John Bull, seeing he could get

no good reason out of the Chanclawyerpillar, who seemed to be getting into a rather unpleasant state of mind, he turned away.

"Come back," the Chanclawyerpillar shouted; "I've something important to say."

This *sounded* promising, certainly; John Bull turned and came back again.

"I am a person of rank," said the Chanclawyerpillar,

"What rank?" said John Bull, affected by such frankness.

"Rank Cobdenite," said the Chanclawyerpillar, in its best legal style.

"What actual experience of Cobdenism and trade have you?" said John Bull, in his fair characteristic style.

"Did not Cobdenism enable things to be dumped here cheap?" bawled out the Chanclawyerpillar.

"Supposing," said John Bull, "that a law was passed to enable solicitors to practise at the Bar for cheap fees?"

"Do you think?" said the Chanclawyerpillar, who was rather startled at this question, "that the country would take away what protects *my* living?"

The old story, thought John Bull; but he would wait in the hope of hearing something worth listening to. For some minutes the Chanclawyerpillar puffed away at its pipe, but at last raised its arms, and said, "So you think you've changed, do you?"

"I'm afraid I have," said John Bull, "because what

so many people say is true. I can't remember things, as I used; all the Cobdenite history, I learnt at school, seems quite wrong, and won't stand investigation for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Chanclawyerpillar.

"Well, when I try to say, 'How doth the little busy bee,' it is changed to, 'Commercial repose I want to be,'" John Bull replied inconsoledly.

"Repeat 'You are old, Father William,'" said the Chanclawyerpillar.

So John Bull began:

"'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
'Though your hair has not left you quite;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head,—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'

'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'The Premiership I thought I would gain;
But now that I know it's not easily done,
Why, I'll try yet again and again.'

'You are old,' said the Youth, 'as I mentioned before,
For the post you're uncommonly fat;
Yet you turn a back-somersault in at the door,
When you hear I'm again on the tack.'

'In my youth,' said the Sage, with a much injured air,
'I was asked by my party to tackle
With matters of state, do you think it quite fair,
To interpose now with your cackle?'

'You are old,' said the Youth, 'pray retire from this fight,
In a manner I suggest quite explicit,
With this message of peace which I fling you to-night,
Don't you think you could manage to do it?'

'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
Which I gave up to enter this strife;
Then had to give up through your rebel jaw,
Ambition;—for the rest of my life.'

'You are old,' said the Youth, 'One could hardly suppose,
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balance Free Trade on the end of your nose,
What makes you so awfully clever?'

'I have answered your questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father; 'why give yourself airs?
No peer in my youth dared talk such stuff,
Be off, or I'll kick you upstairs!'"

"That is not said right," said the Chanclawyerpillar.

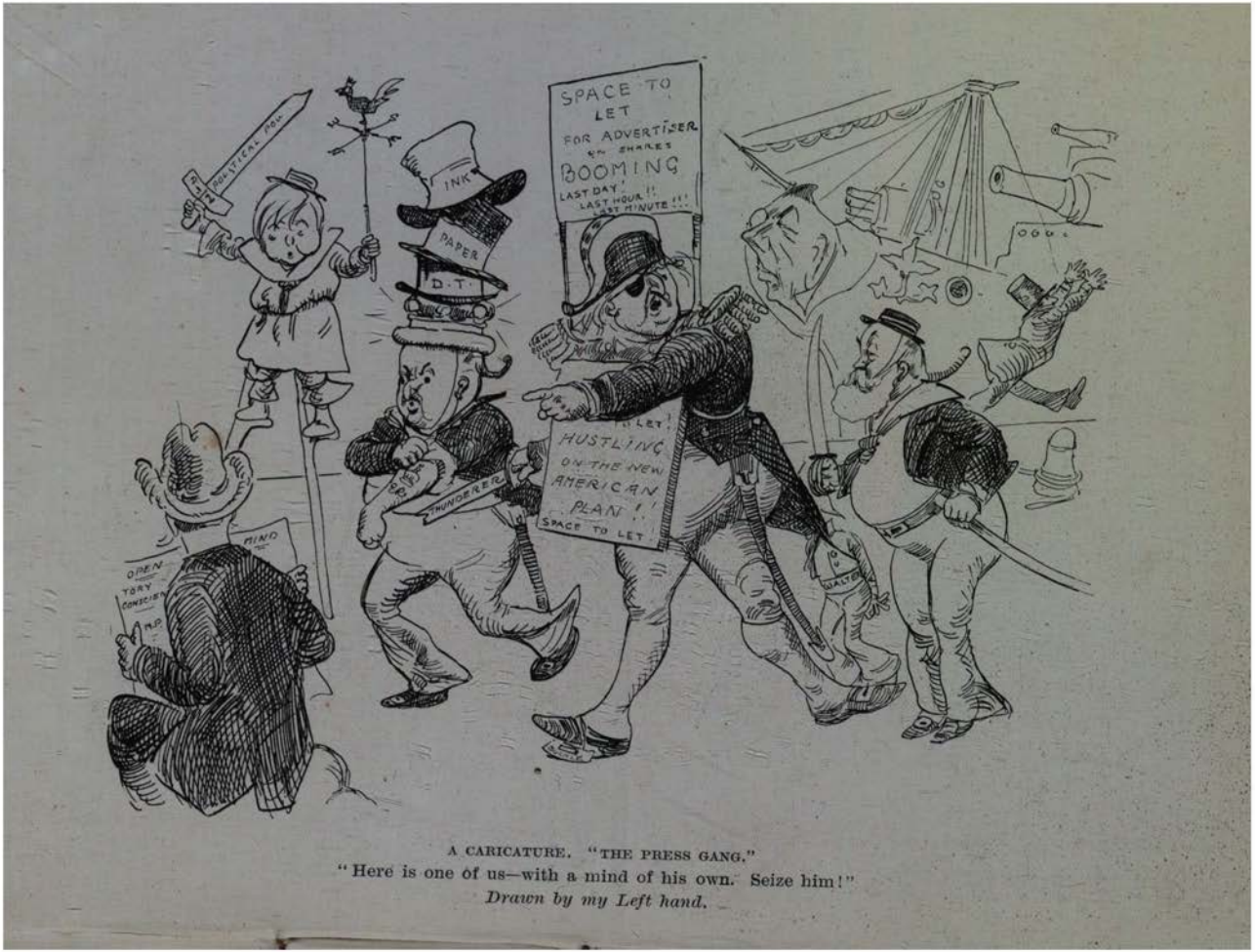
"Not quite right, I'm afraid," said John Bull; "some of the words have got altered."

"You are wrong, from beginning to end," said the Chanclawyerpillar, emphatically, as it waited in silence, for some minutes.

The Chanclawyerpillar was the first to speak.

"What size would you like to be?" it asked.

"Well, I should like," said John Bull, "with your permission, to be as large as Mr. Chamberlain can make me; it is wretched, to think you object to him binding all my Colonies together under a great Imperial flag."



A CARICATURE. "THE PRESS GANG."

"Here is one of us—with a mind of his own. Seize him!"

Drawn by my Left hand.

It's a splendid thing," said the Chanclawyerpillar angrily, "but that would make you greater than you are."

John Bull said nothing; he had never heard such a lot of unreasonable contradiction in his life before. The Chanclawyerpillar put the pipe in its mouth and said, "You may get what you want very soon, but not as long as I can prevent it."

This was more than John Bull could stand, so he walked away, muttering to himself, "What strange things you hear in Fiscal Wonderland."

L. "By the way, what is a lampoon?"

R. "A personal satire, in writing. 'Wisdom while you wait' was a lampoon on the *Times*, and its booming the American publication of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'"

L. "Suppose I wrote an offensive article, showing the Anti-Free Trade Press-gang, seizing a respectable Conservative, to avenge his having an opinion of his own, and, first by threats, and then by force, compelling him to help man the Chamberlain war-ship, could I get it published?"

R. "Certainly. Try the *Standard*."

L. "But I want to illustrate it."

R. "Then, no. It is only the Radicals who appreciate the value of caricature. The Tory Press have no sense of humour. That is why I draw cartoons. The Radicals have humour, and understand its value, too."

L. "But *Punch* is Radical."

R. "That is one reason I left it."

L. "I have heard it said you have lost your eye for caricature."

R. "I still have my two eyes that supplied drawings to *Punch*, and I do not yet require spectacles. Only one does not draw caricatures for serious magazine articles or other periodicals of sober interest. I can give you caricature "while you wait," but where is the paper to take it? I hold a brief for cartoons, but I am not retained to fight the political battle with caricature."

L. "That was a telling 'cartoon' of yours, 'The Doctor,' a parody of Luke Fildes's celebrated picture. We Radicals don't like it."

R. "Because it was true: Chamberlain watching the dying British trade. But it is not funny."

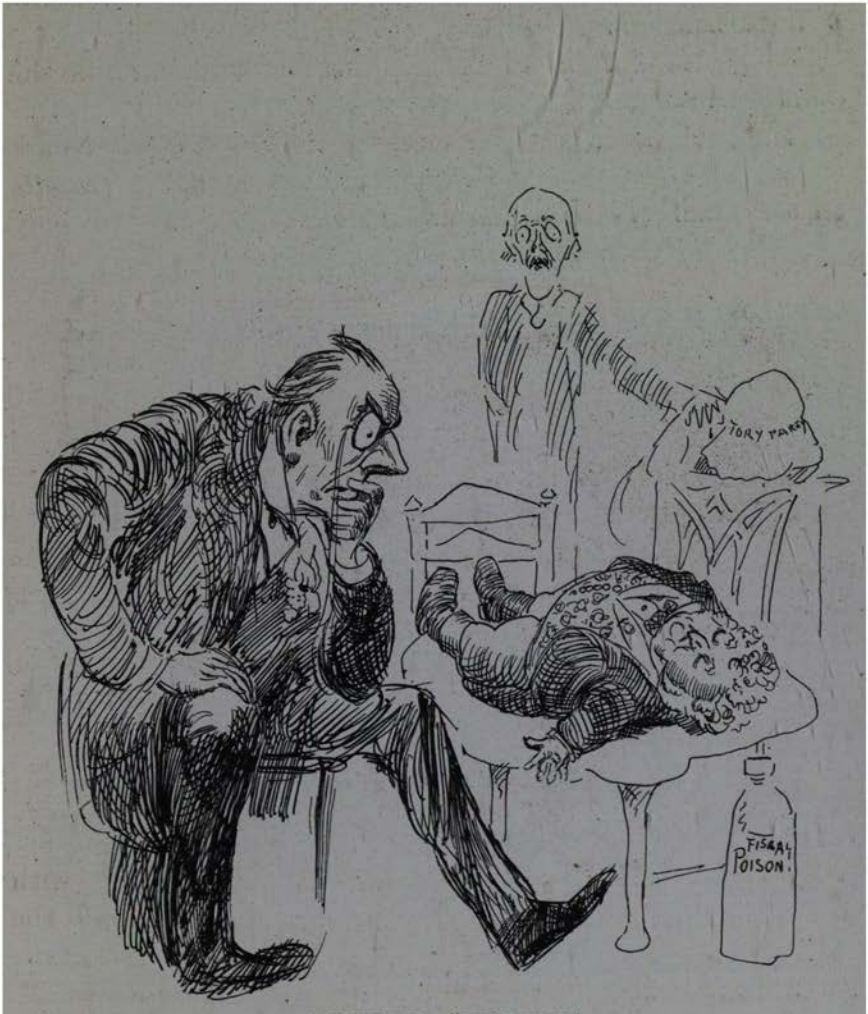
L. "Truth to tell, old chap, I heard that very remark made by Tories, too, who had the *Westminster Gazette* sticking out of their pockets. Now, if you had only

A CARTOON. "THE DOCTOR."
Drawn by my Right hand.

shown, as I have here, John Bull—fat, prosperous—with Mr. Chamberlain looking at him, after giving him the wrong dose, that is perhaps killing him, even the *Times* could have laughed at it, and said you had humour."

R. "True. That is if it wasn't too well drawn. It is a fact worth considering whether I shall not ask you, old chap, to do my political sketches in the future."

(*They shake hands.*)



A CARICATURE. "THE DOCTOR.'
Drawn by my Left hand.

CHAPTER IV

"LONDON LAUGHTER"

CHAPTER IV

"LONDON LAUGHTER"

A Light Heart—A Heavy Task—A Scare—Seats to Let—Bang Goes Two Thousand Pounds—Her Majesty Laughs—Where the Joke comes from—"The King in Danger"—No Coronation—The Printers' Joke—Joseph Hatton—My Mark Tapley—The Coronation Cloak—The New Zealander—The King still Growing—Street Hoardings—Stumped at Lords—Laughter in Court—An Unspeakable Scot—London in the Dumps.

For the Coronation year, I arranged to supply the leading provincial papers, with a weekly, illustrated, London letter, chronicling all that was amusing, in, what promised to be, a season of gaiety and fun. I accepted the task with a light heart; but I must confess that, had I known what was in store for us, that season, I would have preferred six months' hard labour, in a prison, to the six months' hard labour, with pen and pencil, roving about town. I hinted to my readers, at the start, that London laughs in two ways: it laughs with one, and it laughs at one. Both of these, I endeavoured to illustrate, week by week. For, like Jupiter, who laughed incessantly for seven days, at the mere fact of being born, I assured my readers that I would not be offended, should they laugh, for seven days, at me for my

presumption, in starting as "The Prophet of the Utterly Absurd, of the Patently Impossible and Vain."

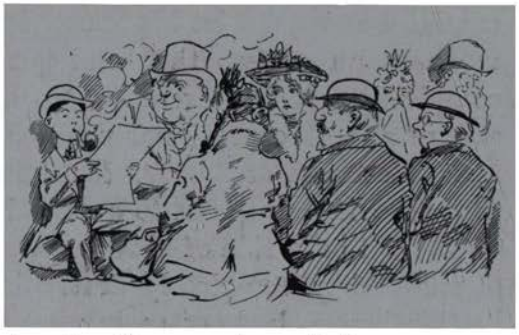
I soon found, that it was "patently impossible" to find matter, week by week, in London, to make my readers laugh; all I attempted to do, was to chronicle the "utterly absurd" items of interest, of the passing moment, at which London laughs.

In London, that season, we experienced storms of rain, thunder and lightning; tropical heat; cold, wintry weather, and fog. This sampling, of the worst our climate can produce, is upsetting to one's liver and most depressing. We expected skating, by the Coronation week and summer some time about Christmas. But it was utterly impossible to laugh, in London; every one was "hipped," cross, and out-of-sorts. To be in the fashion one must grumble; and I wanted to be in the fashion, just for once. "Things might have been worse," said the man in a wise old popular legend, as the devil was carrying him off to hell. "How so?" asked his acquaintance. "Why the devil," he answered, "might have made me carry him."

COMIC LORD CHARLES.

Then, I had to contend with the war and the smallpox epidemic. Neither was as bad as the Press of London make them appear—at least the section of it inoculated with Americanised sensationalism. About this time, Lord Charles Beresford informed that great body, representative of mercantile interest in this great city; the Chamber of

Commerce, meeting in a chamber of the Cannon Street Hotel, that a paragraph in the press had more influence on the Government than the speeches of experts, or something of that kind. If a paragraph will influence opinion, you can imagine what effect columns of pessimism, about affairs in South Africa, and sensational statements, about the affairs of health in London, had upon those who take their impressions from a halfpenny sheet. It is no secret, that it was a penny, unwisely sensational paper that caused the scare which frightened the public from witnessing the Jubilee. The epidemic, I refer to, was made a sensation, and consequently a scare. The average of sixty cases a day, and these mostly amongst the great unwashed, in the East End, in a population of five millions, has no right to be called an epidemic. Yet the public was scared. It was no laughing matter, but I could not help smiling, one day, when, looking for a seat in a suburban train, seeing a diminutive youth smoking a huge pipe—every one else in the carriage being a non-smoker. They gazed, gratefully, upon Lady Nicotine. They were all travelling in a smoking compartment, to avoid infection.

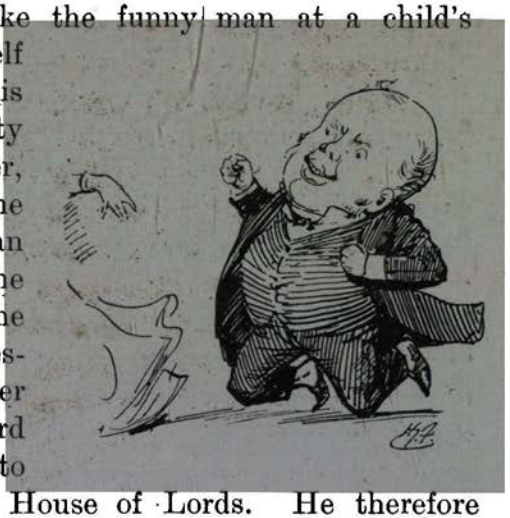


"To Let," "Seats to Let," "Houses to Let," "London to Let." Yes, London Town, of stone, bricks, and stucco, was transformed into a town of scaffolding. "Seats to Let" took the place of "Loungers' Park," "Vacant Square," "Stampede Street," and "Move-on Avenue." Every post brought beautifully printed circulars, of "Plans of Seats for the Coronation Procession, from one hundred guineas to one guinea." Every person, you knew, asked you, "Have you got your window yet?" Every person you did not know, you assumed was rapidly rushing off,

to engage his. The man in the street, however, went about his business, unconcerned; he smiled as he passed the same place, day after day—"To Let," "Seats to Let," "Houses to Let." The man in the street recollected the same "boom," at the Jubilee, when speculators lost fortunes. The public was scared, and seats, marked twenty pounds, were occupied by people paying one. As it turned out the placards, "Seats to Let for the Coronation," should not have been on the temporary, wooden walls of London, but on the windows of the railway carriages, going north, south, east, and west. The hotels, all round the coast, all filled rapidly, for the Coronation dates, and Londoners' faces were as vacant as their jokes. There was one joke, in connection with window-letting, which I must record. A public official, I know, did let his house, for the Coronation, for the modest sum of two thousand pounds. The contract was completed—all but signed. The house was, I need hardly say, in a most exceptional position; so exceptional and so near Westminster Abbey, that the officials settled upon the space in front of it to erect a huge temporary building, close up to the side of this house, to be used as an annex of the Abbey, completely destroying any chance, any one in this house, had, of seeing a vestige of the proceedings. It was a dear joke for this unfortunate man, and the worst of it was his friends could not help laughing.

I plodded on, week by week, making bricks without straw, for nothing came my way. Rehearsals for the Coronation proceeded, by degrees. The King had been to the Abbey, the peeresses to Norfolk House, the knights and ladies to the Lord Great Chamberlain's office, and some of lesser degree to the dancing-master; but they kept all their movements a secret—they were afraid of being laughed at. It is strange how careless, not to use a stronger word, are the performers at such functions. It is recorded that a high legal dignitary, when Solicitor-General, had to appear, before the late Queen, to receive the honour of knighthood. "What am I to do?" he

asked, nervously, of the official at the door. "Kneel, kneel." Suiting the action to the word he immediately fell on his knees and, like the funny man at a child's tea party, propelled himself along the floor, on his knees. Her late Majesty was overcome by laughter, all the more as, when she retreated, "the little man followed." And yet the little man rose, to the highest post in his profession, and stood by Her Majesty's side, as Lord Chancellor of England, to read her address to the House of Lords. He therefore "kept the Queen's conscience," and she, to all appearances, her countenance, but she must have smiled when she recalled their first meeting—the cause of such hearty Royal laughter. So I watched officialism, as a cat would a mouse; but day after day, I waited and nothing came. In despair of finding material for my "London Laughter," in the ordinary way, I sought out the great *raconteur*, Colonel Dulldump. For many years, Colonel Dulldump has posed as a wit, in the smoking-room of one of my clubs. Hardly a day passed without his raising a laugh, with some amusing story, or by some tittle-tattle, of men about town. His store of humour seemed inexhaustible; that very week, his wit seemed to dry up, suddenly. He never, even, attempted to tell a story; his tales of current scandal ceased. His name fitted him, at last, nearly as well as his perfectly-cut clothes. What was the matter? Was he ill? Had he lost heavily in the City? Had he been jilted? Was it age? asked various members of his little clique of once willing listeners. As soon as he had left the smoking-room, this change in him was discussed by us all. "I always noticed," said one,



"there was a peculiarity about the Colonel, he never seemed at ease when he began his flow of anecdotes; he seemed haunted, or something, don't you know—something mysterious."

"I think I can enlighten you," said a member, looking up from a writing-table in a corner of the room. "He

was looking to see if I were here before he opened his flood-gates of wit. None of you, it seems, patronised Roberts the barber, of —— Street—the wittiest man in town. He attended the best-known men in London, and by noon is as full of anecdote as a bee is of honey. Dulldump extracted that honey at one every day, and when I was not in the room, tickled your palate with it, after lunch. Poor Roberts died six days ago."

Somehow or other, I had a sudden turn of luck, and happy thoughts filled my brain, and happy caricatures my sketch-books; but I had hardly dispatched my letter before the merry, laughing Londoners and their thousands of guests, were suddenly struck dumb, by the awful event which saddened every loyal heart. Cap and bells were laid aside.

I awoke, that morning, with a frightful toothache. It so happened, that in order to set my nerves right, for the coming dental operation, I was strolling down the West End, early in that inexorable week, on my way to my dentist, when a barrister friend jumped out of a hansom and told me the sad news, which he had just received from a friend of his, at Court. The first person, of my acquaintance I met, was Sir Wemyss Reid. He naturally did not credit the rumour, but gave me a list of six complaints he had heard the King was suffering from—in six days. Next I met an American millionaire. He merely laughed, at the joke circulated, of an American lady, who said that "Mr. Pierpoint Morgan *had* bought West-

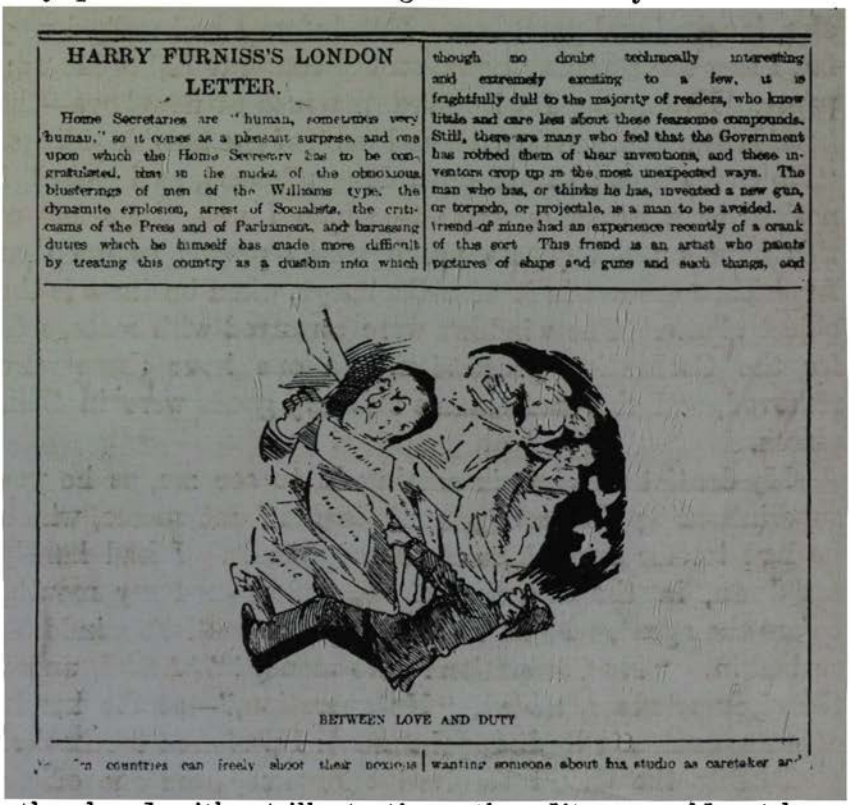
minster Abbey, as she had herself seen it all packed up." I then met the editor of one of our dailies. He did not think much of my barrister acquaintance, who had been, at one time, on his staff, and sadly wanted "editing." He, also, laughed and passed on. But, before I had walked very far, I saw the startling news, on the contents bill of his own paper. Eventually I witnessed the rush of newsboys—the heralds to north, south, east, and west, of the terrible tidings: "No Coronation; the King in danger"; and, as I looked, I noticed in a house, opposite to where I was, the effect of this news on a business mind, which proved to me that Americans are not in it with Cockneys, when business is the object of life. The windows were arranged with seats, sold for the Coronation procession. In one hour these were removed, and the tradesman's ordinary goods were in their places.

My dentist was late in coming in to see me, as he was superintending the arrangements in his front rooms, which he had let for several hundreds of pounds. I had hardly sat down, in the torturing chair, and opened my mouth, before the agent, who had bought up the dentist's windows, rushed in. "No Coronation! No money!" And I, under the circumstances, added, "No operation,"—at the hands of one so unstrung by disappointment: I preferred toothache.

During the day, I received telegrams, from one editor after another, to say that my last letter could not appear. It was rather the title than the matter, of my weekly letter, that scared the editors, as the following extract, from one of their letters, will show: "We have altered the title to 'Pen and Pencil Sketches by Harry Furniss,' 'London Laughter' being still unsuitable; next week I hope things will be brighter." But they were worse!

These illustrated London Letters, I have twice, contributed for a long period, to the largest papers published; but, in each case, the illustrations proved the stumblingblock to a satisfactory result. The plain truth is the English printer does not like any innovation; in showing his dislike,

he plays tricks, with one's work, that certainly supply the laugh when the contributor fails to do so. Here is an illustration of what I mean. The drawing is on its side; the only person that didn't laugh at it was myself. On the



HARRY FURNISS'S LONDON LETTER.

Home Secretaries are "human, sometimes very human," so it comes as a pleasant surprise, and one upon which the Home Secretary has to be congratulated, that in the midst of the obnoxious blusterings of men of the Williams type, the dynamite explosion, arrest of Socialists, the criticisms of the Press and of Parliament, and harassing duties which he himself has made more difficult by treating this country as a dustbin into which

though no doubt technically interesting and extremely exciting to a few, it is frightfully dull to the majority of readers, who know little and care less about these fearsome compounds. Still, there are many who feel that the Government has robbed them of their inventions, and these inventors crop up in the most unexpected ways. The man who has, or thinks he has, invented a new gun, or torpedo, or projectile, is a man to be avoided. A friend of mine had an experience recently of a crank of this sort. This friend is an artist who paints pictures of ships and guns and such things, and

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY

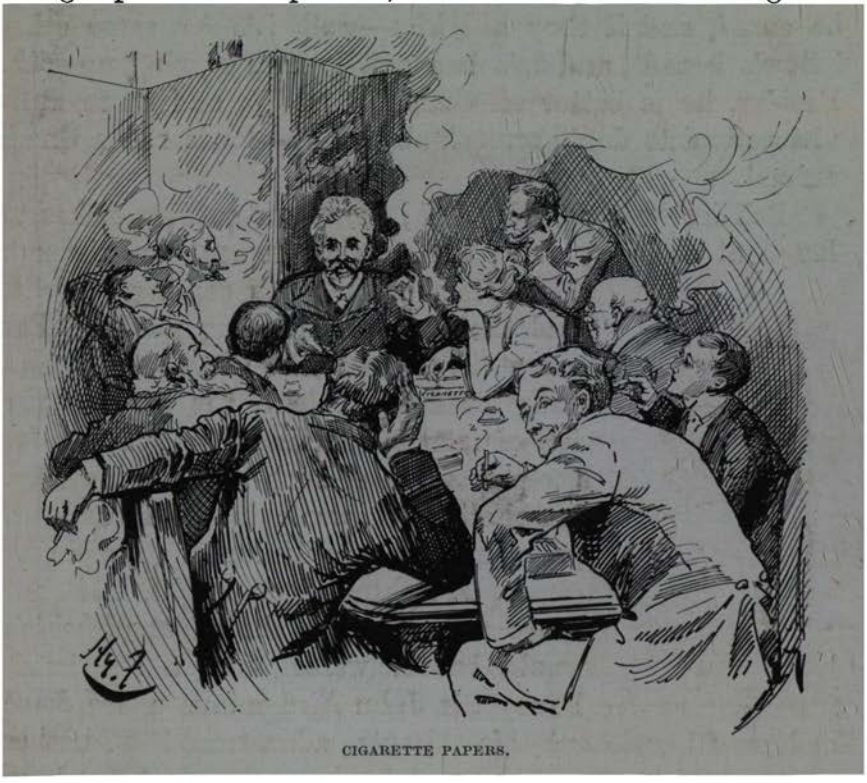
countries can freely shoot their noxious

wanting someone about his studio as caretaker and

other hand, without illustrations, the editors would not have cut out my letter that week. Obviously it will take another generation, to get accustomed to the proper insertion of blocks in letterpress, in this country.

My old friend, Joseph Hatton, in his "Cigarette Papers," the most popular and longest series, and most widely read, of any weekly article, does not require the pencil's aid. His matter is as picturesque as it is interesting, and the printers like it as well as the readers do. His "Cigarette Papers" were not considered out of keeping with other news that week; but then that accomplished writer and novelist is not a caricaturist!

The streets, theatres, Parliament, and clubland proving barren in wit, I sought out a veritable Mark Tapley—a thorough Cockney—who had once been my model. Surely he would have tales of what his pals were doing this eventful season. I found him as dull as dumps. "It's all this summer weather we're 'avin', sir. I shall end my days by being a professional patient, that's wot it is I'm coming to."



CIGARETTE PAPERS.

He could talk of nothing else; nothing short of surgical operations could get a joke out of him. I gathered from him, that a professional patient is not such a *rara avis* as one would imagine. The non-paying patient, a labourer, perhaps, who has some lingering and interesting complaint, which prevents him working, will find that the hospital staff pay him as much attention as if he were a member of the Royal Family. He is petted, fed upon all the delicacies of the season, champagne and wine in discretion; he has

literature, to read, *ad lib.*, and may, even, be allowed to indulge in a smoke. Happy and flattered, he considers himself a lucky dog, under the circumstances, regarding the hospital surgeons as benefactors, and the nurses as angels. He is a burly fellow, used to hard work, and what is it to him, if they are experimenting upon him all the time, and, in surgical parlance, "knife" him now and then? He can't be cured, and if they kill him—well, it's for some other fellow's benefit, and he's had a jolly time to wind up with. Besides, he is better off than the rabbit, and those anti-vivisectionists don't screech about him—he is not a dumb animal.

Politics were absurdly dull; there was nothing either to laugh at or to cry over; the only excitement was through

Mr. Chamberlain's cab coming to grief, and that was no laughing matter. For some time, after Mr. Chamberlain met with his cab accident, the papers were full of letters, containing suggestions for the prevention of such mischances. Mr. Marshall, K.C., wrote to the *Thunderer*, proposing the substitution of celluloid for glass. A lighted cigar might, however, cause an explosion, the effect of which would be far worse than a cut head. Fancy Sir John Aird minus a beard, or Paderewski, without his hirsute adornment! Another correspondent suggested a safety, passenger belt, cord, or straps, to prevent the fare being thrown out.

I have had a unique experience in cab accidents. The horse fell; I instantly stuck out my feet, and remained in the cab, but my tall hat was shot off my head. At the same moment the concussion caused the window, which was strapped up as usual, to fall down, off its hinges and strap; the double glass and frame fell over my head, around my neck, cutting my head open. No cruel, Chinese torture was ever conceived, worse than this. I was jammed in the cab,

the horse was kicking, on the ground; double sheets of broken glass with jagged edges, in a heavy frame of wood were round my throat, and blood was pouring down my face. With a great effort I lifted the double window off, the glass, again, cutting my head. I threw the window into the roadway, and jumped out. I was blind, with pouring blood.

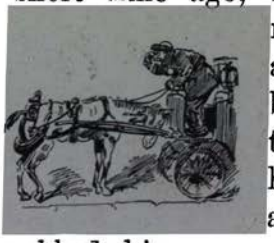
No vehicle, of any kind, being near, two men ran me, about a quarter of a mile, to a hospital, and after some time the glass was extracted and the wound was dressed. I was stitched up, very cleverly, confined to my bed for several days, and the deep scars, on my forehead, will always bear witness to my experience of London hansoms. Still I use them, nearly every day, and have had many spills since; but I always test the hanging windows, when I get in; and when a horse comes down, I take care to jump out. Had I been strapped in, on that occasion, I should, probably, have had my throat cut. Of course, my wife and family were in a state of great alarm, when I, was brought home, more dead than alive; and, as I was taken up to my room, with a turban of surgical bandages round my head, my youngest pulled at the skirt of his mother, and with an eye for the practical, which I trust will develop in later life, said: "Mother, mother, will the cabman make him pay for breaking the glass?"

The accident to Mr. Chamberlain, and the correspondence, regarding cabs, drove many to hire four-wheelers; but one is not free from danger, even in the "growlers." The cabby has a habit of sleeping in the cab, which is pleasant for the fare to contemplate. Cabmen who have very large

families, and live in overcrowded mewses, and other places, not always models of sanitation, may, consequently, have the germs of measles and other children's complaints, about them, and so infect the cab; you get into this cab, and take infection home with you.

I remember, two or three years ago, I got into a four-wheeler; I felt it rather stuffy and unpleasant. I smoked a cigar, but it had not the desired effect, and I found myself laid up, for two months, with a fever, which, there is not the slightest doubt, I had contracted in that wretched four-wheeler.

I recall an amusing incident, relating to a cabman, which shows you that cabbies also have an eye to humour. He was asleep, on his box, outside a Midland station, a short time ago, when his brother jehus, to enliven the monotony of waiting, unharnessed the animal, alleged to be a horse, placed it between the shafts with its face towards the cab, and readjusted the reins and harness, the wrong way. A late train arrived, the old cabby awoke, by instinct, rubbed his eyes, trembled, at the unwonted apparition before him, slowly crawled into his cab and never drove again.



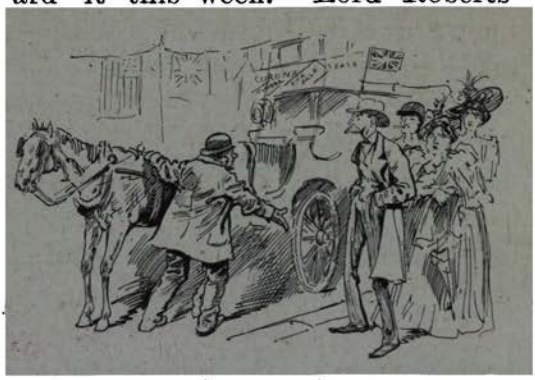
This reminds me, that in spite of these ghastly confessions of cab accidents, since I was gradually getting as melancholy as Jacques, I resolved to try the cabbies, as a source of laughter; for it struck me that the jehu of the Metropolis is ever a wit. But, alas! I found, at that time, that, in common with most Londoners, the cabmen were hard hit by the collapse of the Coronation, and I was again sadly disillusioned.

Shortly afterwards, I overheard a conversation between some American trippers and a cabby:

"What! two dollars for two miles! Why I could have had one of the Royal carriages for that, I guess."

"Well, sir, it may be a tanner more than wot's legal,

but I have been very 'ard 'it this week. Lord Roberts 'ad engaged me, for five pounds a day—my 'orse's name is 'Bobs,' and the General always rides behind him; now the contrac's hoff, and that's 'ow I was able to drive your party under the triumphal harches."



As I passed on, I recalled an amusing little incident with a cabman. His horse stood very much "over," in its fore legs, and it was with great difficulty the poor animal started upon its journey. After a short interval, I calculated that it would save time, if I walked; so I directed the driver, to pull up at the next church, which he did. Getting out, I gave the puzzled jehu a shilling, and said, "I have thought of your own interests, in stopping here, for it has struck me that your horse is anxious to say his prayers."

When the time came, to dress for the Coronation, I sharpened my pencil. Now would I find some weird figures in comical attire—something really picturesque and funny. But alas! again I was thwarted, and I shall tell you how.

It so happened, that the equipages, provided for the use of our distinguished guests, from the Colonies and the uttermost ends of the earth, were of the most luxurious description; whilst the various, stationary office-holders, and others whose duty compelled them to be present at the ceremonies, had anything but a comfortable time of it. The livery-stable keepers of London would not let a carriage, for the two great days, but it had to be engaged, for the whole week, at a fabulous price, and then it was only to be used by those possessed of the privilege of passing the barriers. It was, therefore, decided, by the majority invited, who could not possibly afford these

extortionate prices, to provide themselves with what is known as a "Coronation cloak"—a long, baggy dust-coat made out of the poorest material—and thus attired, march along the line of route, and as soon as St. Paul's or the Abbey was reached, hey *presto!* off came the unlovely, if useful, outer garments, to be promptly thrown into the gutter to await the coming of the first promiscuous picker-up of unconsidered trifles. King Lewanika, the dusky potentate,

however, was not a stayer; and, for my authority, I quote an incident, in point, connected with his visit to the Thanksgiving Service, at St. Paul's. He entered the building, with the impressive dignity befitting a king, but finding the ceremony a little too much of a physical trial, he informed those around him that he intended to leave the cathedral, but that he would take care, not to interrupt the proceedings. Suiting the action to the word, the sable monarch, promptly got on all fours, and, in this unkingly style, crept out of the sacred edifice! For that comic relief—much thanks!

The famous Premier of New Zealand was the only comic relief of the distinguished visitors. Mr. Seddon had easily beaten all other Colonial competitors, in the great game for popularity stakes. He had caught the public eye, and what is more important still, he had caught the public ear; pouring in speech after speech, morning, noon, and night. He called at South Africa, on his way to England, and his admirable Imperial speech caused a sensation. He was interviewed on arrival and continued expressing his opinion of our country and the war, and, according to the daily cablegrams, about Chamberlain's new policy: he has not finished talking, yet.

The great Canadian Premier, the lion of London Society when Royalty last invited the Colonial Premiers to London, we hear little of. Kings and Princes came and went; Eastern potentates flashed through London's palaces and

drawing-rooms; great men, from all countries, came here and some are here still, spending a quiet time in private visits to friends, enjoying our quiet country life. Not so Mr. Seddon; he returned and is always up and doing, with a heart for any speech, still orating, still advising, learned in labour and our State. I was invited, to a public dinner to the Colonials, on one occasion, during that season, and was advertised to make the third speech—Mr. Seddon's was, of course, the first. I had taken great pains, in preparing mine, and devoted considerable time to "thinking it out"; at the last moment, perhaps in consequence of this extra mental strain, in trying to be funny without anything to laugh at, I was seized with violent neuralgia, and had to telegraph my apologies for not being present. I was deeply grieved, I could not be present to get some humorous "copy," and to let off that speech; for I was anxious to compliment Mr. Seddon, on his energy, and, in doing so, to drag in a joke about his not leading a sedentary life. It so happened the New Zealander spoke for an hour and a half. Number two was left with five minutes, and I should not have had a chance of getting a word in, at all!

MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER.

When Macaulay's New Zealander sits on the ruins of Westminster Bridge, I venture to prophecy, he will turn out to be Mr. Seddon—still talking.

Society birds were on the wing, much earlier than usual. They showed their gorgeous plumage, at Ranelagh and at Lord's, for the last time, and were changing it, for travelling coverings, weeks before the time; and their thoughts wandered away from London to Goodwood and Cowes, in most cases still further afield. The tradesmen's circulars were flooding the letter-boxes; there was a wail of desperation about the "sales," and appeals for customers, to take goods at reduced prices. It had been a sorry season for trade in Town, and the shops were particularly empty of customers. The

tradesmen were as depressed as their customers. It suddenly occurred to me, that the busiest men in London were those who cannot advertise at all — the doctors. The frequenters of Clubland were besieging Doctorland, with digestions ruined, by want of exercise, during the wet season. "Cures" were discussed, *ad nauseam*, Harley Street and Wimpole Street were blocked with patients, and the West End physicians reaped a harvest. Among them, I had many personal friends; surely they would not be suffering from the prevailing sadness! The first I called upon had also been knighted—in fact, I selected him, for a chat, on that account.

It is true, that the fees of a fashionable, London physician, are extremely high; but, if he makes money, he also has to spend it, and a large proportion of it goes into his landlord's hands. Some people wonder that doctors, like watchmakers, coach-builders, and old-clothes men, live together, in certain streets and districts; but they have to do it. There is a sort of unwritten, local option law concerning doctors, and landlords, consulting the feelings of their clients, object to a medical man plying his trade where he likes. For instance, this particular physician had just taken a heavily rented house, in a well-known street. He bought the lease, spent a great deal of money upon the residence, but, as soon as it was discovered that he was a doctor, he was told that he could not use the house. With it upon his hands, therefore, he had to creep away to a doctors' street, where, I need hardly tell you, under the circumstances he is bled, pretty freely, for rent; and, under the circumstances, my friend was dull.

Punch was—well, ahem! loyal—and dull. But there is much laughter to be obtained, by looking over the Coronation pictures in London's season, illustrated papers. The effect of the Coronation, upon the realistic artist, is most marked. His Majesty has, according to the pictures of him, increased, several inches, in height, and decreased, several inches, in

width. In one picture, "The King and the Father of the Navy at Victoria Station," dear, old, gallant Sir Harry, who has just departed, resembled "Mr. Punch" without his hump.

Determining to fish for laughter, I followed the grand Fleet, when reviewed by the King, at Spithead, taking with me some condensed milk and other necessities, as I had to be in the Isle of Wight over Sunday, and in consequence of the mawworm of the District Council unearthing an obsolete Act of Charles II., limiting trading on Sundays, in the island, actually threatening legal proceedings for fulfilling an urgent order for ice from the Royal yacht, no refreshments could be obtained there on that day. Kings and princes have had curious experiences, when yachting. The funniest incident, I ever came across, was the following story, of the Prince Consort's yachting on the Scotch coast. The Prince was taking a turn, upon the Royal yacht, and, on approaching the caboose, or cook-house, the olfactory nerves of His Royal Highness were sensibly affected, by the "sweet-smelling savour" emerging from the boiling cauldron.

"What is in de pote?" the Royal Consort asked the cook.

"Eh, surr, do ye no ken; it's the noodge poodge," was the reply of the sturdy Caledonian.

"De noodge poodge?" exclaimed the Prince. "What is him made with?"

"Why, mon!" said the chef de cuisine, ignorant of the rank of his interrogator, "Aw'll be telling ye enow; there's turnips intilt, and there's carrots intilt, and there's barley

intilt, and there's mooten intilt, and there's water intilt, and there's——"

"Yah! yah!" interrupted the Prince, "bote what *is* eentelt?"

"Am Aw no tellin' ye a' the time?" said the gastronomic artist. "There's toorneps intilt," and again repeating the category of ingredients, he was a second time stopped by the Prince, who was perplexed to know the meaning of "intilt." The Scot, losing all patience, exclaimed, "Ye daft gowk! If ye cannot understan' me, maybe ye'd like to put your nose intilt."

The Prince, somewhat disconcerted, lighted his meerschaum, walked aft, descended into a saloon cabin, and requested his secretary to refer to the latest edition of the Scottish Dictionary, in order to find out "what was intilt"!

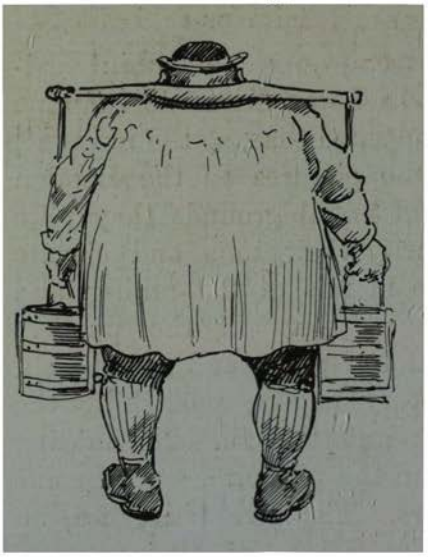
Thackeray, in his "Four Georges," states that, "The England of our ancestors was a merrier England than the island we inhabit." Had that great literary satirist lived to the last Coronation year, he could have seen the island we inhabit, quite as dull as he ever pictured. "The bitter (disappointment) passed, more welcome is the sweet;" and now, after enjoying the belated "rejoicings," we can look back, on some small incidents, and laugh. When the King's illness was at its worst, a well-known, West End undertaker's establishment exposed the various bulletins, from Buckingham Palace, neatly framed in black, in its window. When His Majesty recovered, and the streets and houses were decorated for the Coronation, the police-station, in the High Road, was elaborately decorated, and over the door the word "Welcome," was displayed! I do not know if the King was informed, of the latter compliment, before he paid his high tribute to the excellence

of the London police, and their splendid behaviour during the Coronation.

Finding theatres dull, clubs empty, visitors uninteresting, the picture galleries closed; I was driven to examine the street hoardings. It so happened that, at the moment, there was an outcry against the pictures on the London hoardings; both on artistic and moral grounds they were objected to. "We are to purify their tone and elevate their art," and so protect the morals of the million and the eye of the few artistic members of the public." These sentiments read well, in the press, and sound well, on the platform. But the very papers, publishing the letters from artistic reformers and the faddists, howling against these advertisements, on the platform, are, in some cases, themselves the offenders. The press advertise, on the hoardings, sensational illustrations of their stories, and business people, who adorn platforms, offend with their own advertisements of their trades. In short, it is impossible to improve the art of the hoardings. It is an expensive matter to advertise, and the advertisement must be one to catch the eye. I myself spent a great deal of time in superintending art, for the purpose of the betterment of public advertisements, but the work of those artists I introduced—clever, refined, and original—was voted too artistic. The vulgar eye must be fed by vulgar art. The Grosvenor Gallery did not pay; the Doré Gallery was a great success.

Personally, I see nothing more amusing than melodramatic pictures, on the hoardings, of "Saturated in Sin," "Blood, in Twelve Drops," "Lifeless in London," "The Duke, the Dean, and the Dairymaid." They are too common and too comic to raise anything but laughter. And then, many are purposely humorous, and are frequently parodied, and form the subjects of political cartoons. One of the best in London, then, was an advertisement of milk, representing a country boy, in old-fashioned attire, with his milk-pails. I recollected having seen a very funny

milkman, wobbling, like Dr. Johnson, down Fleet Street; his back view lingers in my memory still. His figure caused more London laughter than any representative of his trade—or of any other trade—in the pictures on the hoardings. His calves were, in themselves, a walking advertisement. I sought for him, but, alas! he had vanished—with many of the other sights of London.



Just as I had given notice, that I would no longer struggle against Fate, in trying to find a laugh in London, and had arranged to discontinue my weekly letter, I found laughter—but too late!

It is generally acknowledged, that our present Bench is not strong. It is also dull. The wits of the wig, whether on the Bench or at the Bar, have always been a welcome relief to the dull monotony of the Courts. Since poor Frank Lockwood's day, we have had no one to cause "Laughter in Court." Therefore, Justice Darling deserves all credit, for a little clowning now and then. The curious fact, about this facetious judge, is that he is sometimes—when not enjoying any particular joke of his own—the cause of humour in others. It strikes me that counsel, finding he has to appear before the humorous Justice, prepares, at any expense, to be funny, himself. For instance, at the time I write of, just before the Courts rose for the vacation, one of the many actions, to recover the money paid for seats to witness the Coronation Procession, on June 26th and 27th, came before Justice Darling, for trial. The petitioner's counsel was a member of the Junior Bar, who is a well-known legal fighter, in minor Courts, and, although married to the daughter of the comedian Coronation knight, does not, as a rule, take

himself too lightly; but on this occasion he was inspired by the presiding genius. In reply to the judge's problem, "Supposing that on the day fixed for the Coronation the procession passed the house, but owing to some phenomenon it was absolutely dark and the defendant could not see it from the windows, would the defendant contend that not only was the procession to go by but that he must see it?"

Here was the counsel's chance, so he replied, with delightful impromptu, "If he were to pay a large sum for a room at the top of a mountain to see the sun rise, did the owner of that room guarantee that the sun would rise? Again, if he paid a large sum to go to the top of the Campanile to see the plain of Lombardy, did the person who took his money guarantee that the plain of Lombardy would be visible? Further, if he took a site for observing the transit of Venus, the site would be there if she appeared, but no one would guarantee that she would not do as she used to do in Virgil—escape in the cloud. (Laughter.) If he were to let a fishing-boat fit for fishing and fitted with appliances to harpoon a whale, he did not guarantee that the whale would be there or that the person would hit it if it could be seen."

The fun now was fast and furious. "There is the person who guaranteed to call spirits from the vasty deep," put in the judge. And there was a rejoinder; replied the witty junior, "The spirits came not when I called," at which there was loud laughter, and more and more as the fun proceeded. At last the wit on the Bench, exhausted, said, "How many of these conundrums have you prepared?" At which the Court roared again. All were thinking of the long vacation and in the best of humour.

To Lord's. There to find the Pavilion ringing with laughter; good stories, good chaff, and in the crowd loud

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laughter, raised by the witticism of "The Surrey Poet"—but alas! The cricket season was the most depressing on record. Lord's cricket-ground, since its "stupid Committee" turned the grand old picturesque spot into one of the eyesores of London, was anything but a lively spot. Its hideous, vacant mount of seats and rickety old sheds are not enlivening, even on a bright summer day, but with wintry weather such as we then had — rain, snow, thunder and lightning—certainly the M.C.C. was not the place in which to spend a happy day. In the middle of it all, the Annual Dinner was held. Here good sporting spirits were wont to assemble; surely bright, clever speeches would be eagerly listened to, and much laughter heard, worthy of chronicling in my weekly letter of laughter. Not a bit of it. A more depressing meeting, of dull, long-winded, respectable, middle-aged gentlemen has seldom met. Lord Harris's open attack, upon the "Amateur" question was a relief, but there was nothing humorous in the whole proceeding. Of course, there is the comic side of cricket, as to everything else. I do not refer to comic cricket, grotesque exhibitions in costume, so popular among pantomimists and music-hall artistes, but there are good cricket stories, and not a few curiosities of cricket, worth recording. Now, as it was impossible to play on the grass, at Lord's, matters might have been better had some substitute for cricket been introduced for amusement and practice—such innovations were not uncommon in the good old days. Surely such a feat as that resourceful sportsman, the late Duke of Queensberry, originated years

CRICKET.

ago, when Earl of March, among other sporting "Schemes of Expedition," sent a letter enclosed in a cricket ball, fifty miles, within an hour, by having it thrown, by twenty-four expert cricketers, from hand to hand, or some other little sport of this kind, might have been revived, to pass the weary hours of waiting in the sunshine.

Then came a funny book, to talk about. Mr. T. W. H. Crossland was of much service to the diners-out, at the close of an exhausting London season. The dinner-wit had almost become a wet blanket, the *raconteur* was dumb, the dinners, of late, were consequently dull. At last the audacity of Mr. Crossland came to the rescue. Having hit upon a happy idea—pulling the Scot's leg—he carried out the idea, by adding, to his own happy thoughts, a *réchauffé* of English wit at the expense of the Scotch, from Sydney Smith's surgical operation, joke to Max O'Rell's joke about the unstamped, empty envelope. Apropos of this latter journalistic joke, I can present him with a true story, for his next volume. I was present at a lunch, in the house of a famous lady writer, and there met two eminent Scotchmen. The conversation, of course, turned upon this much-talked-of book. I shall not attempt to produce the Scotch accent, but this is the gist of the conversation:

"Well, I don't think much of it, it's simply done on purpose to draw us. The author says we Scots won't buy the book, we are too mean!"

"Aye, but you, evidently, have bought it; surely you ought not to encourage the sale of it."

"Ha, ha! Not I. I've only read extracts from it, in the halfpenny papers, and I believe they're written by the man himself."

As a matter of fact, neither Sydney Smith nor Mr. Crossland, in questioning their appreciation of wit correctly represents the Scots. The Scots are humourists; they understand humour and appreciate it. The Americans are supposed to be a witty nation, an inventive nation, a nation of millionaires. If you analyse American stories, you will find

that they are invariably founded on the old Scotch jokes. Many of their mechanical inventions are merely adaptations of, or improvements on, older inventions, emanating from the Scots brain; and, we all know, many of their millionaires are Scotch importations. It is the Scot's belief in himself that is Mr. Crossland's excuse—at least, so I understand from the little I have seen of his book. I wonder if he introduces that old joke, of the Scot's contempt for other countries—probably quite untrue, but still fair game from our ignorant English point of view—the prayer of the minister of the Cumbrays, two miserable islands in the mouth of the Clyde: "O Lord, bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cumbrays, and in Thy mercy do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

Yes, the Scot, in London, is considered, by the Cockneys, a subject for chaff. It was only the other day that the students seized the "unspeakable Scot," who has stood outside a tobacconist's shop in Tottenham Court Road as long as I can remember, and carried him off. This is a warning to Mr. Crossland, not to stand, too long, outside his publisher's office.

Enough has been said to show that instead of being, as one would have naturally expected, the very brightest London season within the memory of man, the "Coronation season" was absolutely the very worst, that the Metropolis has known, for years. If a stray customer entered a West End shop, there was an eye—that of the shop-walker—that marked his or her coming. The theatres did wretched business all round, the publishers had found their trade so slack that they had decided not to publish a book for three months, and as for the weather, the genial and balmy atmospheric conditions, popularly supposed to prevail in the merry month of May and the leafy month of June, were most markedly con-

spicuous by their absence. Well, as a matter of fact, "There ain't no words for it!" as the costermonger remarked when a passing omnibus collided with his barrow, and scattered the fruit, broadcast. Even his extensive vocabulary, of variegated profanity, was inadequate to the occasion, and would be to characterise the abominable climatic conditions we have been undergoing of late. The only class of people who really reaped a harvest out of the dull Coronation season, were the fashionable photographers. The fact, that their Majesties make a practice of holding their Court late at night, necessitated the members of the photographic profession, making quite a new departure, in having to commence business at the witching hour of midnight, instead of during the sunny hours of the forenoon, although those were, in all conscience, scarce enough. As a consequence the scene in Regent Street, Bond Street, and Baker Street, in "the wee sma' oors ayont the twal," afforded, by the arrival of Court beauties at the doors of the more fashionable photographers, to undergo the ordeal by camera, was one of the sights of London life. The curious part about it was that those operated on seemed to enjoy it; that is to say, the members of the fairer sex. A meed of pity was due to the poor husbands, however, for the majority of men seem to prefer rather to face the operating theatre of the surgeon, than the studio of the knight of the camera.

Sheridan, on his death-bed, was told he had a chance of surviving, if he would undergo an operation. "No," said Sherry, "I've already undergone two in my life, and I'll have no more." "Two operations?" exclaimed the physician, "what were they?" "I've sat for my likeness, and had my hair cut," said the dying wit. And I, to my dying day, will declare that I would prefer to have my head cut off rather than, under circumstances such as I have here described, try to find a laugh in London.

I think it was my references to Max O'Rell, not finding London the best ground for his humour, that suggested the last two chapters; but the same remark might be applied to

others, besides O'Rell. The Moore and Burgess, Christy Minstrels, stood alone for years, in that they boasted "they never perform out of London," but Grossmith, and other humourists of the platform, seldom perform in London. And, as I am continually being asked about lecturing and platform entertainments all over the country, I make further confessions on this subject, in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V

FURTHER PLATFORM CONFESSIONS

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FURTHER PLATFORM CONFESSIONS

My Start—"The Humours of Parliament"—Rehearsing—"Peace with Humour"—Fog—A Special Train—Mr. Israel Zangwill acts as my Understudy — Hosts — High-tea — Corney Grain — The Torture Chamber — Plum-duff — Eccentric Guests — The Rev. Haweis — Advertising—My Astronomy—Sir Robert Ball—A Telegram—A Doncaster Dummy—"Hear! hear!"—Lord Randolph Churchill as a Mummy—My Lantern—A Capital Joke.

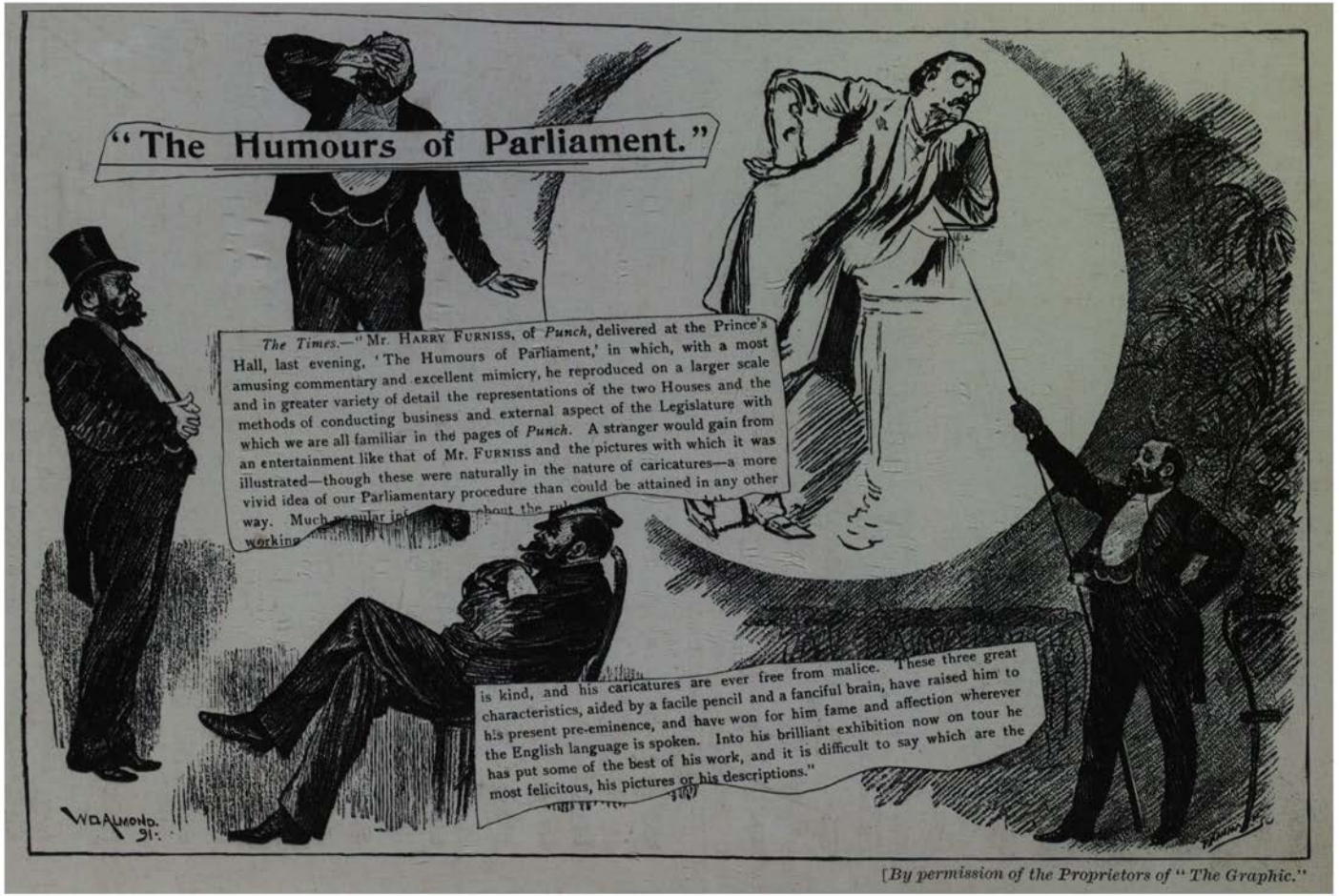
1888, with a soul brimming with zeal, for the advancement of Art in England, I succumbed, to the flattering proposals of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, which is, or was, the chief centre of the lecturing world, and was bold enough to occupy the platform, and address the British Public, upon Art, in General, and upon Art, in connection, with the Royal Academy, in particular.

The lecture called forth quite undeserved tributes, from the Press, all over the country, and leading articles, in the *Times*, and the principal papers, in London and

in the provinces, induced me to follow up my first lecture, "Art and Artists" with another, "Portraiture, Past and Present." This was also received with great friendliness, and leaders upon it in the *Times* and other papers followed.

The favourable and kindly reception, which was everywhere accorded to my efforts, led to my being invited, by the numerous literary and scientific institutions scattered throughout the country, to pay them a return visit, and I did so, choosing "Portraiture," for my theme. To the surprise of the majority of my audiences, who knew me only as a *Punch* artist, and expected me to treat of lighter subjects, and in a more humorous vein, I was desperately serious in both of these early lectures.

But my listeners forgot, that a lecture, like a City dinner, is not complete without a *piece de résistance*, and that it is the office of the lecturer to instruct, as well as to amuse. Moreover, in an illustrated lecture, it should be remembered, the pictures must fit in with the text, and the audiences at literary and scientific institutions, who are accustomed to be fed upon the driest of subjects, cannot digest anything too fanciful and frivolous. In short, my experience taught me that "what is one man's food is the poison of another," is as true in the lecturing business as in any other, and the fact, to which I have referred, that wherever I appeared I had to pay a return visit, and always to equally large audiences, encouraged me, at length, to appeal to the more general public, and to attempt, upon the occasion, something more ambitious than a mere discourse. In the course of my lecture on "Portraiture," I had briefly narrated the manner in which I have been in the habit of making a special study of Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, and the interest invariably evoked by my references to the right honourable gentleman—for I could hardly suppose that interest centred in myself—began to lead me to think that the subject, upon which I was most


"The Humours of Parliament."
The Times.—"Mr. HARRY FURNISS, of *Punch*, delivered at the Prince's Hall, last evening, 'The Humours of Parliament,' in which, with a most amusing commentary and excellent mimicry, he reproduced on a larger scale and in greater variety of detail the representations of the two Houses and the methods of conducting business and external aspect of the Legislature with which we are all familiar in the pages of *Punch*. A stranger would gain from an entertainment like that of Mr. FURNISS and the pictures with which it was illustrated—though these were naturally in the nature of caricatures—a more vivid idea of our Parliamentary procedure than could be attained in any other way. Much
working
is kind, and his caricatures are ever free from malice. These three great characteristics, aided by a facile pencil and a fanciful brain, have raised him to his present pre-eminence, and have won for him fame and affection wherever the English language is spoken. Into his brilliant exhibition now on tour he has put some of the best of his work, and it is difficult to say which are the most felicitous, his pictures or his descriptions."
W. G. ALMOND. 91.

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likely to engage the attention of the public, at large, was Parliament; finding I was crowding the halls of the Institutes, and that the orthodox lecture was not congenial to me, I made my next appearance as an entertainer in "The Humours of Parliament," without doubt my most successful entertainment. This, I produced in London, and it ran for the season, and was then given in all the principal towns throughout the United Kingdom, for over two years.

Rome was not built — nor was the "Humours of Parliament" prepared — in one day. By special permission I made elaborate sketches of the Houses of Parliament, for I was determined to give, if possible, the impression to my listeners that they were actually in the House. There is an architectural study, for one scene, drawn by an architectural draughtsman, from my own sketches.

Little did I know, when I commenced this self-imposed task, of the work which it would entail.

My drawings after being designed, had all to be carefully drawn out, and subjected to elaborate processes, before it was possible for them to be reproduced on glass, for the powerful limelight instrument, by means of which they were presented to the notice of the public; and little do the audience realise that a picture which passes before their eyes in some thirty seconds (and owing to the number to be shown some will not even be before them as long as that), had, perhaps, taken many weeks, to produce, in the form in which they will behold it.

The preparations necessary, for the effective achievement of my enterprise, necessitated my relinquishing all lecture engagements, with a few exceptions, for a year, and I was likewise compelled to decline nearly all invitations of a social and festive character. In a word, the "Humours of Parliament" proved sufficiently engrossing, to cause me to shun delights and live laborious days, to fly from town and bury myself in the country, in order to do anything like

justice to my subject. In truth, I was not altogether sorry, that winter, to have an excuse for quitting the fogs of the Metropolis, and for enjoying the bright sunshine of a southern watering-place, the better to prepare my forthcoming entertainment. In the beautiful Fairlight Glen, near Hastings, I found many an opportunity of developing my Parliamentary portraits, and refreshing my memory of life at St. Stephen's, for many a long year past.

FOG IN THE COMMONS.

Not only did the breezes of the South Downs help to brace me, for the hard work before me, but Nature, herself, lent a helping hand. As I passed some massive oak or beech, some twist or turn in its branches gave an invaluable turn to many a thought, and supplied hints, which I have turned to account, in my sketches of Sir William Harcourt, while the sails of the Hastings fishing-boats, as they quitted the harbour, in the glow of the evening, somehow, persisted in reminding me of the collars of the Grand Old Man. When I wanted inspiration for the Ladies' Gallery, I sought the seclusion of the Lovers' Seat; and even the shrill whistle of the railway engine, as it wafted me back to bricks and mortar, was not without its use, for it enabled me, the more vividly to recall, the dulcet accents of a Parliamentary Bore.

At last, I completed my task, and boldly engaged Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, for the season, and for the first time, appealed direct to the public. The "Humours of

DRAWING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR MY "HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENT."

Parliament" was a gratifying success, from the first, and I was well repaid for my enterprise. The fact is, I was tired of filling the purses of others, by the depletion of my own, and repleting the exhausted coffers of societies. The hon. secretary of one, in the far north, assured me, only a short time ago, that he had always felt ashamed that I had had to travel two days, to address an audience of over 3,500 persons for his society, and only received just my out-of-pocket expenses, while the society, after paying all their expenses, pocketed between fifty and sixty pounds. That happened exactly twelve years ago, and I have never been asked to appear again. So, it is evident, that societies only care to use the name of a lecturer, or entertainer, as a "draw," for their own profit, without considering him, or the public. You are engaged for one evening and then you are cast aside, no matter how successful you have been. Subsequently, I appeared, for *another society* in the same building before 3,700 people. And this has occurred in several other large centres as well. Agents get their fees from you, the Press gets plenty of "copy" from you, but the lecturer has to give up all his time, upset his arrangements, both professional and dietetic, and in many cases he is out of pocket. Therefore, having to earn my living, I appear, whenever I can, direct to the public, having discovered, by experience the danger of confining one's self to institutes and societies. For, once you appear for a society and are included in their Course, you can never expect to draw the general public, at ordinary prices, in the same town. Formerly I attempted two things—to appear as a "lecturer," at a literary society, one night, and the next night, in another town, to the ordinary paying public, who will not have a "lecture," but wish to be entertained. Now I give the same performance both nights. It is only the term "lecture" or "entertainment" which varies, and the payment—in one case I get a fee, in the other I take my 60 per cent. on the gross takings. It is difficult to write of one's self without being charged with

egotism. To quote what others write of you is perhaps equally objectionable, yet I am writing for those who possibly never attended a "lecture," or a one-man show, entertainment, in their lives; so at the risk of being objectionable and egotistical I can only apologise and quote:

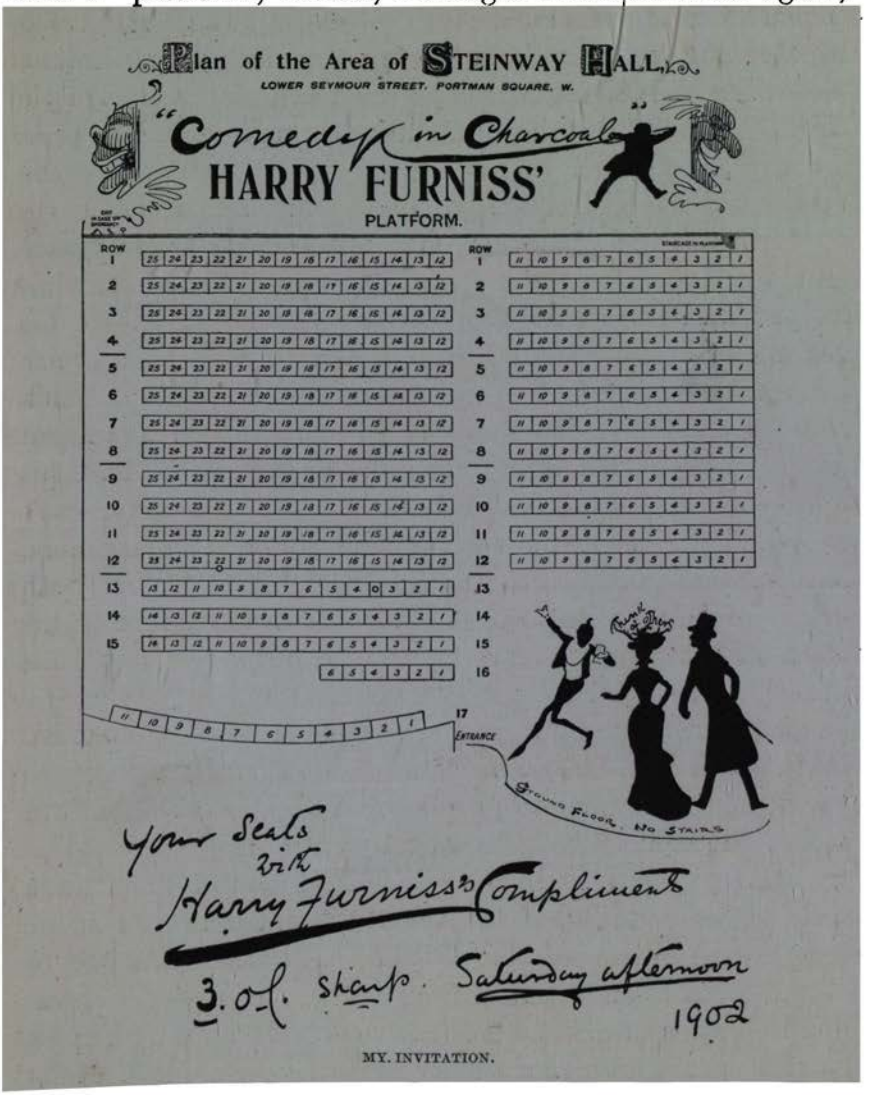
"Of course Mr. Furniss has his imitators, but his style and method are unique. He is more of an entertainer than a lecturer—dispenses with the notes, the wand, and the desk and glass of water, inseparable from the lecturer. He has a perfectly easy manner and a pleasant carrying voice of great power. On that style which is peculiarly his own—the style which makes any one who looks at one of his cartoons feel that they know 'Harry Furniss'—he at once sets his audience at their ease, making them feel in a much more increased degree that they, too, knew the eminent caricaturist as intimately as if they had been for years his close companions. This is the charm of Mr. Furniss's manner. He is a born actor and the best of story-tellers, and shows not only in the effective verbal matter with which he carries his subjects, but by the arranging of his entertainment and pictures, as well as by the control of his powerful voice, strong dramatic instinct."

Stress of work compelled me to retire from the platform for two seasons (1894–1895), but after a holiday trip to America, I produced a new entertainment, "America in a Hurry" (1896), with the greatest success.

With these two entertainments I made a short tour in America, Canada, and Australia, and although I had no reason to complain of my reception, either by the public or the Press—as I have pointed out in my published "Confessions"—it does not compensate one for the loss of time, and terrible expense and wear and tear of long journeys for single shows.

"Peace with Humour" was my next entertainment, with lantern slides; and then, in the spring of the Coronation year, I gave a series of entertainments entitled "Comedy in Charcoal," in which, dispensing altogether

with the lantern, I drew my subject in front of the audience, thus making a further step away from the "lecturer's" platform; in fact, I thought I should never again,



MY. INVITATION.

appear for any literary institute, or in any lecture course. At one time, it was a profit, as well as a pleasure, to "lecture" to the various institutions throughout the country. The pleasure remains, for one is always assured of an intelligent, appreciative, and large audience; but there are—

compared with ten years ago—so few societies in the country, that it is impossible to appear, as I was in the habit of doing, at eight or ten institutes around one centre, or within a short journey from each other. Now one gets offers of isolated engagements from the few remaining organisations —London one night, Aberdeen the next, Bournemouth the third. Herein lies the difficulty of making lecturing to societies, profitable.

I may have, frequently, disappointed the public, by appearing on the platform; but only once, in twelve years, have I disappointed them by not appearing. That exception happened, some years ago, at Streatham. It was typical November weather, and as the weather forecast was "fogs locally," I trusted not to trains, but had a trap to take me across London. It so happened, I started early, as I had promised to have a light meal, on my way, with Mr. Bradbury—one of the proprietors of *Punch*—at his house, close to Wandsworth Common. He, and some members of his family, were going to hear me; so I sent my secretary and my pictures, &c., on, to the hall. When the time came, to start the 'bus, for the house party, had not arrived. To our horror, a thick black fog surrounded the house. No time to be lost; I must go by train. Once out in the fog, I was lost in it. I found myself in various suburban gardens, coal-yards, and vexatious *cul de sacs*. In one of these, I came across the vehicle we were waiting for; the driver couldn't see his way out. By an accident, I found the station. "No trains running, traffic stopped," and time was up. I telegraphed to the secretary.

At Streatham, a beautiful moonlight night! I was denounced as an impostor; offensive letters appeared in the local papers, and, although my secretary assured them that I was the last man not to get there, if I possibly could, I believe, to this day, the audience think I played them false, although in all my experiences, here and abroad, I never missed an engagement. A narrow escape, I must confess to, if only to show that when circumstances are possible I

leave nothing to chance. Unfortunately, I trusted to an old railway Guide, when, in the autumn of 1900, I had to travel up to Sunderland, to open the winter course, for the Students' Society. The train, I expected to travel by, was "hoff." "Only a season train, sir; next goes in forty minutes, get you to York this evening—Sunderland about 10 o'clock at night." I was due at 7.30. I telegraphed to York and had a "Special" waiting for me, and I arrived, up to time, after the most exciting and expensive journey I ever had. It so happened, I had telegraphed that I had made a mistake, so as to keep the audience. There was an impromptu concert to take place, and the popular member for Gateshead, Mr. William Allan (whose guest I was), had spent the afternoon in arranging a witty address on Humour (probably the Humours of the Belleville Boiler). The audience, however, never knew what they had lost by my arriving in time, or how I had managed to get there.

THE MEMBER FOR GATESHEAD.

Another audience, further north, was more lucky. I had to cancel a promise, I had made, to address the Newsagents and Booksellers Union, at Glasgow, in June, 1898, as I was confined to my bed with a bad chill. Mr. Israel Zangwill, kindly, took my place, and made a most amusing speech. "Alas! he was there only as an understudy, and an understudy who had never studied his part, and went on the stage and read it out of a book. Again, was he fitted to be the understudy of Mr. Harry Furniss? That gentleman might have illustrated his remarks with clever drawings;

he might have shown them a book, as it appeared to the author in his study—so large! A book as it came to the bookseller—one in a thousand. Or he might have shown the author with a swelled head. If only Mr. Furniss had left him his manuscript to read to them, then he could really have been his understudy, and he might have turned round and contradicted him; and he really required an understudy. He arrived home in London on the previous day, and found an extravagant telegram, begging him to come to Glasgow. The telegram cost so much that he had not the heart to refuse. An author was sometimes defined, as one who kept awake, in the small hours, in order to procure sleep for others; but the previous night he tried to sleep, in order that he might keep them awake that day, but in vain. He had, therefore, not slept since Sunday night. In him behold 'a sleepless pursuit of duty.' They must forgive him, then, if he seemed to talk in his sleep—or if he slept as he thought. There was another thing which added to his depression. He had a serious reputation as a humourist. Although he was a humourist, he was more like Figaro, who hastened to laugh, lest he should have to weep. At dinner people nudged him to say something funny. He tried to live up to his reputation; but now, without sleeping, he might be caught napping; he was tried in the furnace (Furniss). He might be dried up."

As my Confessions are, at least accurate, if failing in other respects, I must record one other occasion on which I did not keep my engagement, though I gave full notice of it. The following letter was written to the Hon. Secretary of the Museum and Library Committee, Literary and Philosophical Society, and Field Naturalists' Club, all of whom arranged for the evening:—

"Grand Hotel, Birmingham,
"*Nov.* 10, 1892.

"Dear Sir,—I have been expecting a letter from you every day, to say my visit to Warrington must be post-

poned, as the accounts I read in the papers of the smallpox are simply appalling. In the London papers, to-day, I read that the epidemic is worse than I anticipated from the reports I saw in the local papers, and as I feel sure you could not get your audience together under the circumstances, I would strongly advise you to postpone the fixture, especially as, unless I receive information that the epidemic is exaggerated, I may be compelled, at the eleventh hour, to refuse to appear. Kindly let me have a note by return of post—disinfected.

"Sincerely yours,

"HARRY FURNISS.

"PS.—The fact of my being a married man, with a family, would never allow me to appear in a town which has brought this epidemic upon itself by stupidly refusing to comply with a preventative, which all sensible people have adopted. I leave here on Saturday morning. Of course you see that this will be a serious loss, as I not only lose my fee, but am left with a blank night. Still, under the circumstances, I cannot see how this can be avoided."

The *Warrington Examiner* dealt with this in a leader, winding up as follows :—

"Mr. Furniss asks that the note which is sent to him by return of post should be—disinfected. But he is a humourist, and no doubt that was a flash of his humour. It will certainly be an awkward incident of the epidemic if outsiders begin to expect their Warrington correspondents to put every missive they dispatch through a troublesome purifying process. At the same time, all this should be an additional spur to the sanitary authorities to wipe away the reproach which the continuance of this epidemic is to the town. To say the least, it is extremely damaging to that reputation for progress in sanitary matters which has sometimes been claimed for Warrington."

So that my letter had some good effect, after all.

Let me strongly advise every one engaged in performing in public, to refuse all offers of hospitality; to politely decline invitations, and go straight to an hotel. The worst hotel is preferable to the best friend's house. The better the friend the worse it is. You are killed by hospitality and kindness.

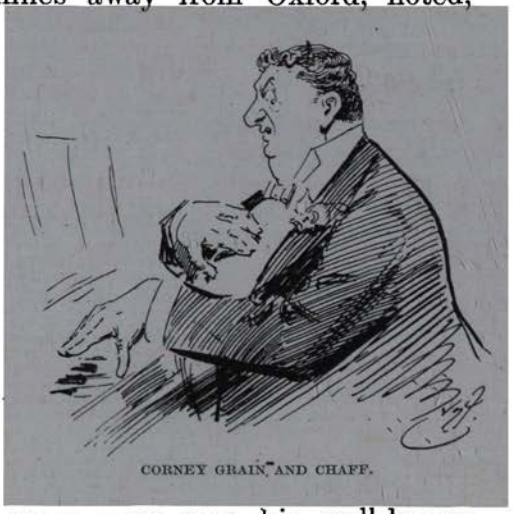
Engage rooms beforehand, and when you arrive at a town, go straight to your hotel, have a cup of tea and perhaps a little dry toast, a cigarette and a thorough rest; order a light supper before you go out, arrive at the hall two minutes before you have to mount the platform, escape as soon as you can after you come off; go back to your hotel, change, have your quiet meal; a cigar, and early to bed. Except under these conditions an entertainer's or lecturer's life is not worth living.

This I write with all sincerity, in spite of the fact that I owe the valued friendship of many to my making acquaintances while on tour. I am, however, able to record, with much pleasure, that in my travels through the provinces, it has been my good fortune to be the guest of many most kind and considerate people. The ideal host—and I know many such—simply acts as your courier from the moment you arrive. As, by magic, your luggage is up on his carriage, and you are swiftly driven away from the smoke and noise of the great commercial centre. No one has been asked to meet you, a light meal is ready for you, as soon as you enter; and then you are shown to your room, where tea is sent up to you, and you are left to enjoy your comfortable fire and rest entirely undisturbed. You are driven to the hall, and back again, no one being invited; so that after your evening's exertions you can rest quietly, in the society of your most excellent host and his cheery family. A good supper, a first-rate cigar, excellent music, and to bed whenever you feel inclined.

I am glad to say that I have had the experience above described in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birmingham, and in several other places; indeed I number among my friends a great

many kind and hospitable people, who have met me in this genial way. Even some, who are not ideal hosts from an overworked lecturer's point of view, are often really hospitable and kind, in their way. For instance, the well-meaning but misguided stranger who invites you and who has, instead of dinner, that abominable repast known as a "meat tea," comprising chops and steaks and boiling tea, leaden currant buns, indigestible crumpets, and an assortment of jams. At the very thought of these comestibles, I feel a twinge of indigestion. Here, perhaps, you are informed that "we are strict teetotalers, but we have some nice, home-made lemonade, if you would like it!"

I believe this happened, once, to Mr. Corney Grain, in a town not a thousand miles away from Oxford, noted, by the way, for the quintessence of indigestible cakes. Soon after the meal his hospitable friends, who seemed rather dismayed, that Mr. Grain did not appear to take kindly to their high tea, were seated in the front of the hall, among the audience. His revenge was even sweeter than their multifarious jams, for the first item on his programme was his well-known song, about "That Dreadful High Tea," and his new-made, but gracefully reproved, friends sat and writhed under his satire.



CORNEY GRAIN AND CHAFF.

Lecturers are so frequently engaged to visit manufacturing towns, where there are no hotels worthy of the name, that they often find it a real kindness to be billeted upon the Mayor, or M.P., or Rector of the place, and submit, most cheerfully, to the well-intentioned domestic programme provided. In such a case, a great amount of "local affairs"

has to be digested, and to appear to take sufficient interest in these, requires a supreme effort of the actor's art. Then, in the morning, before you have to rush off to catch your train, you are trotted out to the Town Hall, and asked to admire a collection of atrocious daubs, portraits of past Mayors, which hang on the walls of the Council Chamber; and after this you must view, in succession, the Mechanics' Institute, the Almshouses, the Prison, and the Lunatic Asylum, until you feel as if you were qualifying fast for a place in the last-named institution.

On one occasion, in a town situated in the blackest spot of the Black Country, my host happened to be the M.P., the Mayor, and my chairman all rolled into one. This triple combination was very trying; as I had local political affairs, parochial affairs, and all the affairs of the Literary Institute served up *ad nauseam*. My host was also fully qualified to take Holy Orders, if the length of family prayers is any criterion. In addition to all this, he was the proprietor of the local iron-works; so, after bravely sitting out a quantity of details relating to his constituents, the parish, the Institute, the Church, and family matters (which necessitated a prolonged visit to the nursery), I had to "do" those works.

MY HOST.

Interesting as visits to such hives of industry undoubtedly are, they are somewhat alarming. The proprietor, the manager, the overseer, and the men, perfectly accustomed to their surroundings, move about, among seeming dangers, with a contempt that can only be bred of familiarity. But the stranger goes through the ordeal, known as a "visit of inspection," in fear and trembling, with an eye more for his own personal safety than for details of machinery and appliances. Up and down narrow, perpendicular ladders

you go, performing the acrobatic feat of walking up them with your ulster on, while steam-pipes hiss at you, as if they knew you to be an intruder. You halt, half-way up, and are shown a cauldron of boiling lead, or molten metal of some kind; the awful consequences of a slip present themselves to your mind, and you mentally make your will, repent all your past misdeeds, and wish you had been a better man. Then you are told to "Come along, and don't forget to hold tight!" and you rigidly obey the latter injunction, as you complete the ascent, and cross a precarious-looking bridge, over more reservoirs of seething, liquid metal, while more of those vindictive pipes stick out and puff steam and hot water over you.

Perhaps you may stand in this situation, as I once did, when the iron plates, supporting you, heave up and down with the heat underneath! Your boots are burning, you can smell the scorching leather, the soles get hotter and hotter, your body is in a Turkish bath, your whole being is steamed, like potatoes, over a fire; and all the while your kindly guide discourses calmly on this portion of the works! Then he takes you up more perpendicular, red-hot iron ladders, and through a white-hot iron door, into a long Chamber of Horrors; furnaces glaring, pipes blowing off steam and hissing, snorting machinery, the bands of which, flying round and round with lightning rapidity, nearly shave off your whiskers as you pass, until you are deaf with the noise and dumb with fright. Not so your guide. He calls Jack or Bill, the foreman of the department, and, for your edification, they have a conversation of which you cannot hear a single word; while, in duty bound, you exclaim—I mean roar—shout—yell, at intervals into their ears, "Wonderful!" "Marvellous!" "*Most* interesting!" and raise your eyebrows to express your astonishment, and nod your head to signal your approval. You go from one torture-chamber to another. You are choked in one, with dust and smoke; bathed in another, with emanations from firey furnaces and boiling metal; frozen in the next, an outer shed without

any fire and with a cold winter wind rushing in, through the broken windows; nearly drowned in the fourth, with steam and hot water from leaky pipes; and at last, with your health, temper, and clothes seriously impaired, you escape, and thank your stars that you have emerged from the "ordeal by fire," without the loss of your life.

I say this, in all sincerity; for a few years ago I had a very narrow escape. It was at Darlington, I think, and a friend kindly took me over the large ironworks, close to the station. It was in the evening, purposely, so that I could admire the effect. I recollect, we had to run the gauntlet of passing trains, as we picked our way over the maze of railway lines, then we walked up a side-line to the works. My friend suddenly dragged me off the line, just in time, as a small train of waggons, laden with slag, ran past, down the incline, without engine or brake. But this was a trifle, compared to what was in store for me.

I had no sooner entered the works, dazed and bewildered, for on every side open furnaces poured out volumes of flames and roared at the semi-nude beings "feeding" them, and lashing them into fury with long iron implements, when I heard a shout behind me, and instead of going "all cold down my back," an expression often used to express sudden fright, I was scorching! My friend pushed me to one side (nearly into a well of flame) as half a dozen men ran a huge block of red-hot metal along, on an iron "bogie"! In a few minutes I saw the same piece of metal, writhing and twisting like an army of huge fire snakes, on the iron floor, and I had to perform an exciting dance to avoid being scorched by its erratic manœuvrings. It passed through one machine after another, until it was reduced to a narrow stick, and when it came out of the last machine, it was a rail for a railway line. As it was rushed through, for the last time, it was pierced, at regular intervals, for the bolts to be afterwards inserted; cut into regular lengths, and left bent nearly in two like a human being who has been poisoned with strychnine, to writhe and coil in the shed in which I

was standing. I had seen rails made, and, perchance, since then I have passed over those identical ones. And this reminds me that I began this narrative to tell you of my hairbreadth escape.

Leaving Darlington, the next morning, I was looking out of the carriage window, at the little side-line, over which we had walked, the evening before, on our way to the works. Another train of full waggons was running down the incline, and I noticed they were leaning over, very much to one side at the bend, the very point from which I had been dragged out of the way, when passing, on the previous night, when at that moment, to my horror, over went the whole train of waggons and rolled down the embankment!

A few pages back, I spoke of the host who lives a considerable distance from the town you are to lecture in. I recollect, once, arriving in a large town, in the Midlands, just in time to give my lecture. The Honorary Secretary had kindly invited me to sleep at his house, and I had also an invitation, from another gentleman, to sup with him at his club. This vexed the Hon. Sec., who said that supper was prepared for me at his house. However, as he had to take home some of his family as well, who were at a concert, he would come to the club with me, to his friend's supper, to see that I did not spoil my appetite for a second one at his home. I had learnt, from experience, that, in these cases, it is best to satisfy one's appetite when one can, and I knew that the bevy of ladies, with an ancient aunt or two thrown in, would expect the usual amount of attention from the hungry visitor. So, much to the chagrin of the Honorary Secretary, I did full justice to the most excellent, and *recherché*, supper provided by his friend.

I was then taken and squeezed into an overcrowded conveyance, and driven for hours, up hill and down dale, on a cold, miserable winter's night. What my feelings would have been, but for the good Samaritan at the club, I shudder to think; but as it was I had a secret feeling of

pleasure, and I was rather amused at my host bemoaning the excellent supper I had made. It was early in the morning, I think, when we at last arrived at our destination, and I found that for supper there was cold meat and beetroot, with other viands, anything but palatable to my not over-exacting taste. I was then informed, that unfortunately they had not a room to offer me, and I should have to share one with another gentleman—a High Church parson, I think. Now, of all the things that I hate, with no ordinary hatred, one is a long drive on a chilly night, when I am tired out, another is a cold supper, and the third is sharing a room with a High Church parson! To catch my train in the morning, I had to rise at some unearthly hour and cut across country for miles and miles, to a side-station, where they had to signal the train to stop to take me on to my next town, wondering why on earth I didn't stop at the comfortable club, enjoy a cigar after my excellent supper, and then go to the hotel and have a bedroom to myself. This is paying dearly for well-intentioned hospitality misapplied. How often, after a long, tedious railway journey, you arrive, tired and weary, just two hours before you are due on the platform. Your host generally meets you at the station, but sometimes he does not. Then, after waiting about, and fruitlessly asking porters and cabmen if they know Mr. Ebenezer Jones or Mr. Adolphus Cæsar Smith, you engage a vehicle to take you to "The Woodlands," your destination. Through a dreary, depressing labyrinth of factories, on to a dispiriting road, rattles your shaky old fly, jerking and swerving over the tramlines, as you pass, in succession, the hospital, the workhouse, and the prison. Then you are fairly out in the country, and such a country! A flat expanse of land, studded here and there with furnaces and chimneys; in the darkness, their flashes and flames add to the strangeness of the effect, and you silently ask yourself the question, "How on earth can a place like this supply an audience to listen to a discourse on Art?" Worst of all, you can see no woods, to suggest

that "Woodlands" is near. Chimneys, fire, smoke, and blackness are all that the depressing landscape has to show. Time flies, and still no woods! You get anxious. The fly stops, and you hear your jehu asking some passer-by where "The Woodlands" is. The reply is in an accent that baffles you, nor is your driver more intelligible. At last you find that it takes you an hour to reach your host's house, and that gentleman, himself, seems to resent your late arrival, as he would that of a "Punch and Judy" man, or a conjuror, engaged to entertain his children in the nursery.

I have no doubt that there are many kind, hospitable people, who invite you as a compliment; but there are, also, a great many, whose only object is that they may have some one on show, and you have to pay dearly for your footing. For all your anecdotes and jokes are wrung out of you like water out of a dishcloth. You are taken up to your room, and told that dinner is ready and the guests are all awaiting you in the drawing-room. Oh, what would you not give to be left alone, to have a cup of tea and a cigarette, and to lie down on the sofa, for half an hour's respite, before going through the ordeal of amusing the public! But no! your host comes up, and, as he is evidently impatient, you have to do a quick change, from your travelling clothes to your evening dress, with a celerity that totally eclipses the quick-change artistes of the music-hall stage.

PEACE!

The transformation effected, you make a rapid descent of the stairs, and your host quickly introduces you to a room full of people—the Mayor, the Town Clerk, the Turncock, or inspector of the waterworks or whatever he is,

clergymen, Members of Parliament, uncles and aunts and cousins and nephews and nieces, people you have never seen before, and, in all likelihood, will never see again. To each and all of these you are duly presented.

You take your hostess in to dinner, and find that a sumptuous banquet has been prepared in your honour. Now, no one can speak for an hour or two after taking a heavy meal. There is a story told of an acrobat—a contortionist, I believe—who was very jealous of a rival. This rival had a weakness; it was plum-duff—that heavy, oleaginous, unhealthy-looking compound that you see steaming, in the front window of a cookshop, in which the plums seem to be playing hide-and-seek (principally hide) with each other. Well, these two agile ones chanced to meet outside a cookshop, and the jealous but ingenious acrobat discoursed, eloquently, on the virtues of the savoury dish, that smoked invitingly behind the window-pane, and to such good purpose that his successful, but unsuspecting, rival could no longer resist the temptation, and accepted the other's offer to "stand him a bob's worth." Having demolished as much of the dainty as a shilling could buy, the acrobat, thus banqueted, parted from his friend at the stage-door. The wily one took a front seat and awaited, with fiendish expectation, the result of his plot. There was some delay, when No. 4 on the bill, the contortionist, was due to appear, and when at last he advanced to the footlights his rival, with the eye of an expert, could detect the anguish of the performer. He was there to bend, but bend he could not! It is a fallacy to suppose that contortionists have no bones, or that, if they have any, they (the bones) must necessarily be broken. Their bones are as sound and complete as Adam's were—only rendered, by long practice, very flexible at the joints. But the contortionist also has a stomach, and this stomach must be brought up into his chest, before he can perform most of his feats. The plum-duff refused to submit to this process, so the poor contortionist was summarily dismissed,

and it is safe to conjecture that he did not indulge in plum-duff for some time to come.

It would be just as impossible, under similar circumstances, for the entertainer, or lecturer, to pose successfully, before the public. Nor does it matter whether the impediment be plum-duff, or real turtle, or game, or *patés de foie gras*, or all the delicacies of the season. Knowing this, you allow one dish after another to pass untouched; but you are *en evidence*, and your provincial friends expect you, in the space of half an hour, to eat your dinner and at the same time entertain them. Should you let the conversation drop, it is curious to note how very provincial your new friends become. You learn that old Higgins has sold his cow, that Mrs. De Watereyes cannot be present, because her niece has the chicken-pox, that the Town Clerk's second child has been vaccinated, and that poor old Grubbins has at last had to go into the workhouse. The appointment of vestrymen is a very important item of conversation, and should there be a parliamentary election within a reasonable distance, the theme is inexhaustible.

You have just pumped up some anecdote or town scandal, or have had recourse to your stock chestnuts, when the Honorary Secretary of the society, to which you are about to lecture, who of course is present, reminds you that it is getting late and that you have just time to get to the hall. Then you have a chance of watching the etiquette and noting the importance of those you have been dining with. The Mayor must go off first, with the Town Clerk and the Turncock (or whatever that dignitary's official title may be), after him the parson and his wife, then the Honorary Secretary, who keeps a tight hold on you as his prisoner for the time being. On reaching the hall you have to undergo another rapid course of introductions, being presented in quick succession to all the local notabilities—the chairman of the society, the patron, the committee, the gasman, and the window-cleaner; and once or twice, I believe, in the confusion induced by this process,

I have shaken hands with the old woman who sweeps the place out! This over, you are rushed on to the platform before you have time to draw your second breath (the first is generally used up at dinner), and you have to begin your evening's labour, when you would gladly lie down and have a sound sleep.

When you have finished, perhaps you fondly imagine you are free.

Not a bit of it! Those dreadful autograph hunters waylay you, and you find a perfect monument of birthday books and autograph albums, waiting for you in the anteroom, and to these you must subscribe, before you are at liberty to leave the hall.

Then back, through the long, dreary, interminable roads, now covered with snow, and looking more desolate than ever.

"Something attempted, something done, to earn a night's repose!" Ha! ha! don't you wish you may get it! You have given a sort of curtain-raising performance at the dinner-table, then another in public—now comes your farce at the end. Another party of friends has been asked to meet you, and instead of having the supper you have sung for, the others, who have had a jolly good dinner, two hours or so before, now think that a biscuit, or at best a sandwich, is quite sufficient to meet the requirements of the occasion.

Then for a couple of hours you are interviewed, drawn and quartered, and, eventually, in the early hours of the morning, you are shown up to bed and are told that "we are very early people here, you know—prayers at quarter past seven and breakfast half-past." Of course you dutifully attend prayers, and while your breakfast is getting cold, you have leisure to note your host's style of elocution. Prayers over, you rapidly bolt your breakfast, for the station is a long drive away and you wouldn't miss your train for anything. But before you leave you must be taken over the house, inspect the damp garden, and go

through hothouses that are sure to give you cold, walk across muddy fields to view the live stock, and admire the children's gardens, hen-houses, and rabbit-hutches. Then you must subscribe to the family birthday-books, and if you happen to be an unfortunate artist, like myself, of course the autograph is not complete without a sketch. After this you must criticise the local artistic talent (I am still presuming you are an artist). The gardener's son, down the village, has painted "a cow," that looks like a red hippopotamus, and you must express your approbation of this work of art. Then, there is a farmer who goes in for painting figures, and to judge from these you would think that he used the Noah out of his children's ark as a model. Finally you escape, but perhaps have to undergo a similar ordeal in your next town. On the other hand, the kind people, who extend their hospitality to lecturers, often have a lot to put up with, from the eccentric strangers.

J. LAWRENCE GANE.

The late Mr. J. Lawrence Gane, Q.C., once Liberal member for East Leeds, was one of the eccentrics. He died on the voyage home from New Zealand, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. He is more missed on the platform of literary societies throughout the country, than at the Bar or in the House of Commons. The hon. and learned gentleman had a striking personality, a finely cut, intelligent face, an active mind, and irrepressible activity of body.

In the House of Commons, he used to rush to and fro,

and would probably have struck a stranger as a most distinguished legislator, and one doing all the work of Parliament. He was a legislator only in name; he seldom, if ever, spoke—why, it is difficult to say, and, in the House, made no impression whatever. His eccentricities, even were unknown.

I never heard him on the platform, as I was on tour at the same time, preceding, or following him, at the same places; but I heard of his success (his voice was very fine), and was told of his eccentricities. On one occasion he was the guest of a friend of mine, a busy Liverpool merchant, and when the popular lecturer returned from the hall, he asked for all sorts of impossible dishes and liquid concoctions peculiar to abstainers—a demand which somewhat upset the routine of the household. When in bed his nervous temperament was tried; he could not bear the ticking of the clocks, so he paraded the house in the small hours of the morning and stopped them all. In consequence of this, the servants had to be roused by violent bell-ringing; but the guest was not to be distressed, so he rose again and ordered the servants back to their rooms and locked them in, and then went back to bed.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis was another trying guest. He, like other popular clerics on the lecture path, earned a very good fee by throwing in a Sunday sermon gratis. It is a regular business arrangement for the covering fee to combine the two. The resident parson, of course, acts as host, and is naturally, more concerned about the pulpit on Sunday, than the platform on Monday. It was, therefore, a trying time for a friend of mine, rector of a very large and fashionable parish, in a northern town, to wait dinner, on Saturday, for Haweis till ten o'clock (he was due at six), have a cold supper, sit up till 2 a.m., and then retire, unprepared for the apology due to his expectant congregation next morning. About 3 o'clock a.m., Haweis drove up in a trap, from some junction miles away. He was not hungry, and his sermon had yet to be prepared. But the tired rector was compelled

to sit up some hours more, till Haweis had talked himself into an appetite; then, and not till then, he retired to his room, taking with him some liquid refreshment, a cold leg of mutton, some bread and cheese, foolscap and pen and ink.

"I shan't see you till it's time to go into the pulpit," he said to his host. "I do not wish to be disturbed till then. I shan't read any lessons, or take part in the service."

He was true to his word. Just as the hymn was over, in walked the Rev. Haweis, straight from his bedroom in the vicarage, across the ground, and preached a magnificent sermon.

"I *was* relieved," said my friend the vicar, in telling me this story, "but I assure you the blinds of Haweis's bedroom windows were not drawn up when I was reading the second lesson."

The Haweises did not always practice what they preached. Mr. Haweis, for instance, wrote strongly in favour of the advancement of house decoration; yet the house in which he lived—just opposite Lord's cricket-ground—a semi-detached one with a triangular roof covering both houses, did not carry out his principles.

The Haweises painted their house a striking yellow, the other being liver colour, which, of course, cut the "pediment"—to use an architectural expression—in two, and made both houses an eyesore.

It is high time some legislation was introduced for local option in regard to house painting. People have a right to decorate the interiors of their houses as they like; but their neighbours ought to have some voice in restricting vulgarity and offensiveness in the painting of the outside. The people in a house see the exterior of their neighbour's houses, not their own; and yet some people paint their houses in glaring and maddening colours that drive their neighbours silly. Bright yellow, vile blue, and bright red are colours positively actionable, yet we have no legislation to deal with the matter.

A most unsightly method of advertising, which I have not noticed elsewhere, has lately been growing up in London, and that is for tradesmen, builders, decorators, electric engineers, &c., to placard a house all over with their business addresses, when they are doing it up, even if it happens to be occupied at the time. Here is a sketch of one not a mile from where I live. If this kind of thing goes on, we may expect our greengrocer, butcher, baker, and chimney-sweep to hang their advertisements on our outer walls. Now if the County Council introduced some law authorising this, and a magistrate's order were also obtained, to the effect that these boards cannot be removed until the bills for the work done have been paid, there would be some practicability in the use of these unsightly boards. Tailors would have theirs made of enamel, so as to weather all storms.

This reminds me of one of my many *contretemps* in the "show" business, when I made my success with my "Humours of Parliament." I "ran myself," engaging that pretty concert-hall in Piccadilly since turned into the Prince's Restaurant. My prices were West End theatre prices: 10s. 6d. stalls, 5s. 6d. second seats, and a 2s. 6d. gallery. This hall I filled for many days and evenings; and one would think I was making as much as Albert Smith had done in the Egyptian Hall close by, when I was in long clothes. I have no idea what rent that lecture-entertainer paid, or what his advertising came to; probably one-fifth of what I paid. For my experience there, as in every hall I have taken, in London, is that one may

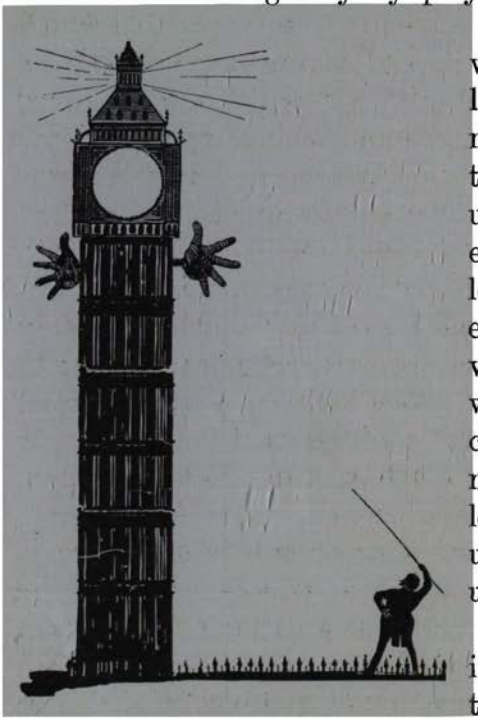
fill it to the doors, run the show as long as one likes, but the expenses eat up *all* the takings. My entertainment was a new thing; it therefore had to be "boomed." The number of newspapers has so increased, that to make a show in the advertising columns, is to ruin all chance of making any money by the show. It simply means that one works for the benefit of others. In Albert Smith's days, all this was different; perhaps, also, men were more honest. I was robbed by the men in the hall, and swindled by my own secretary, paid to see that I was not. Probably I should never have even suspected the clerks—they were permanently engaged in the hall—had not a gentleman, who had paid four guineas for eight seats, noticed that no ticket was handed to him, and that he and his party were shown to their seats without a check. Although a perfect stranger, he sought me out and informed me what had happened. In a moment I was in the box-office—an apparition which so unnerved the keeper of it, and of my money, that he owned up, and actually showed me a long list of *his* takings, which I never had the satisfaction of taking, myself.

All this is a digression. What I started to relate was àpropos of placarding advertisements, where they ought not to be.

Here is the true story of how I was turned into a walking, or, rather, a talking advertisement; and this by my own private secretary, too! Oh! those secretaries! The same old story—help a poor fellow, out of luck, he is grateful; treat him well, pay him well, he is assumptive; continue to be the Good Samaritan, long enough, and he will swindle you, —forgive him, and he will malign you. I have had many, and suffered and lost much. One or two brilliant exceptions are, through me, now prospering in other spheres of life, and remain my friends. But all this subject must wait for another volume. This particular case, however, I will give now, because it belongs to my platform experiences which I am now confessing. It is the most harmless of all, and one of the most amusing.

My secretary, on seeing that the stage of the Prince's Hall was a very high one, and presented a bold front to the fashionable audience, did a little stroke of business on his own account. One afternoon, I noticed that those in the front row were, now and then, looking intently at the base of the platform under me, and not at me or at my pictures on the screen. So, as soon as the entertainment was over and the hall cleared, I jumped down, and found rows of large advertisements, for various town attractions, pasted all over it, as on the drop-scene in the harlequinade at a pantomime. My secretary turned as white as the clown, when he saw me turned acrobat. He did not show a bold front, and I never saw him again!

If this was the only occasion upon which I have been used as a walking advertisement, my name has often obstructed the highway by playing that part.



When I was on tour with my "Humours of Parliament," my enterprising manager, in Edinburgh, had twelve board-men and true, up and down Prince's Street, each of them carrying one letter of my name. An effective, but expensive, advertisement in Scotland, which might be done cheaper by the price of one man in England, where the letter "H" is generally unknown and absolutely unnecessary.

One day, at a crossing in Prince's Street, some tourists were stopped, just outside my hotel, for a minute or so by my parade of sandwich men. One of the strangers rushed up and shook

me by the hand, in a most effusive manner, and winking at his companions, addressed me thus:

"Am—ah—delighted to see you again, old chap; allow me to introduce my friend Captain Blagdon — Mr.? Mr.? Ah—excuse me, old chap, I know your face *so* well, but—ah—forget your name, don't-cher-know!"

"Oh, I am so sorry. You must allow me, sir, to remedy that lapse. I shall introduce you to my name."

So taking his arm I walked him and his friend up to the leading sandwich man, the letter "H."

"Allow me to introduce you to Mr.?—Mr.?——"

"Mr. Crœsus Smythe."

"Letter H, Mr. Smythe, Mr. Smythe, letter H."

Then I whispered to him, "This Mr. H., I imagine, had a very slight acquaintance with your people, sir, but most of the family, I venture to think, dropped it."

The letter A, I next introduced. He was a miserable specimen of a man to represent the premier letter in our alphabet. He informed me, with sadness in his voice, that once he was chairman of a large company, but he was badly treated, and being ruined, he turned sandwich-man. I congratulated him upon the fact that although he could not carry a Board with him then, he now carried two! Poor fellow! it's a pity he didn't make, A while the sun shone. And in this manner I led him on, along the line.

I could not introduce the two R's because one of them, taking advantage of the stoppage in the procession of letters, had vanished round the corner to get a drink, and the other was about to follow him, thus giving my name a somewhat awry appearance.

The letter Y—the tail of the first word—was carried by a gentleman from the South, who repeated the old tale of better days. He complained, not without justice, that F did not keep his proper distance, or F was, in fact, always in the Y—would walk close in front of the Y, so giving my name a Welsh appearance, and therefore a name I shall not struggle to pronounce.

Before I had got to my surname, which was mixed up with a tramcar far down Prince's Street, my new acquaintance had slipped his arm out of mine and disappeared.

I frankly confess, that were I to be examined in astronomy I should certainly be ploughed, altogether. Strange to say, in one club, called "The Seasons," of which I was a member, every one was known, not by his real name, but by that of a star, and yet, with the exception of "Edinburgh Wyndham," there was not an actor among us! It is to a correspondent in Edinburgh, by the way, I now have to refer.

In my "Humours of Parliament" I show a sketch of mine, of the "Humours of Parliament by Night." Like the rest of the interiors and exteriors I prepared for that entertainment, it is a careful and realistic drawing. The original is in black and white, and for the lantern it has been reduced, photographed on glass, and coloured by hand; the colouring is the work of the expert reproducer. The sky is his, not mine; moon and stars are scratched in by some sharp point on the glass; the whole picture, in the lantern, being thrown on to the screen, any size from twelve to forty square feet. When in Edinburgh, in the large hall, I probably had the full size. The moon would therefore appear about the size of a soup-plate, and the stars would have the circumference of a hotel liquer-glass —hardly visible to the naked eye. Now the white spaces representing this moon and these stars, had been scratched out at random, and as I am not competing with Sir Robert Ball or the Astronomer Royal, I left this trivial embellishment to the maker of the lantern slides, and I must admit that the moon and the stars in this scene appeared, to my eye, quite as true to nature as any I have seen in melodrama on the stage. In fact, this moon effect was, if anything, truer to nature, for there was only one, while in theatrical scenery, if the "Star" is on the stage there are generally three or four moons. But I received a rude

shock from the criticism, carefully wrapped up in the following polite note, written by a learned stranger :—

"DEAR SIR,—I was present at your lecture to-day, which I thoroughly enjoyed. There is one picture to which I should like to call your attention, and that is the view of the Houses of Parliament by moonlight. Nowadays an artist is expected to give correct science as well as correct art, and I think I can give you *three reasons* why you should consult some one skilled in practical astronomy (which I am not) if, as I think, the stars in the picture represent the "Plough": (1) In the bright light of the moon the stars so near it wouldn't be visible; (2) looking west the Plough couldn't be in the position you place it; and (3) I doubt if the moon could be so high."

Three reasons! and yet the letter was not from Mr. Gladstone either!

This reminds me that Sir Robert Ball tells an amusing story of one he received àpropos of his lecture on "Invisible Stars," asking him to explain how he could possibly say anything about objects he could not see! With his inimitable humour, he explained the matter to the very ordinary mind of his correspondent, by relating a fact in connection with that white elephant of the sea, Brunel's *Great Eastern*. This huge ship fell into the hands of the showman, and was used to advertise the name of a well-known firm in Liverpool:—Lewis's. The name of the firm was printed in huge letters, on the side of the ship! Eventually the ship was taken to Ireland, the side was repainted, and the name of Lewis disappeared to the naked eye. A photographer developing a picture of the ship, as it lay near Dublin, was startled to find in the photograph the letters, L, E, W, I, S, plainly visible on her side. Although no human eye could see them, the eye of the lens had, and their presence was duly recorded. The lecturer's correspondent was not so much at sea regarding the invisible, after that. Perhaps my telling this story may set the Great Ball rolling, and

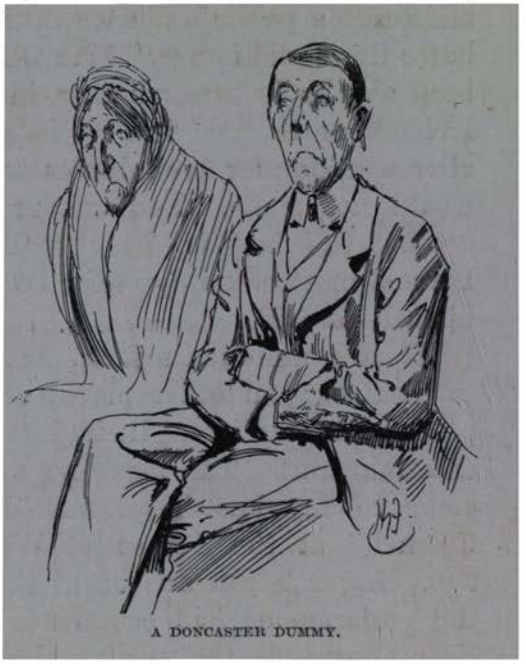
we may yet have his experiences of the Humours of the Platform.

The worst experience I ever had, of a dull audience, was at a matinee I gave, at a South Coast watering-place in the winter-time. I could not raise a laugh, try how I would. The first part, occupying forty minutes, passed without a smile. The audience sat like rows of solid, silent dummies. This was getting on my nerves. I was struggling on, through the second part—it was my "Humours of Parliament"—but no, no response. Presently my secretary came to the wings of the theatre, and handed me a telegram. I read it, came forward to the front of the stage, and thus addressed my audience: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have given my 'Humours of Parliament' all over this country, for several months. This is the first time I have ever failed to raise a laugh, at the expense of our legislators. I have struggled on, now, for an hour and a half, and was beginning to feel that in the quarter of an hour left, saving some accident, nothing would save me from having a fiasco. That accident has happened. You do not comprehend my entertainment, but I have in my hand, here, something you will understand—it is perhaps more in keeping with your thoughts and moods in this benighted place. It is a telegram from a Member of the House of Commons. I shall read it: 'DEAR FURNISS,—When leaving —— this morning I saw you were advertised to give your "Humours of Parliament" this afternoon, and I know in that you give a humorous description of Mr. W. H. Smith. I telegraph to inform you, that the poor fellow has just died, and I thought you would like to know this, in time.'" There was applause. I bowed and retired.

I have a great advantage over most other platform performers, inasmuch as I am in the dark during most of my entertainment, the gas in the hall being lowered, as far as it will go without being extinguished altogether; so I need not look at my audience, but can keep my eyes shut

and hammer away. The people, of course, have their eyes fixed on my quickly changing pictures, and the strong light on the screen, in the centre of the platform, makes the darkness, at either side, seem more intense. But, on the other hand, it lights up my audience for my own benefit. If my audience is an interesting one, I like to watch it closely, but if it is not, I simply shut my eyes, and thus save both their feelings and my own.

On one occasion, I remember, I was somewhat nonplussed. I was giving my entertainment in Doncaster, and in the front row sat a petrified mummy. Next to this inanimate something, sat a mystery, of the same description, in woman's attire. Neither the mummy nor his keeper (or his nurse or wife or mother or whatever she was) moved a muscle, the whole evening, either to smile, when their townspeople encouraged me with a laugh, or to get up and take their superior selves out of the hall. I suppose they had paid their five shillings each for their own personal benefit, or they might have been charitably disposed and have done so for mine; but by sitting there the whole evening, as impassive as a pair of waxwork figures, they paid me a poor compliment and robbed themselves of half a sovereign. I am glad to say that, in the course of my experience, such strange creatures have been few and far between. This made the present instance all the more inexplicable to me, and I felt that my whole attention was concentrated upon those two immovable



A DONCASTER DUMMY.

beings. With my eyes tightly shut, I rattled on, in the liveliest key possible under the circumstances, and when I came to some funny picture, or made some point which was greeted with laughter, I opened one eye, but no! the mummy's countenance was as cast-iron as ever! Another point or another picture elicited loud and long laughter, and my two eyes opened—the mummy sat as immovable as a sphinx! Why do such people come to humorous entertainments?

This is no isolated instance, and every one, who has addressed a public audience from the platform, knows, and hates this stolid image. Max O'Rell said that he had never been able to lecture, whether in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, or in America, without discovering in the hall, after speaking for five minutes or so, an old gentleman who would not smile. You wonder how it is he does not go, but the fact is, he actually enjoys himself—inside. I would most certainly prefer such an old mummy to enjoy himself—*outside*.

It is a well-known fact, that some eccentric people go to theatres, and other places of amusement, with incomprehensible motives, their last thought being for the entertainment. The most remarkable case that has ever come to my knowledge was during the run of "The Colonel," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, some years ago. A gentleman arrived at the theatre, some time after the performance had commenced and took a private box. Soon afterwards, the actors and the audience were disturbed by the loud snores, which proceeded from the box in which the late arrival was installed, and an attendant was deputed to wake up the somnolent individual. "It's too bad," said he, "that I am not allowed to have a quiet sleep when I have paid for a private box! I must try another theatre!"

Some actors, lecturers, entertainers, and even some clergymen, fiercely resent the slightest interruption. I once heard a bishop order an infant to be taken out of church. Occasionally, some individual member of the audience never

seems to be at rest. I remember, on one occasion, at Darwen, there was an old gentleman, sitting close to the platform who kept up a running commentary on my entertainment, which, although it rather amused me, seemed sadly to try his neighbours. His continuous fire of remarks, somewhat in this strain: "Ha! Grand Old Man, indeed! Grand Old Humbug, I call him!" "Ladies' Gallery, is it? Much they know about politics! I'd turn the lot of them out, if I'd my way." "Sir William, the Windbag? Ha! ha! that's right—that's him!" "Little Randy, eh? Grown his beard, has he? Better grow his wisdom teeth!" And so it went on all the evening.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

One night, I was giving my entertainment in a large manufacturing centre, in the north, to a crowded house, when an amusing incident occurred, which delighted me as much as it did the audience. I was just expatiating, in a romantic vein, upon the charms of the Terrace of the House of Commons by moonlight: the beautiful women sipping their coffee, the well-dressed men lounging about smoking their cigarettes (the very scene my astronomical correspondent in Edinburgh objected to). I was picturing Westminster Bridge as the Bridge of Sighs, the police boats as gondolas; and in drawing attention to a young couple in the picture, who were leaning on the parapet, very close together, I remarked that "Flirtations were the same all over the world," when some male member of the audience, who was seated in the gallery, and who was evidently experienced in the matter, called out, "Hear, hear!" This exclamation, coming as it did from the midst of the vast hushed audience, and pronounced with such evident fervour, fairly brought down the house, and it is pretty safe to conjecture that the presumably jilted one has not heard the last of it yet.

As I said, in my previous Confessions, it is strange that in one of the quietest and most primitive towns, in the south of England in which I had to give my entertainment, in a hall that looked as if it had just been used for a Sunday-school tea, decorated all over, and hung with Chinese lanterns, &c., and where I expected to address a comparatively unsophisticated audience, I had, in the front row, Lord Hampden, who as Mr. Brand was so well known as the Speaker of the House of Commons, while the audience, generally, proved both quick and appreciative. It may also appear strange, when I add, that instead of feeling nervous, with a critic in front so conversant with my subject, I felt far more at ease than I did, the following evening, when I had to give my entertainment at Charterhouse School, to a large audience composed of the boys and their friends; as I told them in my opening remarks, I felt that I might be addressing half a dozen future Speakers, a dozen Lord Chancellors, and a score or so of Prime Ministers. One cannot have a more critical audience than the boys of a public school, nor, be it said, one more appreciative and enthusiastic.

Speaking of my audiences, I must not forget the Members themselves. One would have expected them to be *en evidence*, but as a matter of fact they didn't seem to care to show themselves. In the height of the London season, when I had Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, I used sometimes to spot two or three of the Members in the cheapest seats, the back of the gallery. This was not always from modesty, but from positive parsimony. Four of them arrived from the House one evening—four men whose joint incomes equal, perhaps, those of all the rest of the House of Commons—and after quarrelling with the cabman about their fare, they went into the entrance leading to the stalls and inquired the whereabouts of the cheapest seats. When they were informed that to reach them they would have to go along the street to another door, and then up several flights of steps, their spokesman remarked that "they would

rather walk twice the distance than the little man should have a penny more of theirs!" And these are the men who positively write to me, to ask me why I don't advertise them by adding their portraits to my parliamentary collection. So many men simply get into the House for what they can get out of it—mere guinea-pigs, in fact—that they are better left in the background, which they so suitably selected for themselves, when they came to hear my entertainment.

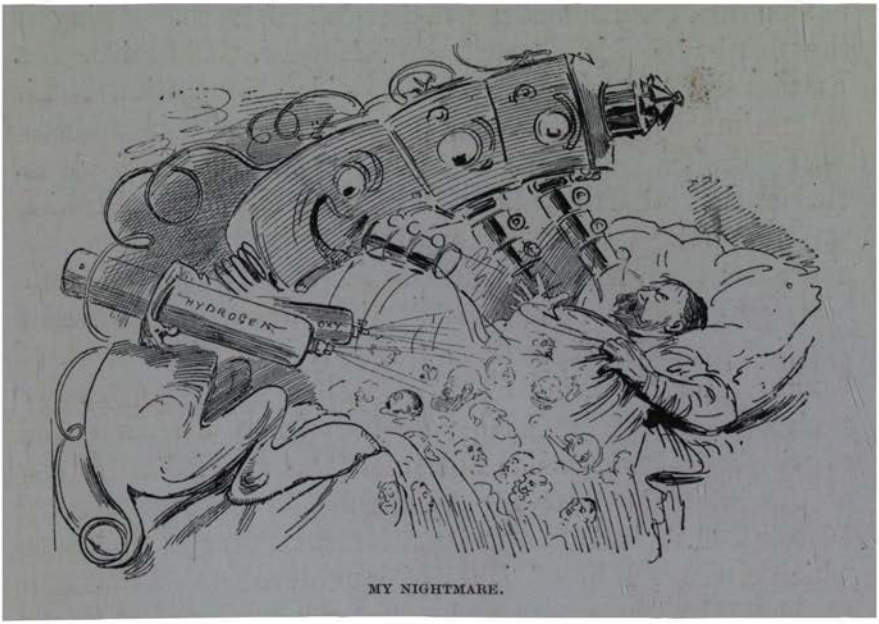
The lantern is always considered fair game for a sneer. There is nothing so embarrassing as to have an incompetent lanternist. Fancy an experience like the following: A splendid audience, in a capitally managed institution near Liverpool; the Honorary Secretary being himself no mean rival of George Grossmith. The lanternist, with his lantern, provided by the supposed leading opticians of Liverpool, turned up a few minutes before I was due on the platform. My introduction over, I gave the signal for the first picture to be shown. To my horror the wretched man had not focussed the lantern, and about a third of the picture appeared on the screen, while the rest of it distributed itself over the surrounding walls and ceiling. Of course I left the platform, and the brilliant operator had to ask the people in the crammed hall to make way in the centre, while he altered the position of the lantern. The picture I was showing was the daughter of Dibutates tracing her lover's portrait on the wall. When I returned to the platform, I found, to my utter disgust, that the lanternist, instead of coming nearer to make the picture smaller had struggled backwards, and only the foot of the young lady was visible, looking like the advertisement of a chiropodist, or du Maurier's Trilby, the rest of the picture, I believe, being cast upon the steeple of the church on the other side of the street. I pitied the audience, and they pitied me. The Honorary Secretary was distracted beyond measure, and seemed to me to have carried the table and lantern and lanternist himself, bodily over the heads of the people.

Most of the people had been waiting an hour or so before I arrived, and as this was hardly the entertainment they expected to see, I filled up the time by reciting to them a story by an American humourist—the only time in my life I had ever attempted to do such a thing. I then proceeded with my lecture on "Portraiture," and referring to the ancient Egyptian, mummy portraits, I gave the signal for a mummy portrait to appear, when, to my astonishment, on came a picture I intended to show later: Lord Randolph Churchill, not as a mummy, but as the volatile and verbose Sir William Harcourt. The audience roared, but much as they would admire a blended portrait of the politicians, neither Historicus nor Lord Randolph can claim to be ancient Egyptian. The operator removed it from the screen—in again it went, this time sideways! Another protest—it vanished, only to appear next moment upside down! "Number Two!" I yelled; "you've got Number Twenty-two!" In went Number Twenty-three—upside down, and so on the whole evening. My feelings can be better imagined than described!

This is not the only trouble of the kind I have met with; the gas has often suddenly failed, and on one occasion the operator, having to catch his train, disappeared in the middle of the entertaiment! After such experiences I determined I would depend upon no one but myself, and that I would devise my own arrangements for showing my own pictures, engaging my own operators exclusively for the purpose.

The search for a lantern was long and tedious, and no sooner was it announced that I was about to use such an instrument in my entertainment, than I was inundated with letters from all parts of the country, not only from the trade, but from amateurs in possession of magic lanterns, who invited me to rush down to Gloucestershire or Cornwall, as the case might be, to view venerable instruments inherited from ancestors who must have lived in the time of Guy Fawkes, with a view to purchase. At last I had to procure an

entirely new triple lantern, of the most modern type, which I used, wherever I gave my entertainment, throughout the country, and this sketch, of my dream on the night upon which this elaborate instrument, with all its new and complicated apparatus for holding the gases, was delivered at my residence, may serve to indicate, what I have gone



MY NIGHTMARE.

through on this score, better than any words which I can use.

After several seasons, however, I found that the lanternists in the provinces had improved and become trustworthy and excellent operators. I have, therefore, now for some time, given up taking my own lantern, and have not recently had a hitch of any kind.

"No reasonable offer refused." The following is not an advertisement. I came across it in "Items of Interest," in a popular journal, and given as news—at least I did not solicit it, nor did I pay for it: "The oxyhydrogen lantern, with which Mr. Harry Furniss illustrates his 'Humours of Parliament,' is one of the finest, if not absolutely the best of its kind in the world. It cost nearly 150 guineas. In

most illustrated lectures and entertainments, the number of slides used varies from fifty to sixty, seventy being an exceptionally large number. Mr. Furniss has one hundred and sixty. He also has a duplicate set, in case of any accidents happening to the one he is using. All the magnificent views of the Interior of the Houses of Parliament are from his own pen-and-ink sketches. Owing to the deaths of Mr. Parnell and Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Furniss had to reconstruct a considerable portion of his entertainment whilst on tour."

I gained a laugh, without deserving it, in Birmingham, on the first night of my "Peace with Humour." I wind up the first part of this entertainment with a harangue addressed to an American, on English loyalty, and transform his rough picture of our country into a stirring picture of English national enthusiasm; and retire amid a blaze of banners and a waving of flags. Then quickly comes on a slide of symbolic Peace with Humour! In the centre of which, is drawn on the glass, in pen and ink, the term of the interval—according to circumstances, 5 minutes to 10 minutes. As I left the platform, on the occasion to which I refer, I heard roars of laughter.

What had happened? I could not tell, until a friend ran into my dressing-room, and said:

"What a capital joke that is you have introduced as an exit, it went down splendidly."

"Joke?" I asked.

"Yes; 'Interval minutes,' and you don't say how long. That's the joke, capital; we all laughed."

The lantern operator had accidentally rubbed off the figure, I never wrote it in again, and the joke still raises a laugh.

WHERE THE LAUGH CAME IN.

CHAPTER VI

A SATIRIST AS SEEN BY A CARICATURIST

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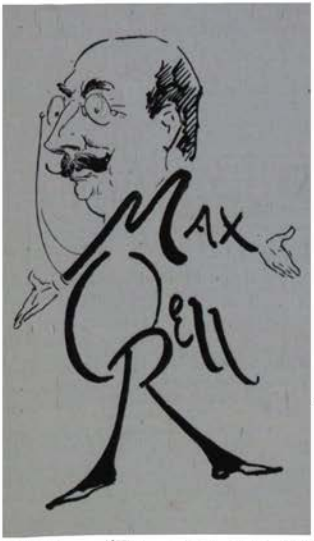
A SATIRIST AS SEEN BY A CARICATURIST

"Max O'Rell"—His Popularity in the Land of the Enemy—His Sensitiveness to Criticism—A Humorous Incident in the Commune—The Essence of His Wit—An Encounter with a British Female—Master and Man.

When Paul Blouët was lying on his death-bed, and after the doctors had informed him that there was no hope, he wrote to a friend: "I fear that I am doomed. The doctors give me a few months, but I believe I shall last longer. At any rate, I shall try; for I'd rather wear a hat than a halo."



Clever "Max O'Rell" could not have written a truer, or more characteristic, epitaph for the tomb of Paul Blouët than—

> "Here lies a man who thought more of a tall hat than of a halo."

The high silk hat was exactly "the cap to fit" the head of this man. To say or write something smart; to make the crown of life—its *summum bonum*, so to speak—a *jeu d'esprit*, was the one object of his existence. For nowhere, in his work, can one detect any serious, or sympathetic, interest in those friends he so cleverly, but superficially,

analysed and criticised, and whom, with such consummate art, he turned into ridicule.

Herein, Blouët was very unlike another distinguished French humourist who came over and settled in England; George du Maurier.

Poor Blouët had returned to his native country before he died. He will be much missed on the platforms all over this country and in America. He was less known, perhaps, in London than any place else. His great popularity was in the provinces, and he reciprocated their appreciation, by talking and writing about provincials more than of Londoners. London is not always fruitful ground for the humourist, as the London Laughter chapter will show.

I knew both men well. Du Maurier loved England and the English from the bottom of his heart. Blouët disliked them. Both satirised the English. But Blouët always criticised John Bull from the point of view of a foreigner, du Maurier from that of an Englishman. Both had married English ladies; two charming, clever, interesting women, model wives and ideal mothers.

But while du Maurier became more English than the English, Blouët's nature remained unnaturalised. Du Maurier worshipped the English aristocrat, idealised the English athlete, and immortalised the English girl. His English children were perfect models of John Bullism, and in all he portrayed—whether with pen or pencil—he held up England and the English as models for the world. Du Maurier was, in reality, a man of sentiment and a deep thinker. "Max O'Rell" was neither. Strange to say both thought and wrote in French; and both were translated into English. Indeed, all Max O'Rell's books were Englished by his clever wife, who also collaborated in his dramatic work.

Both were extremely French in appearance—du Maurier more so than Blouët.

I recollect going to France with du Maurier, the first time he returned to visit his native country, and watching

him stand, in rapt amusement, gazing at the people: "They do amuse me so, my dear Furniss," he exclaimed. "What funny-looking people these French are, to be sure!" Yet, strange to say, du Maurier himself looked more typically French than any of his countrymen, although, at heart, he was thoroughly English. He understood John Bull, and John Bull understood, and appreciated, du Maurier, and applauded the "Thackeray of the Pencil" for his clever and fair satires on the best English Society.

Both men made greater reputations in America than in England. Was this entirely due to the fact that they criticised the English? I think not. It was, in part, at least, because Americans have a larger public to appreciate refined satire, and—what is still more to the point—more enterprising publishers to pay for it.

Unlike the French, John Bull is quite prepared to recognise foreign merit, and is even prepared to give a preference to foreign food, whether for the body or the mind. He smacks his lips over tit-bits provided by a French humourist, either of the pen or the pencil, just as he does over the made dishes prepared by the chef.

But I do not think the English ever quite understood Max O'Rell. As an example of the way in which opinions differed about him, compare the following comments taken from the two papers in which I read the sad news of his death. One editorial says of him: "Max O'Rell was singularly fortunate in the reputation for literary geniality which his books acquired. It has been the fashion to describe them as full of only innocent fun without a trace of malice; but though it is perfectly true that they contain much of the former quality, we should find no difficulty in showing by quotations, if need were, that there was a great deal of the latter in them as well. Few people have said more vitriolic things about England and the English than he, and among them are some things which ought not to have been said by any gentleman of any nationality whatsoever."

The other publishes a paragraph in striking contrast: "If there is a moral to be drawn from the career of Max O'Rell, it concerns the practical value of a sense of humour in promoting the comity of nations. The satirist sets

"MAX O'RELL."

people by the ears, but the humourist, by teaching them to smile at each other's amiable weaknesses, predisposes them to friendship. We and the French are undoubtedly the better friends, and the more conscious of our common humanity, for the genial manner in which M. Paul Blouët

alternately chaffed John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme. As a merry mutual friend of the middle classes of the two countries he rendered a service to which they may now join in paying tribute; and one wonders, without feeling unduly sanguine, whether there will ever arise, among our foreign language masters, a German Max O'Rell, whose kindly jests will have an equally salutary effect upon our relations with our Teuton kinsmen."

The French would never tolerate an Englishman of the Max O'Rell type, living in their midst, chaffing them, ridiculing them, and telling them disagreeable truths. Neither would the Americans. Max O'Rell's popularity in the States was, in a great measure, due to his ridicule of John Bull. Jonathan roared; but he did not roar much louder than the many English sitting next to him. "Funny man, don't-cher-know, this Max O'Rell; awfully clever; dem good, bai Jove, jolly true, too!"

But what of the funny man, Max; could he stand chaff?

"My dear Furniss," he once said to me, "don't caricature me. I forgive you for dubbing me 'Paul Pry.' You didn't know me, then—but it *was* unkind. I am a Frenchman, remember, I *cannot* stand chaff. In America they invited me to the Gridiron Club. I was told, beforehand, that it was a roasting club, a club that roasted as well as toasted, its guests, and I was prepared. They would make bogus speeches, ridiculing me; I would reply in the same spirit. Good. The evening came. Up gets my dear, good friend, Major Handy. He begins by apologising for asking the company to meet such a poor specimen of a Frenchman as I: a retailer of chestnuts, a man who lived under the false pretence of being funny, coming from an effete country.

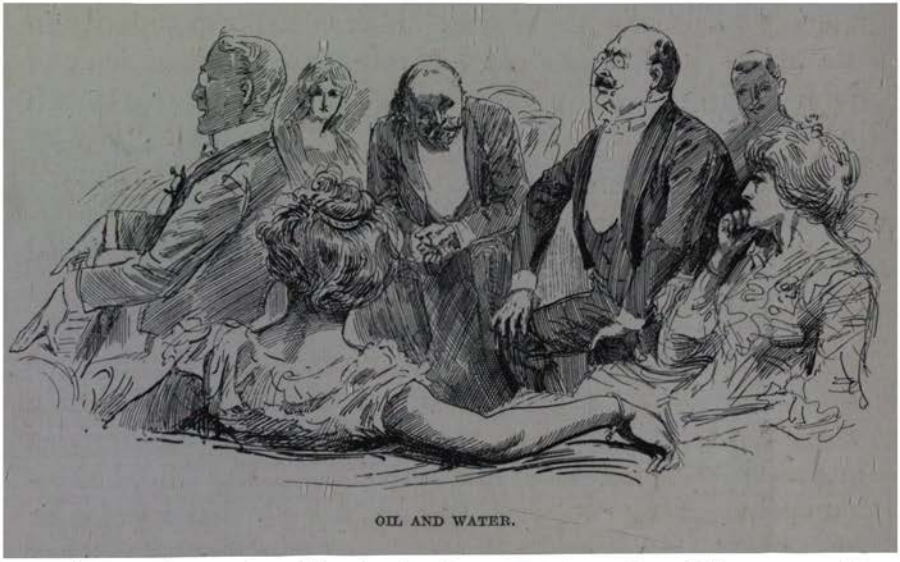
"This was too much. I jumped up, I was fuming with rage. At first they thought that I was acting, and applauded. But I soon showed that I was in earnest. No! my dear fellow, I cannot stand chaff; I am a Frenchman."

Not long after this I met him in a London club, in the company of Major Handy. Max O'Rell drew me on one side and introduced me to him.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Furniss. I guess when you come to the States, we must put you on the grill."

"Thanks, awfully," I replied, "but you surprise me. I always understood that you Americans were in advance of us English. But in the Old Country we do not place the furnace on the grill, but the grill on the furnace."

At dinner, at my house, one evening, I introduced Max O'Rell to another excellent humourist, and—good fellow!



OIL AND WATER.

—the author of "Charley's Aunt," Brandon Thomas. It had occurred to me, that when wit meets wit then comes—the end of all seriousness; but I was mistaken, and I might have ended the quotation in its usual words. Brandon Thomas is also the author of "Tommy Atkins," and still more heroic, and Jingo-awe-inspiring airs. He is a wit of the first water—English. Max O'Rell, one of the first oil—French. The oil and the water would not mix. The creator of "Charley's Aunt" had to acknowledge that he had never read one line by the creator of Max O'Rell. There were high words and long debate, and

national characteristics were freely discussed. It was an awkward moment for me; Thomas was chaffing, and O'Rell was seriously annoyed. It was the only occasion on which I had seen him upset. I saved the situation by suggesting our joining the ladies. In the drawing-room Brandon Thomas accompanied himself at the piano, and "just to clear the air" sang us his "Tommy Atkins." Max O'Rell, instead of being, as was his wont, the life and soul of the party, sat in a corner of the room, in sullen silence. Thomas then sang one of his delightful lullabys, with the artistic feeling for which he is so famed. Max O'Rell rose, listened, applauded. Then, rushing forward, he shook Brandon Thomas by both hands; and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Ah, my dear sir, you are a genius—an artist."

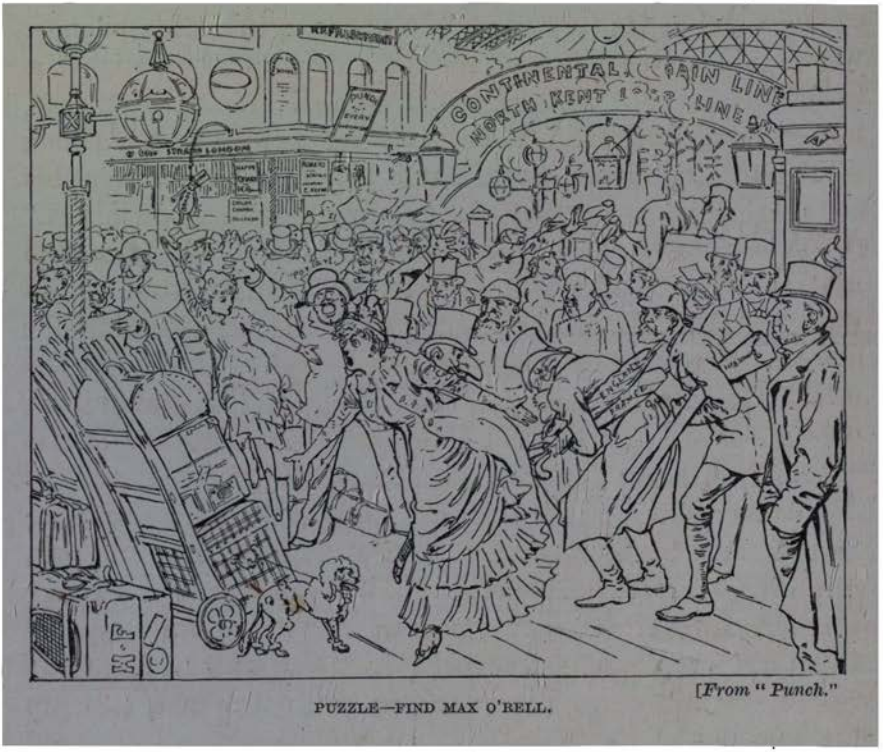
I have never been so touched before. It was the victory of art, which knows no nationality, over prejudice; or—dare I say in speaking of a man of Max O'Rell's talent—over want of humour.

M. Léon Paul Blouët, was born, and is buried, at Avranches, in Brittany. His father was governor of the prison in that romantic spot, Mount St. Michael.

Young Blouët was a soldier before he became a writer; and it may be truly said of him that he found the pen mightier than the sword; for, after serving as a cavalry officer, during the Franco-Prussian war and fighting against the Commune, when recovered from wounds received at Sedan, he laid down his sword, came to England, took up his pen, and, at once, became famous. General Paul Blouët would, probably, never have been heard of outside France unless, by the way, over the Dreyfus case, on which he made some strong remarks the last time I saw him. He said to me that he, "in common with all right-minded Frenchmen," believed Dreyfus guilty, and never before so much agreed with Carlyle that England was composed of eighty millions of people, mostly fools. Whereas the name of "Max O'Rell" is known all the world over.

Strange to say, the man was known less in London than elsewhere.

When Paul Blouët, French master at St. Paul's School and married to that charming and accomplished Devonshire lady, Miss Mary Bartlett, produced in Paris his first book, "John Bull and His Island," which, subsequently translated, by his talented wife, into English and published in London, took London—as well as all Britain—by storm,



PUZZLE—FIND MAX O'RELL. [*From "Punch."*

his personality was so little known that, in sketching him for *Punch*, I had to hide his face, dress him as Paul Pry, and label him!

It was not long afterwards, however, that we met. We were neighbours, and saw a great deal of one another. So that, although he had returned to France, and I have not seen him for some time, I feel that, in his sad death, I have lost a charming companion.

Apropos of his soldiering experiences, he once told me

of a humorous incident that happened during the Commune. I have never come across it in print, and it is certainly worth repeating. We were discussing the pros and cons. of fighting at night.

"It is a mistake," said he; "the bravest men not only feel cowards in the dark, but act as such. I commanded as courageous a body of men as one would wish for. We were aware that a brave body of the enemy held a small castle, on the river, by a bridge crossing the Seine. We were to rush the castle in the dead of night, surprise the Communist soldiers and take it. I started, but I was horrified to find my brave men turning tail, and, under cover of the darkness, actually fleeing away from the castle. I followed, and tried to rally them, but failed. It so happened that our enemy had got wind of our midnight manœuvre. Their officer was served in exactly the same way. One man after another decamped in the opposite direction to the way we were expected to come, and, when morning broke, there stood the castle and the bridge, with not a soldier to be seen! Such is the effect of night attacks."

Max O'Rell's most entertaining book is "Drat the Boys"; in which he gives his impressions of the English schoolboy, formed while he was French master at St. Paul's School. It has always struck me that these experiences — those of the English schoolboy—inspired all Max O'Rell's subsequent work. He was, to the end, the romping schoolboy. John Bull, at school, spoilt him by laughing with, and never at, him. Young John Bull accepted him as a jester, and allowed him to deliver himself of the most extraordinary and bitter *bon mots*, with equanimity—and so did the British public, always ready to pay him for telling more. John Bull does not care one jot what others think of him—a quality in which he probably stands alone. Certainly the French have it not, and Max O'Rell was, what we English designate, "typically French." Long sojourn in the land of John Bull, and daily contact

with its people, neither rubbed off the French polish nor rubbed in the British oak stain. His opinions of us were hardly impressions. Rather were they merely reflections on the surface. They did not sink deep. He never understood the English—he never liked them. He liked the Americans better, but he only loved the French. He was, however, a thoroughly good business man. He therefore repressed his antipathy for the English, so long as it paid him to do so. When he was paid by the Americans—as he was during the Boer war—stupid John Bull had a bad time of it.

The great failings of John Bull, which deserve the severest castigation of the satirist, are hypocrisy and cant. These Max O'Rell saw and did not spare. "Ah," he would say, "look at you English. How moral you all are! How pure are your cities, how chaste your homes —*on the surface.* But what goes on underneath? We French are not more immoral than you English; but we are less hypocritical. We live our lives in the open. You see us, and you English hold up your hands in horror and say, 'How French!' The foreigner in England, however, sees nothing of your real life, which is not more pure than ours."

There was no denying the truth of this. I have, myself, listened to the ex-Leader of the House of Commons when he rose, in his place, and vehemently denounced the Sunday opening of Art galleries and Museums; and I have also seen the very same man, with his daughters, in the Paris Salon, on the following Sabbath. I have seen indecent caricatures lying on the table of the most straight-laced English clergyman, who, if an Englishman had drawn such things, would have ostracised him at once.

Yes, John Bull; cram your shelves with volumes of indecent caricatures, walk about with your pockets full of the vilest French novelettes, go to Paris and—when you think you are not seen—witness the raciest of Parisian comedies; but, if you do all these things, do not resent

such men as Max O'Rell dubbing you a hypocrite; for you are one.

How often have I heard it said, "Ah, what clever caricatures one sees in Paris—we have none in London!" Quite so. But are these clever caricatures clever because they are "over the mark"? It is very easy to appear funny to an uncritical public if one can be coarse, as the old caricaturists were; but it is not so easy to please people who cannot appreciate refined humour, and who violently condemn, as coarse, the slightest deviation from the commonplace, unless it be "made in France."

It is to the credit of Max O'Rell, that he seldom, if ever, descended to be what English people call "French," but kept his writing for the most part pure, his stories witty, his satire honest; while his manner, to which, on the platform, he owed so much of his success, was perfect. His broken English added a piquancy to his most ordinary remark, and as a *raconteur* he was unrivalled.

In nearly all the biographical notices I have seen, I find the criticism that his anecdotes were not always as new as they might have been. Apart from the fact that there are only half a dozen "stories" extant, and all others are founded upon them, the only tales that can be original are those describing what has happened to one's self. To repeat these—as Max O'Rell did, with consummate art—is inevitably to incur the accusation of being egotistical.

Max O'Rell, as I have already said, was a good business man. In other words, he knew how to adapt his work to what paid. Those who have blamed him for being "superficial" and "flippant" surely did not expect the British—much less the Colonial and American—public to sit through a lecture of the weighty and dry-as-dust order, given by a man with the reputation for humour possessed by Max O'Rell.

"The mission of humour," Mark Twain has observed, "is to make people reflect"; and it cannot be denied that a little truth, wrapped up in a joke, has more effect on an

audience, than an elaborately delivered fact, ponderously propounded, by the orthodox "lecturer."

Max O'Rell was popular, so long as he was funny. It was when he became serious, interviewed Kruger, and wrote anti-English articles for the French and American Press, that he lost some of his admirers. Yet, in December, 1898, when the Fashoda epidemic of anglophobia was at its height, Max O'Rell delivered a capital douche of common sense to *Les Patriotards Epileptiques*, and told them some home-truths, which, of course, they did not lay to heart. It is, therefore, to be regretted that, later, when there was another outbreak over the Boer war, Max O'Rell should have laid himself open to accusations brought against him by the English press, of making speeches, or writing, as a pro-Boer. He was also called over the coals for a rather unfortunate remark about the funeral of Queen Victoria, in writing to the New York Press. But these alleged *faux pas* appear to have been, either the results of misunderstanding or of misquotation. They were certainly repudiated by Madame Blouët, in a letter to the Press, at the time. Still the impression they had produced remained; and, con-

MARK TWAIN AND MAX O'RELL.

sequently, Max O'Rell found a section of his audiences somewhat less genial, perhaps, than formerly. Possibly, his illness was troubling him. Anyway, he became very sensitive, and when an audience in the north booed him, he left the platform, and it was freely reported—and, moreover, believed by O'Rell himself—that the antagonistic demonstration was to censure him for these alleged Boer sympathies. As a matter of fact, the demonstration against him had nothing whatever to do with the matter. He was engaged to appear in a popular course of Sunday evenings for the people, in a north-country town. The majority of the audience may, even, never have heard of Max O'Rell; but as most "lecturers" they had listened to, showed views of places or otherwise illustrated their remarks, or had musical accompaniments, they could not appreciate a gentleman merely talking cleverly. They understood sufficiently to tell he was a Frenchman; that was enough. Max O'Rell's nationality showed itself; he left the platform, and seldom attempted to address an English audience again.

This was not, however, the first instance of his being misunderstood. Many tales, he has related, of curious misapprehensions about himself and his work. One I well recollect. He disliked being called a "lecturer," or a "reader"; what title, then, could he give his entertainment? A happy thought struck him, he would call it a *causerie*. He was about to appear in a town on the south coast; and, when he was in the shop in which the tickets for Max O'Rell's "Causerie" were sold, a lady drove up, and requested to return the tickets she had purchased, as she could not go, herself, and would not allow her daughters to go to anything so improperly French!

"How English! Shall I ever understand them, or will they ever understand the French?" he said to me, as he related the incident.

Like most Frenchmen, Max O'Rell admired the Scotch, more than he did the English, character. In his "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles," a book little known in

this country, but popular in the United States, where the copy I possess was published, he made many a thrust at John Bull (much in the way Mr. Crossland has done, in the book to which I refer in Chapter IV.). For instance:

"Some fifty years ago, a great English wit, Sydney Smith, said that it required a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand a joke.

"Well, an English joke, he probably meant.

"However, the satire was neatly expressed.

"When the English get hold of a good joke and see it, it lasts them a long time.

"The Scotch are a hundred times more witty and humorous than the English; but John Bull still goes on affirming that 'it requires a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand a joke.'"

Curious to relate, this contrast between the ways in which Frenchmen regard the Scotch, and the English was Max O'Rell's very last contribution to journalism, in the number of *John Bull* published three days after his death. Poor Max writes:

"We arrived at a pretty country house in [Normandy], rang the bell, were ushered in, and were immediately warmly welcomed. By and by I saw the face of my kind friend grow reflective and a little suspicious, and I was not mistaken as to the cause. For, while my Scotch friend was gone to wash his hands, he took me aside in the corner of the dining-room, and said to me in his rough, Norman peasant-farmer speech:

"'Cochon d'Anglais, eh?"

"'Jamais de la vie," I indignantly rejoined, "he is a Scotchman, my dear fellow.'"

"I will not guarantee that my friend exactly knew the difference between an Englishman and a Scotchman—at all events, not enough difference to please a true-born Scotchman; but his face grew radiant, and he rubbed his hands exultantly in anticipation of the pleasure he was going to feel in entertaining a real live Scot in his house.

"When my Scotch friend returned to the room, the worthy Norman rushed up to him, extended both hands to his guest, and said to him, with all the fervour of which he was capable:

"'I am right glad to welcome you in my house, which will always be open wide to all those poor people down-trodden by the English.'"

"PUIR BEAST!"

It may here be opportune to publish, for the first time, a little incident, the account of which Max O'Rell wrote to me, a few years ago, from Scotland. It was my intention some day to emulate Oliver Twist and "ask for more," illustrate them and publish a joint little work on Scotch "Weet." The following is eminently characteristic of both Max and Macs:—

1.

"Master & Man"
(a Reminiscence of Scotland)

The Scotch are the most democratic people in the world. I do not mean in the political, but in the social, the best sense of the word. In Scotland, more than in any country that I know, a man, whatever station of life he belongs to, thinks, and rightly too, that he is as good as another; not a good deal better, mind you, but as good.

"A man's a man for a' that."

This feeling is best illustrated perhaps by the charming relations between master and servant in Scotland. Dean Ramsay has told many anecdotes on the subject, but I have found none in his delightful book, which better shows up the genial philosophy of the Scottish character, than the following incident.

Not long ago I was visiting a rich Scot in his beautiful house, and he proposed to ~~[illegible]~~ give me a drive around the neighbourhood. We set out

21.

in a dogcart drawn by a fine horse, and my enjoyment of the scenery, together with my host's pride in showing it led to our going much further than was intended. When we turned the horse's head homewards, it was necessary to hasten speed, as the dinner hour was approaching and I was to give a lecture in the evening. The consequence was that when we drove up to the house, the horse was tired and heated. [Jamie, the groom, appeared. No sooner had he glanced at the horse than a look of evident displeasure clouded his face, and, addressing himself half to the master and half to the horse, he began to give vent to his feelings:

"Puir beast! What a state ye are in! Ye ought to be ashamed of yourself to drive a horse in such a manner. Dinna ye see the sweat he is in? I wadna hae

3/

thought a body could be sae unmerciful to a puir bonny beast like this!" And so on until we had alighted and were out of hearing. Not a word uttered my host all this while. He knew he was in the wrong. He meekly walked away and opened the door of the house When we were in the hall and ridding ourselves of our wraps, he glanced sideways to see that Jamie could not hear him, and he quietly remarked

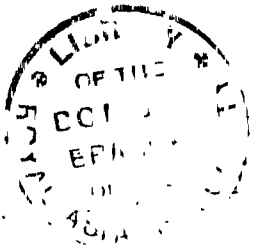
"I wouldn't have Jamie's temper for the world!"

That is all

Mark O'Rell

CHAPTER VII

ON SOME SPORTS



CHAPTER VII

ON SOME SPORTS

A Cricket Maniac—Lord's—"To the Editor of the *Times*"—A Snap-shot—Ladies at Lord's—To those about to Establish Golf Clubs—Rival Interests—Selfish Interests—Speeches, Letters, Opposition, Misrepresentations—"Le Golf"—American Golf—The Golf Widow—The Golf Club—A Great Contest, "Black *v.* White"—Sir Henry Irving on Prize-fighters—Boxing *v.* Football—I Fall Foul of the Sporting Press—The Antipathy of *Punch*.

AS regards Sport I have but one confession to make—I am an out-and-out cricket maniac. My only holiday is watching cricket. To travel abroad, to take the usual holiday by the seaside, to yacht, boat, walk, ride, or "mote," is to me no holiday; I am always at work—that is the curse under which caricaturists live. They cannot see anything without its being immediately run through the brain-mill and ground up fine and duly stored in some cell for future use. Golf is the only game I play, and that is rest, but it is also work. The only real holiday—absolutely doing nothing, but being interested and taken right away from

one's self, is to sit and watch a cricket match. I work hard so as to be free, and every possible hour, I am at Lord's. I am not a member, nor have I any wish to be after reading the following confession from one who has been a member of the M.C.C. (Muddling Cricket Clique) for so long:

"We ordinary members of the club, some, like myself, of thirty or forty years' membership, have much to complain of.

"We have for years left off playing cricket, and have enjoyed from our college days the comforts and conveniences here of seeing good cricket, have ourselves been always able to get a seat in the pavilion from whence to see the cricket. We have taken our wives to fixed places from which to look on, and where we can find them and help them in wet weather or any other emergency, and find them at the time for leaving, and we have put down our sons' names under fixed conditions many years ago.

"All this is changed. On occasions it is now impossible to get a seat in the pavilion unless you watch anxiously for the seat of some one moving away and are quick enough to step in. Our wives and daughters have, as life advances, to risk a seat on the Mound or an empty seat from which she may be rather ignominiously ejected at any moment by the owner.

"Our sons' names are passed over, after being for years on the list of candidates, by the admission of two hundred moneyed men glad to pay an extra sum to buy their way in over their heads.

"It is true that these new arrangements, which cut us and our wives out of the old comforts and opportunities of seeing good cricket which we have so long enjoyed, and have diminished the probability of election under which our sons' names were put down, are all legal and all sanctioned by resolutions at legal club meetings.

"But, sir, you will readily recognise that, advancing in age as we old members are, we like to leave the manage-

ment of the club to succeeding generations of cricketers, and therefore, not wishing to interfere or hamper them in their efforts, we do not attend club meetings or even read the agenda, unless any radical change is specially brought under our notice.

"This is where our universal irritation and our universal condemnation of these new laws, which turn us and our wives out of our seats and our sons out of their proper chance of membership, comes in."

This confession of the greatest public father confessor in the world—the Editor of the *Times*—is àpropos of my Confessions, printed the day before:—

LORD'S.

"*To the Editor of the* TIMES.

"SIR,—I am not surprised to read your cricket correspondent's complaint in to-day's issue regarding the unsportsmanlike treatment the Press has received at the hands of the officials at Lord's.

"Your readers will recollect how the Empire was nearly shaken to its foundation when the members of Lord's had to decide who was to be the new secretary of the playground in St. John's Wood! The Queen's Hall was filled with swelled heads, and, judging from your correspondent's note, the swelled heads elected one of their own body. After all, Lord's is to cricket what St. Andrews is to golf; but at St. Andrews golf is the one thing considered, at Lord's cricket is a mere detail. At St. Andrews golfers, lovers of the game, and even mere sightseers, and, may I add, members of the Press, are given every facility to enjoy the game. But, alas! Lord's is fast degenerating from a club of gentlemen cricketers into a show run for the sake of profit.

"Under the old management, for many years, Lord's was an ideal retreat for the tired worker and the cricket lover. Then the stranger felt that by paying at the gate he was

free to sit in peace, and with the aid of a good cigar it was the ideal place in which to spend a happy day. Not so now, to those seated on the paying stands. Boys, heavily laden with open baskets containing merchandise one sees on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday or on a third-rate race-course, but surely of little attraction to the frequenters of Lord's, trample continually on your toes and screech everlastingly into your ears, 'Cigarettes, cigars, chocolates—Cigarettes, cigars, chocolates.' 'Correct card—Correct card.' 'Cigarettes, cigars, chocolates.' 'Correct card.' 'Speshul 'dition—latest cricket scores.' 'Cigarettes, cigars, chocolates.' 'Speshul 'dition — latest cricket scores.' 'Correct card.' 'Cigarettes, cigars, chocolates.' And to offend the ear still further these calls of screeching boys are sandwiched by, 'Any seat, sir, but the first four rows.' 'Any seat, sir, but the first four rows.'

"Why, in the name of reason and peace, cannot the fact that, after paying extra, you can occupy certain seats be written on a placard, or, better still, on the ticket?

"In fact, we may soon expect swings erected in the practice ground, shooting booths under that atrocious erection the big stand, and knock-me-downs in and out of the many drinking booths now disfiguring the club—a club, once a quiet, gentlemanly retreat, now a huge conglomeration of various monstrosities of masonry. In fact, I frankly confess, were I to see the buildings at Lord's, some winter's night, on fire, although I would not be guilty of incendiarism, I would certainly not hurry to give the alarm, for, as an artist, I consider even the outside of Lord's Cricket Ground an outrage upon taste and an offence to the eye.

"It is not enough that the committee of Lord's should offend the eye by having turned the pretty pitch of old into an ugly mass of sheds and patches of erratic architecture, but they must also offend the ear by turning it into a pandemonium as well.

"Many use Lord's Club as a fashionable picnic ground

[*Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "The Sphere."*

A PICNIC AT LORD'S.

for five days in the year—genuine cricket lovers are absent then and look to the Press to read in detail the doings of the colts—but now it appears that, during the paying-picnic days, the Press is turned out of the stand and relegated to the tool shed, or, perhaps, to the roller horse's stable.

"Nearly every sport in this country is being ruined by 'the gate' question—can we not save cricket, and particularly Lord's, before it is too late?

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"HARRY FURNISS.

"Garrick Club, *July 6th.*"

This was followed by members' letters, of which the following is typical:

"*To the Editor of the* TIMES.

"SIR,—As an old member of Lord's I am rejoiced to see the letter of Mr. Harry Furniss in the *Times* of to-day. I have long been looking out for some expression of the kind, and I am thankful that it has at last come. You must not think that the members of the M.C.C. approve of the treatment awarded to the members of the Press. The fact is there is much dissatisfaction amongst the members of the M.C.C. at the manner in which matters have been conducted for the last few years, and the waste of money that has been prodigious. Two hundred new members at £200 each have partly paid for this waste, but otherwise the money might as well have been thrown into the sea. Hideous buildings have been erected all over the place, and, as Mr. Harry Furniss says, the place which was once 'a quiet, gentlemanly retreat is now a huge conglomeration of various monstrosities of masonry.' In fact, I can excuse his not giving the alarm of fire before all the hideous buildings were burnt down, should such a fortunate accident occur. It must not be supposed that the members of the M.C.C. had anything to do with the

erection of these monstrosities. We went away in August, and when we returned in May the hideous building called the Mound Stand stood before us. No one who is not obliged will sit in it, scorched in the sun or drenched in the rain according to our variable climate. The members were never consulted about all this deformation of the ground. No plans were placed before them. The clock was placed where no one in the pavilion could see it. Since then another clock has been placed on one of the hideous buildings, luckily far off, so that it is not constantly shadowing the game; and now the members of the Press have been placed on the top of that building, so that if they cannot see the game they will be enabled, by looking round the corner, to time it. I do not wish to say these things anonymously, so, at the risk of some censure,

CAUGHT!

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"GEORGE ROSE NORTON.

"Marylebone Cricket Club, *July 7th.*"

One more :—

"*To the Editor of the* TIMES.

"SIR,—As an old member of the M.C.C. will you allow me to express my emphatic approval of the opinions expressed by Mr. Harry Furniss, also by the two gentlemen whose letters appear in the *Times* of to-day?

"The fact is that the committee are virtually a self-elected body, and have shown themselves to be quite out of touch with the members at large. It is true that a certain number retire annually from the committee, but the retiring members are always brought back in the following year.

"During the University match last week all over the pavilion might be heard remarks, almost unanimous, and by no means complimentary to the ruling body, which I wish the committee could have heard.

"With respect to the treatment accorded to the Press, the waste of club funds by the erection of the hideous buildings which now disfigure the ground, the favouritism shown to certain fortunate persons in the allotment of boxes and seats for University matches, and in placing carriages, I heard nothing but strong condemnation of the action taken by the committee, not one voice in support.

"The dissatisfaction, and I may add the irritation, caused by the recent action of the committee, are almost universal among members of the M.C.C.

"Yours obediently,

"SIGMA."

July 9th.

And now I refer my readers to *photographs* of the cricket at Lord's, to see the way in which that hideous Mound is patronised! Photography cannot caricature scenes, but frequently shows the descriptive writer in an absurd light. "Record attendances" when photographed often show empty benches.

One has to be very careful of the snap-shotter. Now I do not care to reveal my handicap at golf; suffice it to say I am not ever likely to carry off the Open Championship, but I can occasionally get over the maiden at Sandwich. Yet I was asked, by a snap-shot fiend, to show him how to get out of a bunker, and with every wish to oblige him I jumped into the largest and got out in one. To my dismay this snap-shot appeared in print, "Bunkered again!" and by golfers I have been associated with bunkers ever since. It was pure jealousy. There are some men who snap-shot rivals at their worst, particularly should the victim be a caricaturist!

By the way, as "one of the crowd," I am fond of wandering from my usual seat, under the large scoring board, and one Wednesday, when I looked in to see the Australians *v.* Middlesex, I saw, and sketched—snapshotted in my own way—a rather curious incident. The amateur, Mr. G. W. Beldam, the Middlesex cricketer, photographing Trumble, the Australian cricketer, bowling.

"BUNKERED AGAIN!"

The greatest Australian batsman, Trumper. The two celebrated T's; the great bowler, nearly a veteran now, and the young and most brilliant batsman. This performance was repeated several times, to the great amusement of the crowd, Trumble protesting that he was sure Beldam would be hit. "I don't mind performing for you, Mr. Beldam, but I do it at your own risk." Subsequently, Mr. Beldam completed a masterly innings, and defied Trumble's l.b.w. catchy breaks.

The M.C.C. ought to send critics, and not cricketers,

to Australia, to learn something, we might then have built a Ladies' Pavilion at Lord's, such as they have at Sydney. Ladies would then know something more about our national game than they do now. There are exceptions. The lady, for instance, who was asked by a Harrow boy "why the match was called 'Eton and Harrow' and not 'Harrow (being the most successful) and Eton'?"

"For the same reason, I suppose," was her reply, "that one says 'Gentlemen and Players.'"

A LADY GOLFER.

A lady golfer once showed she knew little of our national game, by exclaiming, after looking at the scoring card, showing, Fry 120, Rantjisingi 130, "Dear me, what bad players to take all those strokes to go round!"

In the "good old days," say ninety years ago, ladies knew more about the game than now. A great cricket match, in which twenty-two ladies took part, was played in London, for 500 guineas a side. Twelve heroines came from Hampshire and twelve were Surrey beauties. The performers, in this remarkable contest, were all ages and sizes, from fourteen to sixty. "The young, had shawls, and the old, long cloaks; the Hampshire were distinguished by the colour of true blue; the Surrey were equally smart, their colour was blue, surmounted with orange." One of the Hampshire lasses made 41. On the last day "an unusual assemblage of elegant persons was on the ground," and after the match, they were entertained in a handsome fashion, by the nobleman that made the match; the winners, Hampshire, walking in triumph to the "Angel" at Islington amidst the cheers and laughter of Londoners.

But bless me! I am digressing. I do not recollect ninety years ago, and my Confessions must be personal.

They sometimes even now have curious cricket at Lord's.

"Robert," the type of City waiter made famous by the

witty pen of the late Deputy Bedford, decided to have a benefit. A few seasons ago funds, it appears, were required for his newly formed "City Waiters' Labour Bureau," a society founded to fight the exorbitant charges of the waiters' middleman, the West End agent. The benefit was not a "waiting contest" at the "Gill Hall," or even

at a picnic at "Burnum Beeches," but a cricket match at Lord's! Yes, Lord's, the home of the aristocratic side of our national game, was, on the 29th of September, 1880, the scene of a unique game. The "Roberts" of the City *v.* the Waiters of the West End.

But, ah, the irony of it! Only that month Lord's Cricket Ground, which, every season, is becoming more and more a penny-catching place of entertainment, has adopted the automatic refreshment supply system. No waiters required! It must be admitted the sight of the greasy-coated waiter mixing with the crowd on a broiling morning at Lord's was always a most incongruous one; but the picture of cricketers in evening dress and white ties would even have been funnier, had it been so. Now, the waiter, on picnic days at Lord's, has the new, Vauxhall looking, East end of the ground to play a waiting game with his foreign, black-coated rival.

Let us go a-golfing, or rather let me, in this critical chapter, confess what I had to put up with, in my endeavour to start a club.

The French have a saying: There is but one step (*un pas*) between the sublime and the ridiculous. And some wit explained that this *pas* was the *Pas de Calais.* Only whether one holds that the ridiculous is to be found on the English or the Gallic shore depends on one's opinion of English sports and amusements such as I have described.

For my own part I have never aspired to found an amateur circus, but I have been the originator of a Club for the playing of "Le Golf," a game which—according to a French description given below—would seem to be ridiculous enough. My Confessions of how I did it, and with what results, may be of interest to all about to establish Golf Clubs.

In consequence of my wife's ill-health, I found myself and family, year after year, wintering at one of our famously dull South Coast watering-places.

Apart from working and riding, and occasionally watching the sea wash over the Parade at high tide, there was absolutely nothing to do. I was in the habit of escaping on to the deserted High Hills, close to the town, where I enjoyed beautiful scenery and splendid air.

After three winters' walks in solitude, I one day, came across a policeman, eating an orange, and a coastguard looking through the wrong end of a telescope. I merely mention these facts, as I was accused—as every one is who starts golf—of robbing the public of their pleasure-ground, &c. But no limb of the law would dare to eat an orange, nor would any handy-man so burlesque his duty, if either expected a man, woman, or child to pass that way. After a time, I varied my walks by practising a little lofting over the furze. I found the turf true golf turf. I saw around me plenty of space for golf. Happy thought! Why not start a Golf Club?

Now, it so happens, the town has an organisation known as the Borough Association. Its purpose is to "boom" the place. It invites a stranger, and the stranger is expected to be their captious critic. When I was their guest, I made an appeal for golf. My eloquence was immediately rewarded by an official deputation waiting upon me, offering me all assistance, if I could show where golf was possible.

After pointing out the ground where I had seen the policeman and the coastguard, I had the Borough Boomers' support. But there was one little point, they delicately hinted, which was vital to the scheme. The hill I had selected was, in the summer-time, the trippers' delight. To get up to it, one had to mount steps only second in number to those of Parnassus. They had purchased the right to have the hill for the public, but had been refused, by the owner, permission to construct a lift up to it. The owner of the property was "impossible," he was absolutely immovable, on that point. Now, the question was, would I consider the lift necessary for golf?

"We could not do without a lift," I replied.

"Then we are with you, to a man!"

I soon bearded the Lord of the Manor in his den. He had not long come into his property; he had been a parson, in a pretty spot far up the Thames; we had mutual friends there. That was my passport. I found him seated in his library, with a poker in one hand and a book, which he endeavoured to hide, in the other. I mentioned golf to him. He turned round and immediately poked the fire vigorously. I then saw the title of the book in his hand. It was, "Golf: Hints to Beginners." He blushed as I said:

"I see you are a golfer," and as he was taking out his handkerchief to hide his face, a golf ball fell out of his pocket. The game was then "All even." I found the rev. gentleman only too anxious to give every assistance in his power. He had read my speech and appreciated what I had said; in fact, he had already tried to plan links on the side of the property, exclusively his own, but it was too small.

I suggested combining it with the portion he had sold to the town.

"Ah! the Council is impossible; they would want a lift, and he could not allow that. Would I consider his objection, and make it a *sine qua non* there should be no lift?"

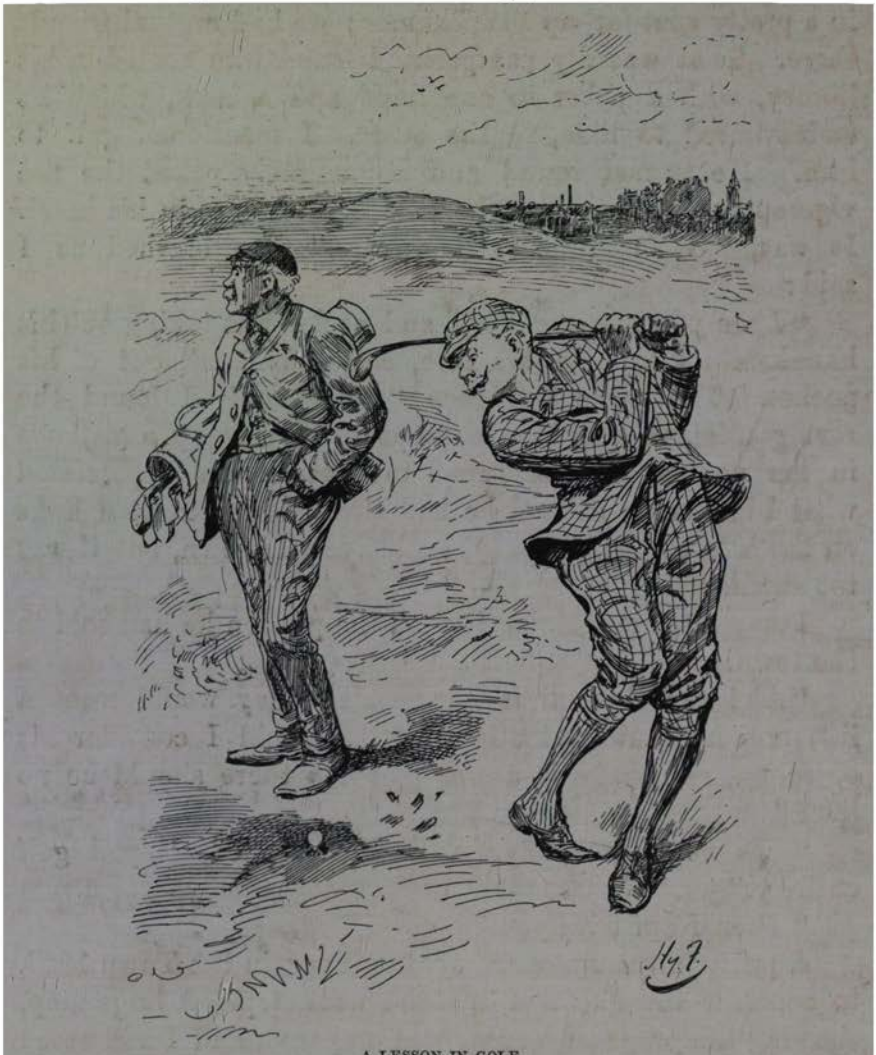
"We could not have a lift," I replied, "spoil golf entirely."

"Then I am with you."

A public meeting, called by the Mayor, in the Town Hall, to consider the question, was the next step. A huge map, showing the proposed course was prepared, and I addressed the Mayor, Councillors, and public, for forty minutes; a discussion followed. My motion was carried, a subscription opened, a committee and officers appointed. Early next morning the ground men were "shaving the hill," and the transformation scene had begun before breakfast.

Instead of the residents being grateful to me, I was

attacked, ridiculed, and abused. My proposal was sneered at, condemned as impossible by the few local golfers. They admitted they wanted golf, but no links were possible where



A LESSON IN GOLF.

(From Captain Marshall's "Haunted Major.")

I wished to have them, and as they did not start it, I shouldn't. My most energetic opponent was a Scotchman, who had lived too long on the relaxing south coast of England, and, if appearances did not belie the true state

of his health, he suffered from a torpid liver. With all that pertinacity peculiar to his countrymen, he did his best to scotch, without being able to kill, my scheme.

As the leading local paper said:

"Mr. Harry Furniss is comparatively a stranger, and he has demonstrated that golf can be played here. The sympathies of golf-players and of the public, who believe that to have the game played here will benefit the town, of course go out to Mr. Furniss. Not only Mr. S—— (my Scotch opponent) but many others have wished for golf here, and have suggested various sites, but we rather fail to see that we owe much gratitude to a gentleman who merely proves to us that a thing is impossible when all the time it is possible."

Prospecting for links, on a public common, or anywhere else, for the matter of that, is like scrutinising those picture puzzles so popular among some publications. The drawing is, say, the face of a young lady, and the puzzle is to discover her six lovers. This you endeavour to do, and, in all probability, fail ignominiously; but when the picture is inverted or twisted round, and the faces of the half-dozen rivals are pointed out to you, you see them at once, and marvel at your stupidity in not finding them before. They are there, plain enough, for those who can discover them. I have said these local golfers were rather piqued at the idea that a stranger, or at any rate a non-resident, had undertaken to establish the links, and they objected to my taking to myself the credit of starting local golf, because, forsooth, they themselves had thought of the project years

ago! Let me assume that they did, but did they ever bring it to anything? The answer is obvious, for had they done so, it would have been unnecessary for the aforesaid stranger to exert himself on behalf of golf links. It would have been better, for these gentlemen, to air their successes instead of their failures.

From the commencement, I endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to champion the claim of the hills, on the east of the town, as the site for the proposed links, despite all the arguments of the gentleman with the awe-inspiring Scotch cognomen, who had taken it upon himself to advocate the rival charms of links in another town, as a golfer's Paradise, to lure the golfing element away from the town I was in.

John Dunn was communicated with, and after visiting the place, and thoroughly inspecting it, he had no hesitation in saying that the ground I had selected could be laid out to make a good nine-hole course. The turf was admirably suited, being of the proper nature for golf, and there would not be a tame hole in the round. Every one had sport in it, it was good, natural golf, not a single hazard would have to be made, the position of the links would charm every visitor, and Mr. Dunn's object in designing the course had been to bring in all the beauties of the place. A good player would have something to try for, whilst a medium player, or beginner, would find an easy way out of the difficulty. At a rough calculation, Mr. Dunn estimated that the cost of the labour in making the putting greens and teeing grounds, cutting furze, &c., would be under £100. He would bring down a practised workman and give him directions as to what was to be done, and the latter would then be assisted by local labour, Mr. Dunn running down from time to time as the links were being finished.

That was the opinion of the man who was the foremost authority on the subject, and I didn't value any one else's in the face of that. The small estimate, for the preliminary cost of laying out the ground, plainly showed

that little alteration had to be made, some links costing six times that amount.

As a matter of fact, I ought to have returned to town, about that time, but I remained as long as I could, at the seaside resort, to witness, and, if possible, assist in, the settlement of the golf question. Even after, at the call of duty, I had been forced to go back to London, I was continually running down, to see how the links were getting on, and not the slightest doubt existed in my mind that when I arrived to take up my quarters there, the following winter, I should find the Golf Club an established fact and in working order.

I began to realise, however, that I had let myself in for much trouble, expense, and loss of time; but I didn't realise, even then, that insults, misrepresentations, and gross libels would be circulated about me, through the Press; from the petty pens of the paragraph inventor in Fleet Street to the Editor of *Truth*. In dozens of papers, all over the country, appeared a paragraph, informing the public that I had, whilst a guest of the Golf Club in the town I am writing about, joined in a discussion with the members and got the worst of it. This was but one of the petty annoyances I was subjected to. One or two papers apologised, as follows:—

"Our apologies are due to Mr. Harry Furniss, the *Punch* artist. The other day a good story, which was going the rounds, appeared in this column representing him as having had much the worst of the argument in a war of wit at the —— Golf Club. That story, like many others, was not true—perhaps hardly *ben trovata*.

"Mr. Furniss was not worsted in wit, nor did he exhibit 'questionable taste,' and he is entitled to the *amende honorable* which we make."

Others published, with an editorial note, the following letter which I sent them:—

"Sir,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in

your issue of the 16th, in which you state that I was the guest of the —— Golf Club, the other day, and that, as a guest, I joined in the discussion with questionable taste. As a fact, the —— Golf Club is just formed, and has not yet entertained guests, and the fact that I am the originator and captain of that club is, I trust, sufficient to expose the stupidity of the sneer you have published on a brother journalist.

"Yours truly,

"HARRY FURNISS."

[We regret the publication of the paragraph, which did not, however, originate with us.—ED.]

The question is, where do these paragraphs originate?

Let me, in giving this record of the trials of a golfer starting a new Club, show how some do originate and what mischief ensues:—

Then I had to meet the usual protests from those residing near to the links. One charming lady, well known in the literary world, wrote to the London papers, bewailing the sacrifice of natural beauty for the purpose of making a "Golf Walk."

She might just as well have emulated King Canute and commanded the rising tide to retire, as have sat on the hill and defied the progress of the golf stream. We formed one of the most sporting, and certainly most beautiful, golf links on the South Coast, mainly for the winter visitors, who, by the removal of a lot of rubbishy, stunted, burnt, and dead gorse roots, have had, revealed to them, for the first time, a panorama of beauty. This lady called the links a "Golf Walk." Who ever heard of such a term? It may perhaps be admissible in fiction, but as a matter of fact a "Golf Walk" is a thing unknown, and there is no vandalism, no "sacrifice of natural beauty" connected with the —— Golf Club, but rather an improvement of the natural landscape. The lady I refer to is justly famous for her writings on the

French and their literature ; could she, I wonder, have been the author of this curious description of golf?—

"It is called 'Le Golf,' and resembles both crockett and lawn tennis. It's special feature consists in the use of a ball—a sort of marble, extremely small, which is struck by a mallet. One element of the game consists in the erection of a little mound, recalling the pastime of 'forteresses' played with marbles in our young days. 'Le Golf,' which is indulged in especially by those persons upon whom lawn tennis, with it's obligation to keep on running about continually soon fatigues. It is at present the favourite amusement in the suburbs of London. Backed up by our Anglomania it will be the rage this summer in our parks and country houses, and, as it does not require a large space of ground, in our gardens and villas."

Still the attacks did not prevent my pet idea from becoming a *fait accompli.* I met with most encouraging support from two of the medical men of the town. One became Hon. Sec. and the other Treasurer, and it is through the hard work, and the support of these two gentlemen, that the idea was so successfully realised. We had much to contend with. The local members knew little or nothing about the game. The professional came to me one day (I was captain), asking me to use my authority, and prevent the new players teeing off the putting greens. When I interviewed them, they claimed that as members of the committee they ought to have some rights over ordinary members, and tee off the smooth places! It is only right to say that many of them are now first-class players.

Then there was the difficulty with the professional. We engaged a man with a great golfing reputation and endowed with every vice of the "Scotch Pro." I had to order him off the links.

Then we found that our "Golf Walk," which, as I have explained, was started on a hill and some adjacent land, hitherto deserted, soon became the rendezvous of the place.

Non-golfers started other games on the same hill, and, lift or no lift, the public came up in such numbers that we were eventually driven inland and have now a splendid eighteen-hole course. I never pretended that we should have anything more, in the former site; than a second-class links, but those were better than none; and when I last visited them, so many members were playing, I had to wait twenty-five minutes for my turn.

When I first visited America, "golf," so far as I could discover, was absolutely unknown. Four years afterwards, I made my second trip, and discovered that three Scotch importations had become a rage in the United States — Scotch novels, Scotch whisky, and Golf. Golf is the only new fad that will last. The Scotch books are for a season, Scotch whisky is for a fashion, but Golf is for health. The magic rate at which it has caught on, is typical of everything Americans touch. They have magnificent club houses, all over the place; competitions and clubs galore. The Scotch "pro" is imported in extraordinary numbers, the latest inventions are freely discussed, golf literature is in abundance. The Americans understand everything but the game—that is the pure spirit of it. The one idea is to drive a ball a long way; the

"What a peculiar style MacGolfer has, hasn't he?"
"Style, d'ye call it? Why, man, he shapes just like a half-closit razor!"

science of the game (the short one is the true game) is not understood, so far as I could observe, in America. Their greens are young and rough—in fact, with one or two exceptions, not fit for golf. If they spent half the money on the greens that they do on the gorgeous club houses and their endless competitions, the game would be better.

I have actually seen a player lose two strokes and tee his ball (against all rules) so as to get a swipe. When they understand the game, and have better links, and drop that horrible American idea, that all sport is wagering and cup hunting and publicity, they will make excellent golfers, and they are to be heartily congratulated upon taking up the game so generally, and with so much spirit.

A young, rich New Yorker whom I met on links by the Hudson, said, "I guess I have a pretty interesting game on. I am playing for a dollar a stroke. My opponent has an advantage, he started this last fall and I have only had the sticks in my hand once before to-day."

My partner and I passed this couple half an hour later, and I found the gentleman who had only had the "sticks" out once before taking six strokes to get out of a bunker at the third hole.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"Tarnation bad! I started fairly well but I have lost fifty dollars (which meant that he was fifty strokes worse than his opponent) in the last two holes

It was on these links that I was paid the only compliment I ever received, at golf, excepting a professional's compliments, when selling his clubs. There was a hole, in a cupped green. The American I was playing with went straight for the hole, missed it, and the ball shot down the hill. I played up the hill, and my ball trickled down, lying dead.

"Waal, Siree, you are the vury first man I ever saw who played with his head, instead of his club."

Ah, how I wish I could play with my club! Both the Londoner's links, and the New Yorker's links, suffer from the

admirers of the players. The ladies will wear high heels, and consequently the putting greens, after rain are ruined. The face of the keen golfer, as the fair followers walk over the greens, is a study for the caricaturist.

The following golf story has been revived, and is still going the round of the Press :—

THE GOLF WIDOW.

A fisherman noticed a lonely lady, sitting on a rock, at North Berwick, knitting, and remarked to his companion, "That's a lonesome-lookin' woman. She sits on that rock a' day, aye knittin'; she never speaks to a livin' sowl; an auld maid, I suppose." "Auld maid," replied the other. "No her; I ken her find. Her man's a gowfer!"

The story is not mine, but the heading, "The Golf Widow," is my invention, and my drawing of the widow appears in the Badminton Book on Golf.

A Golf Club is the only game club which resembles an ordinary, social club. The cricket club is merely a pavilion, the boating club is a shed, the tennis club is a tent—excepting, of course, centres such as Lord's, the London Rowing Club, and Prince's. Still, even they are not, as clubs, strictly speaking, tolerable, apart from the game. And, furthermore, they only have their seasons, whilst Golf Clubs are open all the year round, and have members, both ladies and gentlemen, who never go on to the links at all, take no interest whatever in the game, and merely belong to Golf Clubs, for their social advantage. St. Andrews, Wimbledon, and Sandwich are, perhaps, too business-like, too much like Lord's or the Oval in the cricket world. But let us take an ordinary Golf Club and see how delightful it is.

In the first place, it is generally situated in a charming country, and must be far from the madding crowd; for golf cannot be played in a back garden like tennis, or in a field adjoining gasworks or Metropolitan railways, like cricket.

Golf, alas! is not so close at hand to the weary

Londoner, so he flies out of Town, glad to find the club, by the expansive sea, and the club house, that has been the old Manor House, and stands in a beautiful garden with an avenue of shady trees leading up to it. Additions have been made to improve the old building; a luxurious dining-room; and, to pass away the evenings, a splendid billiard-room has been built. Within a stone's throw of the first teeing ground, members can sit under the verandah, in the morning and have their first pipe after breakfast, as they make their matches up for the day, miles away from any town or cheap trippers, puffing trains, or tourists.

It is only of recent years, that Southerners have realised the fact that golf is not, exclusively, "an old man's game." Golfers, in the North, from the Grand Old Man of Golf, Tom Morris, to the retired Glasgow merchant, who has spent long hours, every business day of his life, at his books, can play golf; they began early in life, and mastered the art when young, and lithesome, for old men, if they have played as boys and acquired the "swing," can always play good golf.

But it is not a game for an old man, taking to it late in life. He may wobble round the links, but so far as golf is concerned, he might just as well take his walking-stick with him as a club; indeed, the majority of members would be thankful if he did. Still, the athletic youngster, who has just "chucked cricket" and taken up golf, reads Horace Hutchinson's "Hints for Beginners," has been round the links half a dozen times with the "pro," and broken a club or two, must not look with contempt upon that old gentleman seated in the arm-chair, by the fire, in the empty club-room, coughing and poking the fire. He looks up, as the youth enters, wheezes, coughs, and grunts something about, "Want a match?"

The young man smiles, disdainfully, at first, and then drawls out condescendingly, "Oh, ah, I've no one to play with. Don't mind."

"Well, I'm an old man, but every one is out; I'll make

an effort to get round, if there is no one else to play with. I'll show you the course with pleasure, young man. Ah, you're bitten with the game, I see. Grand game, sir, grand game. Wish I were your age, that's all. Eh? You have learned the game? Glad to hear that. You'll beat me nicely; still, we'll play level. Dear me, how my cough does trouble me! And these glasses are not the ones I generally wear when I play. Now, shall we have a 'ball' on the match, just to give it a little interest, or half a crown? Yes, half a crown or five shillings? Half a sovereign, if you like. So, half a sovereign let it be, and five shillings on the bye. Dear me, I'd better pay you at once," says the old man, as he carefully selects his "tee."

The young stranger is amused with the old sportsman. He thinks he is rather green, to back himself, for he is nearly bent in two, can hardly walk, and his cough is troublesome. He plays with a ball that has seen other rounds, and his clubs are old and peculiar. But the young man's smile disappears, as he notices the change of manner the moment the half-sovereign is on.

The old man is twenty years younger. His cough ceases, and his arms are active if his legs are not. He takes a half swing, and off goes the ball 120 yards on to a safe spot, a nice lie for the next shot. The novice addresses the ball with a great flourish, puts all he knows into it, gives it a tremendous swipe, tops it, and it rolls into a bunker he "didn't see was there." He's lost that fifteen shillings, now plays cricket again, and believes golf *is* an old man's game.

Until quite recently, when the motor mania took possession of men, women, and children, ladies were golf mad. They talked "golf," they practised golf, they monopolised golf. Therefore the only man who welcomes the motor mania is the old golfer. The ranks of lady golfers have been thinned. Lady Topum's caddie no longer stops the way, at least not to the alarming extent as heretofore, and the selfish golfer smiles—golfers *are* selfish, it is

a selfish game, thoroughly and absolutely selfish, and having said that you have said all that can be said against golf.

The selfishness is confined to the actual playing, and for this reason; it is perhaps rightly not encouraged in our public schools. Cricket, football, tennis, and other games bring boys together, but not golf. At golf you play your own game, isolated the greater part of the time; there is no conjunction of interest, each player tries to go one better than his opponent. Still, as regards the club itself, a stranger is free to watch the game and enjoy everything, except the privilege of playing; and if it happens, as it often does, that the game is being played on a public common, then the stranger is free even to smack the ball at his will.

Another club, of which I have the privilege to be a member, finds its chief opponent in the selfishness of the fair residents in the neighbourhood—ladies who actually ride over the carefully prepared and kept putting greens, so that their horses' hoofs may spoil the pleasure of the golfer, and strain the resources of the club funds in putting them right.

Here, again, it is not to punish the male golfer so much as those ladies who happen to be members and with whom there may be some family feud. Nevertheless, ladies hold their own in the golf clubs, as they do in everything else, and, although personally I think golf is anything but a graceful game for women, yet it is more graceful than cycling, more healthy than tennis, more of a sport than croquet, and a game which married ladies at least ought to practise, otherwise, should they be married to golfers, they will see very little of their husbands when on pleasure bent.

Up to the present, I have not come across the name of any very celebrated lady, who has ever taken up with golf, but among the male players, we have some of the best known names in politics, literature, science, and art, who are enthusiasts.

This reminds me of a fact, I related a year or two ago. I had been for a round, at Chorleywood Golf Club, and

returning by an early train, I got into a compartment with two other passengers, evidently scoffing unbelievers, for one of them, as they were looking out of the window at the links, remarked:

"Ah, they play that stupid game of golf here, doncher-know; wretched farce—ah—look at those idiots!"

"IDIOTS!"

To which his friend replied:

"Yes, bai Jove! Ought to have their keepers with them. You can judge a game by those who play it, doncherknow!"

The "idiots" happened to be the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour and the Editor of the *Times*, who were waiting for the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty to play off. I was rather amused to see that one of these supercilious critics was hugging a copy of the *Thunderer* while the other had the *Standard*.

These overpoweringly brainy gentlemen got out at Harrow, in all probability to attend the opening of the Constitutional Club, there a few hours afterwards, and to cheer, to the echo the stirring speech (it was before the fiscal question upset things) of Lord George Hamilton—one of the "idiots"!

Of course, it stands to reason, that men who are Cabinet Ministers and editors of leading papers, who have probably been harassed by their exacting work, up to the early hours of the morning, and escape, the following day, to get some fresh air and exercise, jaded and worn, are not likely to be such scientific players as those who have naught to worry them. So we cannot judge of Mr. Balfour's capability as a golfer, for that reason.

Probably, between the first green and the second, he is

meditating on his answer, later in the afternoon, to the irrepressible Timothy Healy, on some intricate Irish point; on his way to the next hole, he is philosophising, preparatory to a second edition of a "Defence of Philosophic Doubt"; when negotiating the bunker, he recollects that he has promised to write another chapter, for the re-issue of the Badminton Book on Golf, and when playing the last hole, it strikes him that he has not yet thought out his speech for the political banquet that evening, and he is reminded of this work, by seeing political friends golfing, such as Lord George Hamilton, the Judge Advocate General of Scotland, Sir Robert Maxwell, Mr. Samuel Hoare, Mr. Asquith, and many others, whom he meets in a less pleasant place than the golf links.

MR. BALFOUR AS A GOLFER.

To describe the various golf clubs would require a volume in itself. Few have visited more than I have, but as one golf club is very much like another, it is perhaps useless to particularise.

I may say, by the way, that I took a journey to St. Andrews, with the full intention of making sketches.

When in Scotland, one must do as Scotland does, and if the weather is a wee bit soft—play on; but if it is a deluge, one has to shelter a wee while.

Alas! after I had played the first hole, the deluge came, and continued all day; and the thumbnail sketch, appearing at the top of the next column, is all I saw of the leading golf club in the world.

It troubled me, however, more, that I missed my play, than that I found no material for my pencil.

Golf, like cricket, is not a game to inspire the artist. The landscape painter may find pretty bits for his brush: but the sight of a feeble golfer, addressing a ball as if he were going to fire off a cannon, and swinging as if he were

fishing for salmon and his rod had broken, is not inspiring. The caricaturist may find it more suitable to his pencil. For instance, let him sketch the novice who goes round caddieless, is the terror of the links, upsetting the genuine golfers who follow him, and not understanding the rules of the club, remains on the green to count up his score.

"Let me see, 9 to the first hole, 12 to the second—no, 15 (cries of 'Fore, fore!'), 6 to the third ('Fore, fore, fore!'), then I have taken 12—is it 12?—to this." ("Fore, look out!" Bang! Whack!! in the middle of the back!!! Collapse novice.)

Harry Furniss's Parliamentary duties are over for the meantime, and he has been endeavouring to negotiate the bunkers on the links of the Royal Isle of Wight
"Youre in the bunker Sir
Golf Club at Bembridge. He has greatly improved at the game since he was last down here Having taken to a 'bulger' he can 'knock spots' out of many who have had considerably more experience I send a sketch of him and hope he won't find out who did it!
BY A RIVAL CARICATURIST.

The lady player, who would be more at home with a net, catching butterflies, than swinging a golf club, may suggest a graceful attitude or two, whilst taking her lessons from the professional; but, as I said before, the proper stand for golfing or putting is anything but graceful and attractive, artistically, even when adopted by the fair devotees of the game.

If I have been hardly judged, in connection with my relation to golfing, in one health resort, I fear I have gained the reputation of being, myself, a very hard judge, at another.

An exhibition, of quite a different character to that above described, was the great "contest," Black *v.* White, which came off at the National Sporting Club, in the summer of 1892. Here I was not asked to officiate judicially, but it

was only in the natural order of things that an artist in black and white, myself to wit, should be present. It was my first attendance at any function of the kind, and in my time, there will, probably, never again, be anything to equal it. I use the word "contest" because the noble president, Lord. Lonsdall, standing by the ring-side, before what is usually termed the fight took place, implored the gentlemen of the Press not to call it a fight but a "contest." I was not there in the capacity of a member of the Press, but merely as a sporting spectator, and the match, as far as I am concerned, will be a "contest" and not a fight. My enthusiasm was aroused, for I had heard the coming contest discussed, all over the country, in America, where I had been just before the event; in fact, I received my invitation to be present at the fight, when in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, as I was describing, to a distinguished sportsman, an exhibition spar I had seen in Chicago, in which FitzSimmons had displayed his prowess. For some weeks before the celebrated fight, I had been familiarising myself with fistic phraseology, and elucidating the meaning of various abstruse terms current among the "fancy," such as "Closing his daylights," "Drawing the ruby," "One on the mark," &c., and determining the precise locality of the "conk," the "peepers," the "left-hand listener," and so on, *ad lib.*, but these I will not employ, as most of the expressions of the disciples of the cestus would be enigmas to the majority of my readers.

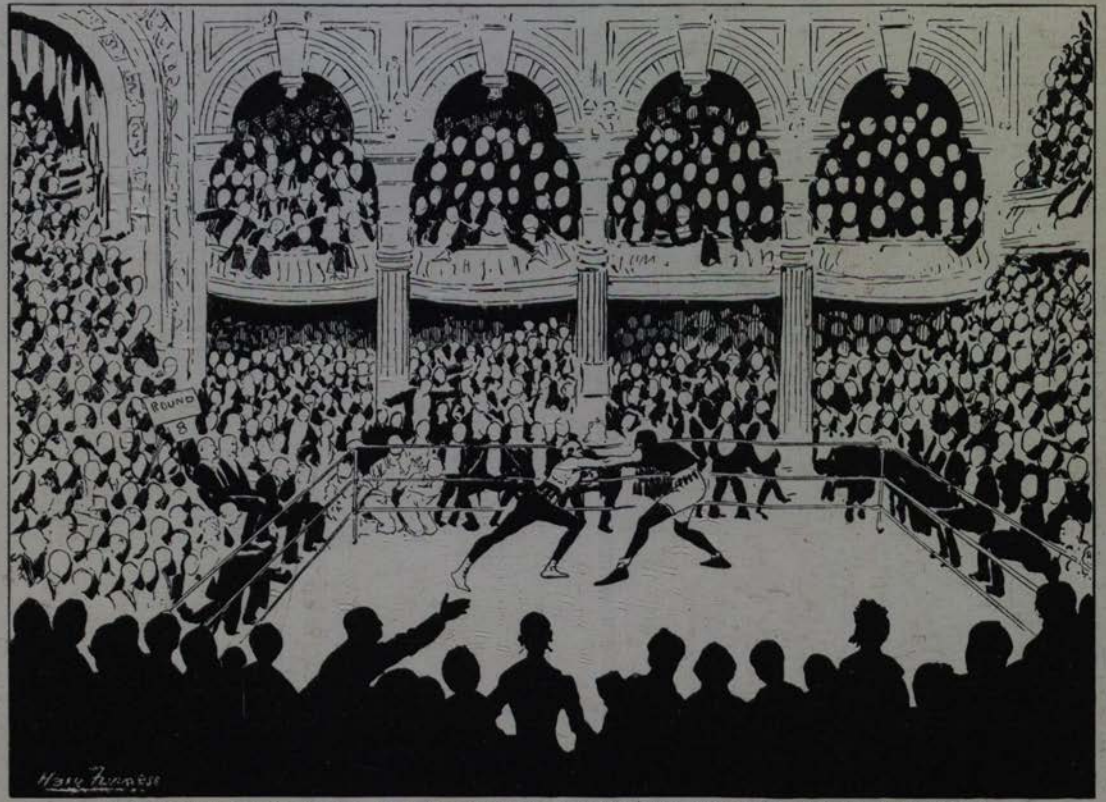
No one, passing along King Street, that Monday night would have imagined, that in it was taking place a contest upon which was concentrated the whole interest of the sporting world. A more orderly, better conducted, and more interesting entertainment, I never witnessed, and although I saw one of the finest living specimens of humanity battered to unconsciousness and carried insensible from the field of battle, it was a drawing-room entertainment compared with the horseplay of a professional football match. It was a scientific treat, which will never be forgotten by

any one who was fortunate enough to witness it, and both the combatants, their seconds, their patrons, and the public behaved in the best spirit, and in a manner worthy of the good old English sport and our traditions of fair play. Every seat had been reserved, and most of those present at the encounter, had paid nearly a sovereign a minute for the treat. I have implied that I am not a member of the sporting clique, and when I passed through the turnstile, inside the door, I found myself in a new world, amid inhabitants as unfamiliar to me as those of the interior of Kamchatka. Here and there I caught sight of a familiar face, but the president, in his speech, after defining the proper meaning of the word contest, asked us all not to mention those who were present. Why, I can't understand, as there is nothing to be ashamed of, in forming one of the audience at such a unique, and, if anything, elevating performance.

The gentleman who preceded me through the turnstile was one whose enormous sombrero and flowing locks are familiar to everybody, from his portrait on the hoardings, at the time, and surely he would not have objected to my sketching him. In passing through the turnstile he nearly jammed a well-known colonel, whose horse, by the way, I had drawn for the Derby, so I wasn't anxious to see the other colonel squeeze the life out of the owner of El Diablo. In fact, a paper that did not conform to the rules of "no names" remarked:—

"A pair of celebrities who sat down together on the night of the Slavin and Jackson glove contest, were Colonel North and Mr. H. Furniss, the comic artist. Prosperous and rubicund men both of them, and both of them with the commercial instinct abnormally developed. The one deals in ni-trates and the other in personal traits."

Then there was the sporting Sir John, "The Mate" seated in the centre of the front row; next to him Sir George C., who does not shrink from publicity; close to the president sat an owner whose name we have always associated with Gay Hampton, the brightest and most charming



THE GREAT CONTEST. BLACK AND WHITE AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, MONDAY, MAY 30, 1892.

At the earnest request of the President, Mr. Punch will not disclose the personality of the spectators.

of anglicised Americans, in contrast to another neighbour of mine, whose portrait I give here, with the title of "The Squire," better known as "Mr. Abington." I was seated near the ropes, in the same corner as Slavin's backer. No one spoke to Mr. "Abington," and he, the most interested party of all, sat, through that tremendous fight, comparatively unmoved, although all around him was the elated American contingent, cheering their splendid man on, right over Mr. "Abington's" head. The reckless sportsman, who sat as tight as ever he was in pigskin, resembled a waiter. Robert might object if I carried the simile further than the looks. His death, which followed soon after, proved to be the knock-out blow to the inflated purses for prize-sparring at any rate, in England.

I had amused myself, sketching the others, while waiting for the curtain to be rung up, but had to light my cigarette with the sketches after the words of warning from the president. The theatre was literally packed to the ceiling. The evening dress coats and shirt-fronts combined to make a picture in black and white, and as the contest went on, some of the faces, too, looked very black, while others turned white. For, in sporting phraseology, "a lot of oof changed hands." There was a long delay before anything happened, and the audience testified their impatience in the usual way, which eventually brought into the ring the manager, who made a series of little speeches about the contest, the club, and the conduct of those present. Then the appetite of the audience was whetted by a couple of exhibition spars. Then more speeches, more impatience, and some not very complimentary remarks, and at last the gladiators stepped into the ring. There was no mistaking Black, he was the only coloured gentleman I saw in the building, but where was Slavin? I had seen him once with his friend "Charlie Mitchell," England's champion boxer, at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, and had sketched them on the back of an envelope. But Slavin of the beautiful curly locks, and fierce military moustache, was not to be seen near

the ring. A being, with a dust coat over his shoulders, in black trunks and dark blue stockings, deposited himself on a chair in the opposite corner to the nigger, and was immediately furiously fanned by his friends in white. The flowing locks, the military moustache, had gone, but it was still Slavin, and I never saw any one so changed artistically for the worse, by the loss of his hirsute adornments. But it showed the determined mouth, and he looked a prize-fighter all over. Honoured with a front seat, I had next me some gentlemen who had travelled thousands of miles to see Black beat White. After the usual preliminaries, the two giants shook hands before shaking each other, and I spotted the winner, simply by artistic instinct, but an Englishman on my other side seemed to think differently.

"Wait till you see Slavin get the auctioneer home," said he, "it's a hundred to one on him."

Whereupon one of my American neighbours remarked, "Guess I'll take you to £1,000, stranger! I'm going to Paris to-morrow, but I'll take you, if I have to swim across to Calais!"

In response to my inquiry, the Englishman informed me, and I transmit the information for the benefit of my readers, that the "auctioneer" is the deadly right hand, employed to administer the knock-out blow. But it is old history now that Jackson refused to be sold. He made a higher bid for victory than White, and the last three rounds might be described, in auctioneering parlance as "Going! going! gone!" with the darkie as the gentleman with the hammer. Perhaps no other man in the world, not even excepting the great John L. Sullivan himself, could have stood three minutes of the tremendous hitting of the white man. The most astonishing thing, to an outsider like myself, was to see these men, after three minutes of indescribable slogging, retire to their chairs, in their respective corners, apparently hopelessly done, and then at the call of "Time!" after being frantically fanned and sponged by their friends (the massive form of Slavin's brother, Jack, being very

conspicuous), while one man performed a shampooing operation on their respective heads with a huge lump of ice, to see them spring up, like lions, refreshed, eager for the fray. After thirty-eight minutes the end came, in the tenth round.

As long as these wonders of muscle and pluck were in activity one saw nothing but skill, and nothing suggestive of repulsiveness. But, in the last round, I shall never forget the effect of seeing the splendid white man standing with his face battered, his helpless hands hanging limp and impotent by his weary sides, the while he was being ferociously hammered by the black, for whom he was simply—I believe this is the correct term—a "chopping-block." Then the beaten hero sank, gradually, to the floor—the only distasteful feature in a grand display of herculean strength and consummate fistic skill. Previously to the fight, Black said that "if he were spared for five rounds he thought he could show the spectators a big white man with all the steam out of him." He did, and he richly deserved his victory. The moral pointed by a contest between two such fair and honourable fighters as Jackson and Slavin, is to prove that the manly British sport of boxing was raised to a higher standard than ever, on that memorable Monday night, to the credit of all concerned.

It so happened, that I met Sir Henry Irving at supper on that night, and he was deeply interested in all that I told him about that great fight—I beg pardon—contest. As an artist I could not but admire the grand physique of the ebony-skinned gladiator. "Yes," said Irving, "he must be a splendid fellow. You know, we actors have taken credit for a physique not our own—witness the pictures of the last generation and those before. Then the actor sat only for the head; a prize-fighter posed for the figure; and, strange to say, the favourite model of the last generation was a coloured fighter." So here is a chance for Sir Henry to repay part of the borrowed greatness of men of his profession. Let Jackson play Othello, and let the artist

paint his portrait. Sir Henry could sit for the head, you know.

I had no sooner published these impressions of mine in the *Daily Graphic*, when I was attacked, in the Press ring, for daring to say that the great "contest" was a drawing-room entertainment compared with the horseplay of a professional football match; even the paper in which my impressions appeared, in trying to "get the auctioneer home" only succeeded in "drawing the ink." I replied:

"My object in writing is to protest against the remarks made anent my letter to you yesterday. I had no wish to belittle the grand game of football or to unduly eulogise the ring, but I must speak and write of things as I see them. Had I been present on the tennis lawn at Bruges when

Slavin stood up to do battle against our so-called champion—Jem Smith—I should have had a very different tale to tell of the chivalry of the sport. But I repeat that what I saw at the National Sporting Club, on that night, was in no way degrading, and if every contest of the kind was as splendid in science, and as well regulated, as the one in question, we should hear no more of the weak-kneed, old womanish twaddle about the decadence of the noble art of self-defence. It is quite right to say that football has for its object the kicking of goals and not the battering of men, and the proof of my assertion that the scientific show, at the Jackson-Slavin contest, is more to be admired than the brutality and unfairness in some football fights, is that the combatants, in the recent glove battle, were walking about, a few days afterwards, as well as ever, while I myself have seen men in Midland towns, crawling about on crutches with broken limbs and bandaged heads, as the result of injuries inflicted in the football field. The team of Maoris, who came over here a few years ago, used to literally jump

upon their opponents, and often legs are broken by brutal trickery at football. Parents, who howl down exhibitions in the ring, ought never to forget that they patronise the football field, where such "accidents" happen. I am a true lover of every kind of sport, and that is why I have no hesitation in writing my impressions of the ring, just as fearlessly as I would my condemnation of unsportsmanlike trickery in the football field.

In spite of my reply, at the time, the Press in the north could not accept it. But, as a matter of fact, their attack upon me for my expression of opinion on Professional football was nothing new. Two years previously a Manchester paper remarked, "The antipathy of *Punch* to the game of football would be amusing if it were not for the harm likely to be done by the constant and mendacious misrepresentation of a game which is manly, vigorous, exhilarating, and popular. The idea that football players try for nothing else but to savagely injure one another is the result of a vicious imagination unsupported by any practical experience of the great democratic sport of the present day. Harry Furniss and his editor, F. Burnand, should be invited to witness their first game, and then they would doubtless revise their impressions of a recreation which they have never yet seen."

I do not suppose Burnand has ever seen a football match since he left Cambridge, but I have seen hundreds. A Birmingham paper about the same time, referred to me as follows, and Birmingham is not so very far away from Manchester: "I was at the football match at Perry Barr

last Saturday, but, partial as I am to football, I often found my eyes straying to where Mr. Harry Furniss, the *Punch* caricaturist, was sitting, immediately in front of me. He was very busy with his pencil, and took innumerable sketches of the game as it progressed. Some of the attitudes of the players, as they appeared on paper, struck me as being very ludicrous, and yet they were true to life. I dare say those who have seen instantaneous photographs of race-horses in full gallop will know what I mean. The facility with which Mr. Furniss sketches is really wonderful. Naturally, at the time, he only draws a figure which will suggest the entire picture; but the strange thing about the process is that a few lightning-like strokes of his pen suffice to produce such perfect outlines of the forms he desires to sketch. Drawing is not tedious work to Mr. Furniss."

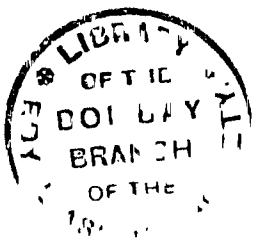
As to the Professional football not being rough, I shall make one more quotation:—

"This year (1901), in the great football match between the Corinthians and Notts—the professional champions—the foul play of the latter was condemned by the Press.

"The foul play of the Forest men became most pronounced now, the right wing defenders, Robinson and Iremonger, being very conspicuous. The last-named—an International full-back, too—deliberately ran over to G. O. Smith, and attempted to kick him, for which action it appeared he was only reproved by the referee. Half of the Corinthian team were limping about the field as the result of the attentions of their opponents."

CHAPTER VIII

ON "SPOOKS"



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CHAPTER VIII

ON "SPOOKS"

A Criticism and My Comment—"Blubb" Friday—The *Pall Mall Gazette's* Humour—Andrew Lang—W. E. Gladstone—"Spooks"—My Evil Eye—Cadgers—The 25-cent Piece—"The Brave Thirteen"—Lord Roberts—Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P.—A Plea for the Children.

MY confessions, respecting my taking the Chair at the celebrated Thirteen Club Dinner, when I, an Honorary Member, appeared at that Club, for the first and last time, have given rise to a fresh attack upon the Anti-Superstitious in general, and upon poor little me, in particular; and the fact that I am again besieged with letters, on the topic, from all sorts and conditions of men and women both for and against, which proves the interest the general public take in the subject, must be my excuse for dealing with the matter again, but briefly, in these pages.

I had not room, in my first volumes, to mention all the attacks upon the "Thirteens." The following is a specimen. The italics are mine.

ARE "SUPERSTITIONS" SUPERSTITIOUS?

To the Editor of the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

SIR,—*Chacun à son goût.* In my opinion the dinner over which Mr. Harry Furniss presided was a great deal

more open to criticism than are the "superstitions" at which it was aimed.

Richelieu, Cromwell, Bismarck, Parnell, were "superstitious"; that brilliant caricaturist, Mr. Harry Furniss, and the 13 times 13 are not. How eloquent is this statement!

(*Richelieu was a priest; Cromwell and Parnell were adventurers. All adventurers are superstitious—Napoleon the Great, for instance. Bismarck, I note, was superstitious. "B. F." does not state that he is now.*)*

"Superstitions" rest on heredity or on observation. I will cite examples covered by the word "observation."

In the spring of last year I was staying at a big hotel at Margate. On a Sunday evening in the smoking-room I had a long chat with a well-known Conservative Member of Parliament. In the course of our conversation he told me what follows:—

"When —— was going out to the Governorship of the —— I gave him a farewell dinner. We sat down 13 at table, and do you know that within a month two died, —— and ——." (All the names are those of well-known or fairly well-known people.) "That proves nothing," Mr. Harry Furniss may say. I admit it. It proves neither nocuousness nor innocuousness.

(*Yes, it does prove something—it proves that the dinner was a very bad one.*)

Some years ago I was present at an Oxford and Cambridge dinner in South America. To the best of my recollection we were 13 at dinner, and before the year was out two were dead.

(*Poisoned again, no doubt.*)

With reference to one of the two, a clergyman, there occurred a well-attested instance of what is known as premonition, which is to Mr. Harry Furniss "superstition" perhaps. Before his death he wrote to an intimate friend—an extract from the letter appeared in the Colonial papers

* This was written when Bismarck was alive.

—"I have had a strange dream. The Lord Jesus appeared to me . . . and said, 'You shall come to be with Me in November.'" In November this clergyman was coming down the rapids of the Potaro River. His *bateau* struck against a sunken rock, and in a few minutes he and most of his party were drowned. I can almost hear the 13 times 13 shouting in chorus that blessed word "coincidence."

(*No, not coincidence—cant !*)

Now out of my own experience again I will give them an easily provable case of coincidence. The number thirteen is not concerned, but the facts are graven on a tombstone, and inscribed in a ship's log. It was a wildish night on a wild coast. I was there, and I remember a terrific squall striking the house in which I happened to be. The squall capsized a boat, and drowned four men I knew. Of one of them only I am now specially thinking, because of his tombstone, which stands in a sea-beaten churchyard. It bears this inscription: "Drowned on July 10, ——."

In 1882 I saw this, and beneath, "Drowned on July 10, 1882, —— the father of the above." That took place in a squall also. Now, on the last July 10—viz., in 1882, I was in the middle of the Atlantic. It was late in the afternoon. A gale was blowing from the south-west. I was lying at full length by the stern-post in the cabin of an iron barque, when the ship gave a jump, and there was a rattling of cordage, a creaking of spars, a shouting of men.

"Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum."

I looked astern as I came to the top of the cabin stairs, and saw that a human face was vanishing off the nearest heavy wave. The owner of it never was seen again, and that was July 10. "Coincidence," exclaim the strong-headed 13 times 13.

Precisely I daresay. But when these coincidences recur again and again in human experience, it is not astonishing that many folk, by no means fools, pause and wonder.

I am, Sir, &c.,

B. F.

(*L.U.F. should have been inserted between these initials.*)

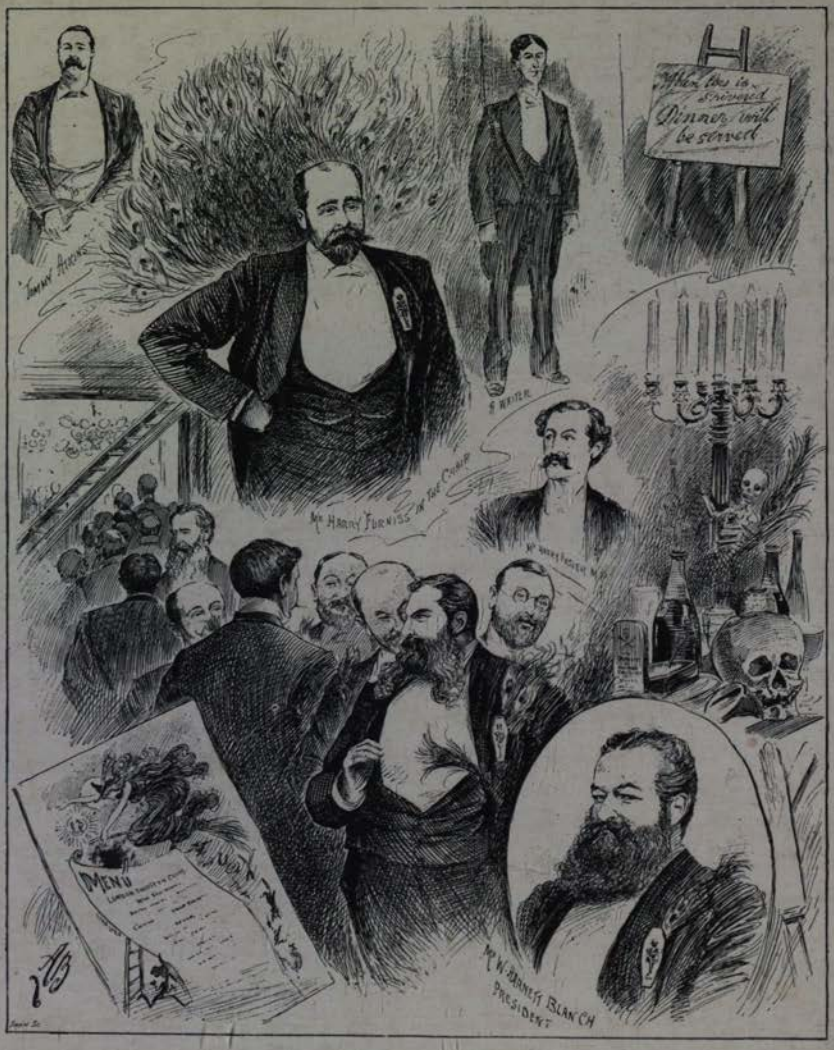
In reply to this, I referred the writer to the letter, which you will find on page 270, Vol. II. "Confessions of a Caricaturist," and as "B. F." infers that he is by no means a fool, he, no doubt, will "pause and wonder."

Of course "*the*" story which men like "B. F." bring forward is the well-known yarn of the ship *Friday*. It is well known that sailors consider it unlucky for a ship to sail on a Friday. A person, anxious to destroy this superstition, had a ship's keel laid on a Friday, the ship launched on a Friday, her masts taken in from the sheer-hulk on a Friday, the cargo shipped on a Friday; he found (Heaven knows how, but so the story runs) a Captain Friday to command her; and lastly, she sailed on a Friday. But the superstition was not destroyed, for the ship never returned to port, nor was the manner of her destruction known.

I have not taken the trouble to go to Lloyd's to find out how the ship was classed there. It may be that she was underwritten on a Friday, and sent to the bottom on a Friday, by some rascally, swindling broker.

I was surprised that that clever paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, did not appear printed on pink paper, on the Monday following the banquet; for in a leaderette it solemnly assured the public that it blushed for the "non-existent humour of the Thirteen Club."

"That one hundred and sixty-nine grown men—woman, it appears, has not yet climbed to the same dizzy eminence of intellectual emancipation—should walk gravely under ladders, sit down and solemnly upset salt, and cross knives, and drink toasts of thirteen words, and all the rest of it, is a sight almost too pathetic to be ridiculous. If this cumbrous



THE THIRTEEN CLUB BANQUET.

By Alfred Bryan.

(*By permission of the proprietors of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."*)

farce be enlightenment, give us superstition, which is at least picturesque and not more slavish. If such antics amuse the Club, the Club is very easily amused. If, on the other hand, it thinks to destroy superstition by such means it will naturally fail. Of people who ever heard of the Thirteen Club, none hesitate to walk under ladders unless it pleases them to play with a few fantastic rules for relief from the monotony of life. The genuinely superstitious seldom read reports in newspapers; consequently this superstitious anti-superstition is as ineffectual as it is wearisome."

So this is a specimen of the existent humour of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If such humour amuses the public, then the public is very easily amused. But perhaps it will surprise the American millionaire's editor to learn that the London Thirteen Club was a humble attempt—that failed—to copy the still flourishing Thirteen Club of New York, which possesses thirteen hundred members and a gorgeous club house, an edifice, indeed, almost as magnificent as the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette!* One person, at least, had evidently not heard of the Thirteen Club, and that was the ex-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, consequently such a silly paragraph as his appearing in the American papers of London is "A sight almost too pathetic to be ridiculous."

Mr. Andrew Lang, who writes well upon every subject, and only believes in two—Golf and Folk-lore—on the eve of the dinner, wrote the "Thirteens" down as asses in the *Daily News*.

"People like the Thirteen Club have weaned us from the old rite of burying portable property with the dead. The custom perhaps did the dead no good, but it was of immense value to archæology and history."

Great heavens! Is it Mr. Andrew Lang's intention that we should be interred, with the latest patent in gas stoves or the most up-to-date typewriter, with the Parliamentary Blue Books of the Session, and the season's three-volume novels from Mudie's, to say nothing of the contents of

Smith & Sons' bookstall at Charing Cross on the day of the funeral? Why, he insults the British Museum; and, had he his way, we should be converted into nineteenth century mummies and buried in Pantechnicon vans! No, I venture to think it is not goods but ghosts that agitate the mind of Mr. Andrew Lang, and I can hear him sing, as Edgar Allan Poe sang before him, in his well-known "Sonnet to Science," begging to be left alone with his nymphs and myths and other supernatural people. To such opinion as these I may apply the famous words of another celebrated Scotchman of letters, the Duke of Rutland, merely parodying the last word of that never-to-be-forgotten youthful effusion:

> "Let Art and Science, Trade and Commerce die,
> But leave us still our old—stupidity!"

Mr. Lang is wrong, in imagining that the Thirteen Club was formed to advocate cremation. Its object was to combat superstition—the superstition that although it kills some men, is the breath of the poet's nostrils. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, and superstition is poison to many.

I can understand poor, uneducated people being superstitious, but that the better classes should be so, is a puzzle to me. I do not deny that many remarkable men, besides Richelieu, Cromwell, Parnell, and "B. F." have been, and are, possessed by superstition and believe in premonition. Lord Rosebery's superstition I refer to in another place, but amongst the disciples of superstition may be reckoned a far greater personage than he, that Grand Old Man —Mr. Gladstone—for even he believed that the mystic number, 13 bodes something uncanny and disastrous, although if that number happened to prove favourable to the cause he so energetically espoused, he was quite willing to regard it with an eye of approval. In April, 1890, referring, in a speech, to the seats gained by his party since

the General Election, Mr. Gladstone made the following remark:

"I reckon at 13 the balance (of seats) gained, and accep the number thankfully, even with its old ill associations."

In my speech I therefore pointed out the followin curious facts:—

Home Rule Bill introduced on 13th of February.
Read first time on a Friday.
Passed third reading on a Friday.
And thrown out by the Lords on a Friday.
On a Friday Mr. Gladstone refused an interview with the Irish Unionists.
March 13, second reading originally fixed.
July 13, Mr. Balfour opposed In-and-out Clause.
Friday, Duke of Devonshire spoke at the great meeting at Edinburgh.
Home Rule rejected. House adjourned on a Friday.
The great Coal Strike the same year, began on a Friday.
Government arranged conference on a Friday.
Settled on a Friday.

Shall I never hear the end of the Thirteen Club Dinner? Every post I received thirteen letters, each enclosing thirteen requests, and I want thirteen Secretaries, for thirteen hours a day, to reply to the correspondence. Allow me, in a few lines (limit them to thirteen, Mr. Printer, please) once more to say that I merely presided as an Honorary Member at that famous dinner; that I never met the members before or since, and had nothing to do with the Club, and that all communications should have been addressed to the prime mover and President of the Club, the late Mr. William Harnett Blanch. I have had letters from all over the United Kingdom, Holland, Spain, France, and Germany, from those wishing to start a Thirteen Club. It would seem that about 13,000 were joining the movement against thirteen persons opposing it.

Among other interesting letters, I received the following, which is worth quoting as a warning to householders:—

"During Christmas week a well-dressed man called on a lady who resides in a fashionable square. She was busy reading the paper about frauds in general, and the man was shown in. He said he was the Secretary of a Psychical Society, and had called to ask if the house was haunted, or if there were any mysterious noises or any ghosts about it. The lady, who knew her London well, promptly informed the caller that he had come to the wrong place, and ushered him off the premises. He had come apparently after 'Spooks,' but the lady was well up to the tricks of the town, and knew that he would spell 'Spooks' with an 'n' and not with a 'k,' and that it was *spoons* not *Spooks* that the man was after."

SPOOKS.

There was nothing I could tell the members relating to the supernatural, that they did not know already; nothing they could do, that they had not done, to show their profound contempt for ignorant superstition. But our object in meeting was not a selfish one. It was to advertise the Club and its purpose, and thereby reach, and if possible reform, our silly, superstition-stricken friends outside, and being a practical body we knew that this could only be effected through the medium of the Press, and not by a Spiritual District Messenger Company, unauthorised by the Postmaster-General, and managed by Mr. Stead and Mrs. Besant. So, during my speech that night, I fixed my eye—my evil eye—upon the table at which sat thirteen gentlemen of the Press, and I implored my brother journalists, if in that eye they detected a certain redness, not to put it down, as the classic writers, of ancient days, were wont to do, and as the painters, of the early ages, we are told did also, to the reflection of the fires of Hades in the ghostly optic, for, I suggested, if any such redness were visible it was probably due to the effects of the hospitality of the members of the

Thirteen Club. Not that I for a moment passed any reflection upon the caterer, who, by the way, had thoroughly entered into the spirit of that anti-spiritualistic feast.

Unfortunately, as I have shown, all editors were not in sympathy with the Club. Some, though, were members, and there was one, in particular, who could balance a peacock's feather on the tip of his nose, with the same skill, with which he wielded a goosequill, who spilt salt with the same freedom as he spilt ink, crossed knives on the dinner table with the same contempt as he metaphorically crossed swords, in his paper, with a public opponent, and walked under the Thirteen Club ladder with a heart as light as that with which he climbed the ladder of fame in the profession he adorned. But he was not in the room. Saturday night is the actor's delight, but Saturday afternoon and evening is the hard-worked editor's only period of deliverance from incessant toil, so it was too much to expect him among us. So that that celebrated dinner did not receive editorial fair-play.

The "gruesome" and uncanny proceedings of that Thirteen Club banquet had evidently some effect upon the nerves of the representatives of the Press, who, of course, were not members, and were therefore not at ease in such an audacious assembly; so they may be pardoned for not taking down correctly those lucky, or unlucky proceedings, with which my name has been connected.

One, letter written but not stamped, and left by hand, was given me, and proved to be a missive from the begging-letter fiend. I suppose it is one of the dodges of the London cadger (and therefore worth publishing) to find out the name of the chairman at a public dinner, and to send in an appeal to him. Perhaps it was the dodge of some poor devil who had taken the chair himself once at a public dinner, and who consequently knew the "take *anything*, but don't bother me!" feeling that possesses the chairman. Perhaps I may have to atone, similarly, in the future for my sins!

Here is the appeal :—

"DEAR SIR,—I am a clerk out of employment, completely broken down, knowing you to be kind to those in distress I appeal to you for a small trifle for a little food and shelter to-night, as I am tired of walking the streets. Hoping you will pardon my liberty.

"C—— H——."

He evidently knew little about me, for I am not one of those idiotic persons who encourage begging, and the greatest enemy true charity has is the cadger. Still, I was struck by the novelty of the appeal; it was in keeping with the impudence of the whole affair, and had the telegram form been scented with otto of roses instead of that odour peculiar to the begging letter, I should have invited the owner to come in and sit down for luck. However, he had his request granted, and, I trust, found shelter in some lodging-house numbered 13.

A CADGER.

The cry is "Still they come." Recently I received the following :—

"DEAR SIR,—Although I am not known to you personally, I have for many years known you by reputation, and heard your name mentioned in connection with a society, which I believe is called the Thirteen Club, of which both my wife and I are, I think, well qualified to become members. I hope therefore you will excuse the liberty I now take of writing you.

"Before proceeding further I wish you to understand that, although I am a gentleman who, through no fault of

his own, has lost his capital and has a delicate wife and two young children who, owing to his inability to obtain employment, are really, to put it plainly, in semi-starvation, I do not ask you for pecuniary help, but I do ask you, and through you the members of the society I have named, if you will kindly assist me in securing employment. I am still young, am of good character, thoroughly temperate in every particular, as I have been all my life, am by no means lacking in abilities, a first-class manager and organiser, able to control a large staff of men, and write and speak Spanish fluently. I therefore feel and know that if I could only get a start I should have no difficulty in getting along and earning that which would enable me to give my wife the change and good food which she so much requires. I fear if this be not procured for her at once it will end in her going into consumption, a calamity I have been repeatedly warned about. She is even now only the shadow of what she was, a plump, bright, and happy Irish girl. Although I could not possibly, by letter, go into all the details, I can give you an idea of how matters were and are.

"I may tell you I was born with a caul and so was supposed to have been born lucky, and as a matter of fact I was always most fortunate and prosperous until I married on 13th March /95. My wife was born on a 13th, and on 13th March /96, exactly on the first anniversary of our wedding, she gave birth to our first child. My father and one of my sisters were born on a 13th, and I on a 26th—say twice 13. I might say, immediately after our marriage things began to go wrong with me, but since /96 they have steadily gone from bad to worse, and nothing I did or tried has gone right. We have had from time to time to sell our belongings, and have now absolutely nothing, and have had to come to this place to live in a couple of rooms without assistance or servants which, with the worry and anxiety, has told very considerably upon us, but especially upon my unfortunate wife, who is

really in a bad way. I have tried in every way to secure employment, many times it appeared as if it would be with success, our hopes so being raised only to be dashed, as it were, to the ground again. The number 13 again many times seeming as if it had its particular influence over us. I am now very much disheartened, and feel that, unless I can be assisted, even should it be by strangers, I can never get along nor matters improve with us, hence my reason for writing you. I have no one to give me a helping hand—having no friends—I have lived abroad from /81 until /96. My wife, although coming from the best Irish families going right back to Cromwell's time, is of the poor side of the House, one of her cousins is titled (hereditarily) and he, two years ago, married the daughter of a well-known sporting Irish Earl, another cousin holds a created title and is a judge, but those cannot be approached, although I can give good Irish references who can verify my statements.

"Neither of us have any superstition as regards the number 13, nor did we ever have, and have in no way tried to avoid it, but many have told us our misfortunes have come of it, and one cannot but admit that it is a strange coincidence. Since our misfortunes we have learned what we should never have done in the days of our prosperity, we now know who are and who are not our friends, and this may prove useful later.

"I have taken a great liberty, I know, in having written you but I have done so in desperation simply, and I again ask you to excuse me for having troubled you with my affairs. I sincerely trust that you will see your way to do something for me, I assure you I shall be more than grateful.

"I have given you my confidences feeling assured that they shall be respected. Thanking you in anticipation.

"I am, Yours faithfully,

(signed) "W. H."

Another correspondent writes :

"DEAR SIR,—Thinking attached may interest you, I send it along. With apologies, Yours, &c., F. B.

"'*Thirteen.*

"'Those who believe that thirteen is an unlucky number should fight shy of the American 25-cent piece. It has thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers on each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow-heads, and thirteen letters in the "quarter dollar." But most of us are mighty glad to get them, thirteen or no thirteen.'"

Of a widely different character was the following communication, received by me, on the night of the Thirteen Club Dinner:

"The members of No. 13 dressing-room, Savoy Theatre —13 dressing in it—the 13th Opera—on the 13th of the month—send best wishes and compliments."

Some communications were in doggerel.

THE BRAVE THIRTEEN.

"*Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war.*"

Crossed knives to right of them
Crossed forks to left of them
Crossed spoons in front of them
Lowered as they would thunder
Awed by cross bones and skull
Boldly they supped their full—
Into the jaws of death
Into the ebony cell
Fish, flesh and fowl could tell
How groaned the table under.

Dipped all at once in salt
Dipped and routed it about
Dipped thirteen times in and out
Without a single blunder
Fearless on every course they fell
With knife and fork and spoon as well
Whilst every Death's-head like a yawning hell
Grinned and wondered
Wondered whence their courage came
Wondered if thirteen bottles held the same
Wondered if waiter could spell the spirit's name
That fired the dauntless number.

Some one, with nothing better to do, has discovered that Lord Roberts has his "lucky day." Tuesday, October 1, 1895, appointed commander of the forces in Ireland. Tuesday, February 27th, great success at Koodoosrand Drift, on the Modder River. Tuesday, March 13th (13th! too) occupied Bloemfontein. Tuesday, June 5th, occupied Pretoria. Tuesday, December 11th, sailed for England. The writer adds:

"Many great men of days gone by have had their special days which they regarded as peculiarly fortunate or the reverse. Sometimes it was a particular day of a certain month; in other cases it was a day of the week. Lord Roberts is probably the first famous man whose fortunes have been associated with Tuesday. Monday has been lucky, or otherwise, with more than one man of note, and Friday's ill-luck has become proverbial; but Tuesday has never made much figure in this kind of lore."

But these remarks were published before the War Office Commission announced their decision to do away with the Commander-in-Chiefship—which was also on a Tuesday.

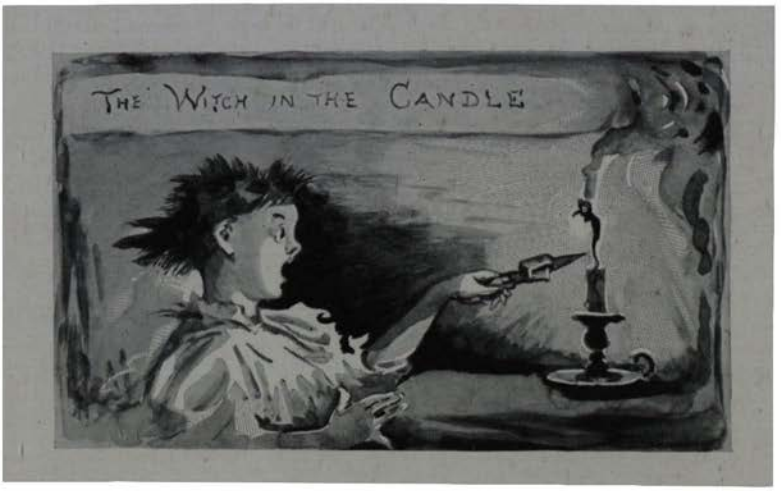
My friend the fearless K.C., M.P., Marshall Hall superstitious? I came across this serious announcement in some legal news, apropos of the Bar Council election, in May, 1901:—

"Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., is among the rejected. It is evident that his luck in connection with eleven and its

multiples has deserted him. Most people have heard that he first visited Southport on August 11, that the election was held on October 11, that he polled 5,522 votes and won by a majority of 209—both of which numbers are multiples of 11—and that the first hymn he came to when he casually opened a hymn-book in church on the following Sunday was No. 209, the first line he read being, "The fight is o'er, the battle done." The number of K.C.s returned to the Bar Council is 11, but Mr. Marshall Hall is not among them."

I have done battle with the versatile K.C., on the golf links, on Sunday, but I must confess we never went to church or shared a hymn-book. When "the fight was o'er, the battle"—lost by me on the eighteenth hole, we shared a bottle of champagne, and sat over dinner till exactly 11 p.m.

And so on, *ad lib.* But enough. All I ask is, some consideration for others. What is the use of keeping superstition alive? It may be amusing to "grown-ups" to revel in "Spooks," but to torture children with the subject is to my mind little short of criminal. To publish superstitious matter for the young—no matter how picturesquely it is done—is nearly as bad.



The very week in which the Thirteen Club held their dinner, I found a nervous little girl reading *St. Nicholas*, a

delightful American magazine for young folks. Now in America, where they have no ghosts, children can read trash about witches, &c., with impunity, but in this country, where our children are, unfortunately, brought up on superstition, it is hardly right to give publication to a verse such as the one which I shall not quote—The Witch in the Candle: "I found one night, In my candle's light," &c.—and if you care to turn to the January number of *St. Nicholas* 18 and compare the pictures, you will see the difference in the effect upon the child of England and on the child of America produced by reading about witches in candles. And now I shall snuff out the subject of Spooks.

CHAPTER IX

A CARICATURIST IN THE CITY

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Pen Pictures: Whitaker Wright—The "Kiffir Boom"—The Athenæum City Club—Ups and Downs—City Signs—Slumming—Barny Barnato—A City Dinner—Music after Meals—Blue Coat boys.

"ANY one who can learn to write can learn to draw" is a very old, and very false saying. Especially false is it when "to write" is used in the sense of "to indite," and has no reference to skilful penmanship.

"Pen Pictures," is a title the modern journalist is fond of giving to printed accounts of scenes, and descriptions of persons; but, frequently this title only seems to draw attention to the fact that people, who have learned how to write, for the latest style of Americanised journalism, have no eye for portraiture, and are incapable of drawing. A case in point, comes to my mind, at the sound of the word "write." It is that of Whitaker Wright. I spent an hour in court, for the purpose of seeing what kind of man he was; for I put not my trust in the "special," of to-day, whether he works with pen, pencil or camera; and the following "Pen Picture," illustrates how right I am.

"Possibly, a comparison may be permitted whereby a physical description may bring him within the comprehension of the majority to whom he can never be more than a name. Those who are familiar with portraits of Mr. Grover Cleveland, the ex-President of the United States, may picture

Mr. Whitaker Wright as a man of the same large girth, of the same ruddy complexion and large features. The arrangement of the beard and moustaches gives a likeness to another public character—Colonel Cody, of 'Buffalo Bill' fame."

Now I am one of "those familiar with"—not the portraits, but the actual—features of Mr. Grover Cleveland, and also with those of Colonel Cody. I have had the pleasure of meeting both, of spending some time with them, and of sketching them. If two men, could, possibly, be more unlike Whitaker Wright, I ask who are they? Here is the contrast; the reader can judge. President Cleveland was not "ruddy," when I saw him, but as white as the official House, in which he, as President, resided; and Col. Cody is one of the handsomest men I ever met, while Whitaker Wright was one of the ugliest. The only particle of resemblance, is that all three are American—that is all. Perhaps the writer of the Pen Picture is another.

I have been present at the White House, Washington, when President Cleveland was holding court, and conversed

with him long enough to carry away a vivid recollection of his face. I have met Buffalo Bill, in Earl's Court, and at several other places, and have spent hours with him; and I saw Whitaker Wright in Court, during his trial. And I do not hesitate to say, that one might search the Globe, and not find three courts more unlike, than our High Court, Earl's Court, and the Presidential Court at Washington, or conceive three men, more unlike than Wright, Cody and Cleveland; except, perhaps, Whitaker Wright's three ornamental Directors; Lord Loch, Lord Dufferin and Lord Dunamore. The late Lord Dunamore, familiarly known as "D," was one of the most popular of Irish gentlemen, and

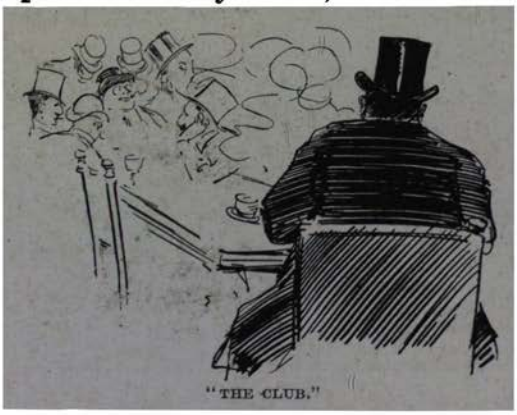
no one could tell an Irish story better than poor "D." He died before his eyes were opened to the real character of Wright.

I have seldom used the City, as a hunting ground for subjects to caricature, and yet there is bigger game to be found there than in any other place in the world.

The scene in Throgmorton Street, when the "House" closes its doors and the market is held in the street, is a sight to be remembered; more particularly at the winter time of the year, if you happen to turn into the "thoroughfare" out of Broad Street at closing time, when the sun is setting in the west. You then behold the scene in silhouette, and the "Kaffirs" appear as I have shown them in this sketch—as black, indeed, as those from whom they take their names and their gold. There was a sufficient patrol of police present, to keep the whole population of Johannesburg moving on, when I was there, during the exciting time, in October '95, and as much noise and activity as there is when the South Africans are having a war-dance. This was my first impression, when I arrived to take my first notes for Caricatures in the City. The sun, and, I was informed, the market were going down together; and the crowd looked black from the combined cause—merely, of course, in a pictorial sense. In silhouette, were pointed out to me, the familiar forms of "Packy" and "Tommy" Marks. The first-named popular member hid his smaller friend from his *bête noire*, the police, as they

AFTER THE "HOUSE" CLOSES.

strolled to their Club. Thither I was invited to follow. It is a mistake to imagine that the hospitality of the City is confined to the Mansion House and to the gorgeous and generous City Guilds, as most strangers to the City suppose. When the guests bidden to these famous banquets wend their way Citywards, the City is practically deserted. Throgmorton Street, which an hour before was so alive that a string of police kept a passage with difficulty, is now left to one constable, who eyes Mr. Paxton, hurrying from the Athenæum Club, that charming retreat of the best in this particular City circle, a club which has done its share of hospitality before Guildhall or the numerous companies opened their doors. And I had not been in the City half an hour, before I was seized upon and introduced to "The Club," and to its prominent members, including the famous founder of the club, the late "Barney" Barnato. My eyes had not got quite clear of the effect of the sun, when I saw the great B. B. in silhouette, in the Athenæum Club. There he sat the centre of attraction, the most-talked-of and the most-written-about man in London, just then, the Great Barnato!



"THE CLUB."

There was a long table in the centre of the room, and from where I sat, at a smaller table under the window, I saw nothing but a gigantic back. I made a rapid note of it, when it moved slightly to one side, and disclosed a group at the other end of the table round Barnato. Before I could see much through the smoke, or make a note of those composing the interesting party, I was one of them. I looked round, anxiously, for my friend Stony Broker who had brought me in. Suppose, methought, I am cross-examined upon the mysteries of the financial world, where shall I be?

I was looking at the scene, merely as I would look at a play, and was about to say so, when I discovered that "the play is the thing." The play which was then being written by Barney Barnato and Haddon Chambers, and the play monopolised all our conversation for a very pleasant hour. I had the advantage of hearing all about it from the joint authors, for the ever youthful Haddon Chambers was there; but I am not going to disclose the secrets of the dramatists. They told me a lot, I guessed more. I guessed that the Kaffir market would be a scene to be remembered, and that the burning of "Gorgonzola Hall" would bring down the

"BARNEY." BARNATO.

house. I was also at liberty to mention that Mr. Barney Barnato would play a leading part, and that Mr. Paxton had in my hearing applied for a minor one. He fancied himself as a footman—good lace and knee-breeches, and all that; why not appear as a City policeman? But if the play was the thing, Mr. Barnato was to be the play, as he was then the City. Here is a sketch of him from memory. He was an athletic-looking man, of medium size—the size for strength; with a keen, kindly face, a broad nose—which indicates a lot; and a strong, determined face—which meant more—a quick eye, and a firm mouth. His eyes were one moment aided by pince-nez, and the next by an eye-glass; his mouth one moment held a cigar, the next a cigarette—though probably, when next we met, he would be smoking a pipe; for although you can make fortunes, in

finance, over a cigar or a cigarette, no one yet ever wrote a successful play without the aid of a pipe. We all know that he played in a tragedy, a one-part play—with a very sad and tragic ending, shortly after.

As I explained to Stony Broker, my difficulty in sketching City men, he kindly pointed out to me some well-known figures in Throgmorton Street. Here is one, "Charlie Isaacs," the picture of prosperity. The following day I looked for the affable, swaggering Mr. Charles Isaacs, to make a note of him. What do I see? Why, this. The too too solid flesh has evidently melted with the market he is in. Such are the ups and downs of the City. "Yes," said Stony Broker, "during the last week half the men have lost their heads." "No use an artist coming here until they have found them," I remarked, and jumped into a hansom, leaving him to deal with the cause of this falling-off, and I never visited the City again.

"Never?"

"Well, hardly ever," to quote Gilbert. Yes, occasionally to assist at a City Dinner. Now and then, also, when I was writing my "London Laughter," and could not find anything amusing in the West End. The postponed Coronation had just the same effect in the city. That market of jokes, the Stock Exchange, had only one laugh all the season. Its members discovered a London policeman wearing a white helmet. Out of this much fun was extracted. The hand of the policeman was grasped, by the Stock Exchange wits of the pavement market, who cheered him and welcomed him back from the war. The real laugh, however, is at the official red tape; for a few weeks before, when London weather was tropical, the poor policemen had dark helmets

provided; then when we had wintry, wet weather, and no sun whatever, for days, white helmets were supplied!

By the way, it is a pity that those Signs which were originally erected as Coronation decorations, in Lombard Street, did not remain, in their places, permanently. To keep them would have been an excellent idea. In time, no doubt, the authorities that be will be forced to develop the idea of signs, and at the same time make them not only ornamental but also useful; thus adding considerably to their interest. The sign of "The Web, the Spider, and the poor Fly" might warn many a poor, foolish speculator to pause, before passing through the door of the Brokers. "The City Shark" would be another sign of practical use, endowed with artistic merit. Then there are the "Black Mail" sign, the "Goose" sign, the "Rook and the Pigeon," and scores of others. At present, there is no sign to give any clue to the true character of the business transacted in the various offices in the City. The City, always artistic, will now be more so. The trees and the birds always add to its many delightful charms, and supply an element of interest to the sordid money grubber. A flock of birds, flying over the heads of two City merchants, one of them exclaimed, "How happy those creatures are, they have no acceptances to pay!" "You are mistaken," replied the other, "they have their *bills*, to provide for, as well as we."

I was forgetting that in the days when I acted as special artist for the *Illustrated London News* I did some City slumming, and my experience was that the City clergymen are most interesting men, so different from the West End person with his society small talk. The City worker has to deal with life of a more interesting kind. At City Dinners I used to meet dear old "Damnation Rogers," Gladstone's friend. Then I have met that popular man, Dr. Billing, late Bishop of Bedford, who so earnestly looked after the East London district, which contains, as he stated, a population of a million and a half, nearly all poor. To

many non-business, West End men the Bishop was only a genial clergyman whom one met, occasionally, at the gorgeous City Banquets, and they were rather surprised if, in the course of a speech, Dr. Billing pleaded for his thousands of poor—for the society stranger seems to think that a little cheque for a million and a half or so can be got from any of "those City chaps," for the asking! It would be as well to see for oneself by doing a little "slumming," but that craze did not last long, and the few that did "slum" made the great mistake of dressing in the orthodox, hideous goody-goody, slip-shod fashion; in fact, some ladies put away their fine things, and would not even borrow those of their maids, which would be too good, but the old dresses of their charwomen. The poor resent that sort of thing. The wife of an East End vicar, herself a lady of fashion, who devotes herself to her poor, East End sister, does not do that. She will dress, at home, in the quietest of gowns, but goes to visit her poor in the most fashionable attire, as if ready for a drive in the Row. "I am paying my people a compliment," she says, "and they respect me for it."

CITY ELOQUENCE.

The City gained, and the House of Commons lost, one of its most attractive Members, in the retirement of Mr. James Alexander Rentoul, K.C., LL.D., the Member for East Down, who accepted a judicial post in the City of London. It was not in the House, that Mr. Rentoul was at his best; nor even on the platform; though he was a powerful and eloquent platform speaker. Where he shone, and where I suppose he will continue to shine, was at the

tables of the City Banquets. For some years Mr. Rentoul has been the *piece de résistance*, at nearly every City Dinner I have been to. His speeches were always witty, eloquent, and, I imagine, well prepared. In fact, one of the City "magnets," as Robert would call them, clapped me on the back, one evening, after Mr. Rentoul had made his speech, and said:—"Well, my boy, what do you think of that?" "I think it means a City Judgeship," I replied. And it did.

As I have already said, most people outside City circles would never know the City but for its Banquets; and my most frequent visits to the east of Temple Bar have been to attend some of these functions.

At a City Banquet, one evening, I noticed an American on my right, who was taking a keen interest in all that went on. The Worshipful Master was in the seat of honour, and the Lord Mayor sat on his right, but the Toast Master, apparently interested my American neighbour much more than all the members of the Guild and their guests put together. His style of giving the toast, "coupled with the name of" some dignitary, struck me as being rather curious, for he commenced in a voice of the deepest bass and wound up in high falsetto, the effect of which seemed to me to be much more grotesque than impressive. He regulated the cheering like a leader conducting an orchestra, calling for "One more, gentlemen! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

I informed my American neighbour, that our National air is inseparable from, and indispensable to, all British banquets, but more especially those given by City Companies; for it was one of those bodies (the Merchant Taylors') who commissioned Ben Jonson and Dr. Bull to compose "God Save the King" for the entertainment given on July 16, 1607, by that Company to King James I. But this is digression.

At a City Dinner the speech-making is, as a rule, interlarded with excellent music. Glees and madrigals, of course, form part of the programme, but it consisted chiefly,

on this occasion, of the more welcome rendering of well-known songs, by accomplished lady and gentleman solo singers.

The lady who treated us to the first song "Robert, O tu che adoro," preferred to render it in Italian, presumably, lest "Robert" on being thus passionately addressed, in his mother tongue, should accept the announcement literally and "act according."

With like discretion another lady sang in French. She was young enough to know better, but assured us, emphatically, and repeatedly, that "L'Amour est enfant de Boheme." Referring to the programme I found that we were not provided with a translation of the Irish-Italian young lady's enthusiastic surrender to the all-conquering Robert; our hosts, however, thoughtfully guarded against our coming to any misunderstanding with the second singer, a Swede, by translating, for us, her French definition of love and its vagaries in the most cautious phraseology imaginable. I must say that the fair songstress looked rather roguish as she sang:

"L'Amour est enfant de Boheme,
Il n'a jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aimez pas, je t'aime,
Si je t'aime prends garde a toi!'

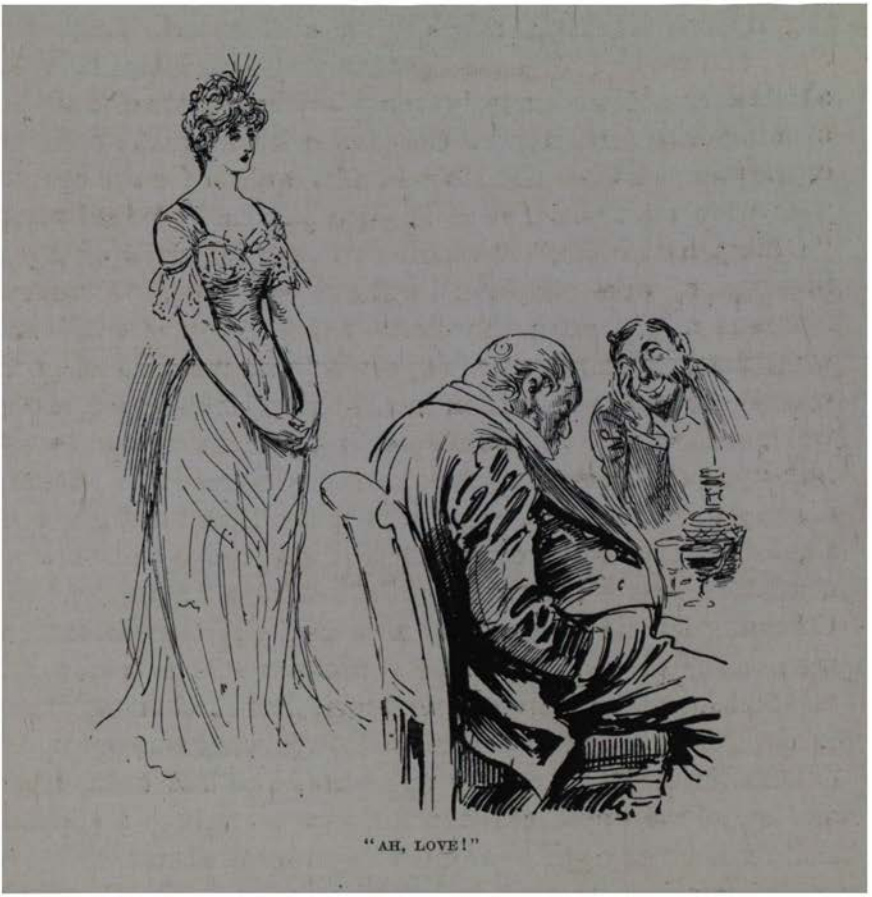
but on looking at my translation I found it only meant—

"Ah, Love! Yes, Love's a vagrant at the best,
A lawless vagabond I fear is he,"

and I sighed a sigh of endorsement, for I also was afraid that this observation was only too true when you came to consider it.

At this juncture, as though by general request, the songs lapsed from mellifluous Italian, and piquant French, into our own every-day English, and stayed there for the remainder of the evening.

No sooner had this alteration taken place, than an equally sudden change came o'er the spirit of the songs. No more trembling and imploring, no more lawless young Bohemians; it was now all "bees" and "trees" and "song" and "all day long," and even when we reached naughty Tom Moore, it was not of "Love's young dream, &c.," that we heard, but the beautiful "Oft in the stilly



"AH, LOVE!"

night," where the word "love" occurs only once, and then is merely mentioned in the most casual way.

As the end of the programme drew nigh, I was rather amused, to see the tall, fair-haired, handsome songstress, as she stood at the end of the table, gaze down, without a smile at the surfeited reveller, peacefully sleeping on her

left, as she sang, in a voice of sweet, tearful intensity, from one of Weatherley's tender lyrics:

"You will grow old like me, my darling,
Time will whiten your golden hair,
Sitting at eve in the chimney corner,
Dreaming and watching each empty chair."

At last, however, the singing and speechifying were over, and we had admired the Company's curious and valuable silver-gilt treasures, which were brought out for that evening only, for that was Corpus Christi Day, *the* occasion of the year, whereon the Master and Wardens for the coming year were elected. The Guild was justifiably proud of its "Ornamental Plate," of which a list, a brief history and an illustration, were provided in the programme. Here the ignorant might learn the exact nature of "patens," and what the City knows as "cinq cents" and "Raphaelesque," whilst those interested in snuff-boxes, salt-cellars, rose-water dishes, and what not, might feast their eyes, to the full, upon the fine examples of various styles here liberally displayed. Meantime, there were sent on their circular tour the loving cups—five cups in the shape of five Chanticleers standing each on a turtle, which were presented to the Company by one Cockayne. The heads of the cocks were removable, to enable you to drink from their necks. I wondered, as they were passed round, that the long-suffering turtles, with their necks strained to see what was going on, did not discover that their oppressors had lost their heads and seize the opportunity to dislodge them, but I suppose that after twenty years they were getting used to it.

Preparations were made for the ceremony of the evening. Pending that, I glanced up at the ladies who occupied a gallery above the hall. I wondered at the apparent enormity of keeping them there, hungry spectators, the while their brothers, cousins, and nephews heartlessly revelled in good cheer, and I hoped, for their sakes, that there was a snuggery somewhere, in the unexplored inner economy of the

mansion, wherein the members' gentler relatives might "unofficially" partake.

The band of the Coldstream Guards had been discoursing sweet music during the progress of the banquet, and now descended to the body of the hall. A procession was formed, headed by a functionary—I nearly said "the Beadle"—of whose proper style and title I must confess my ignorance, but he might be more exalted than a thousand beadles for aught I know; then came other officials, followed by the band; next, ten or a dozen Bluecoat boys, the rear being brought up by, I think, more officials.

This procession marched around the hall, the band playing a weird air which one could never forget, and which must certainly have a history. It was as haunting as, but perhaps a shade more cheerful than, the "Ghost Melody" in "The Corsican Brothers."

Like big children, the processionists now commenced a game of "musical chairs." One of them carried a number of curious objects resembling huge velvet quoits, which in reality were hats of ancient date, though each of them seemed to me capable of encircling a small barrel. One of these was handed to the Master, who, knowing that his reign of authority was rapidly approaching its termination, made the most of the opportunity to have his little joke, which he did by trying the hat on sundry of the diners and pretended, the while, to have a difficulty in finding a head to fit it. The band marched round, playing the half weird, half comical, diddledee, diddledee, diddledee, and suddenly stopped the instant the Master placed the hat upon the head of the elected new Warden. And so the game proceeded, until all the hats were disposed of and all the Wardens, as well as the Worshipful Master for the coming year, were duly crowned.

In the olden days, it was the custom for those at the table to fill the pockets of the Bluecoat boys, as they passed round, with sweetmeats and any other good things left from the feast. Facetious diners would also often pour sweetmeats into the instruments. as the musicians went by, until

the blower of the bassoon would nearly burst with his Borean efforts to drive sweet music through some pounds of the toothsome delicacies. All these frolicsome customs, however, have passed away, with the rest of the "good old" nonsense. The Bluecoat boys are not the losers by the decadence of the custom, though; indeed, they are much better off, for we see them presently sitting outside with large bags, into which are crammed all the indigestibles they can carry, and at ten o'clock they struggle off with them to the dormitories of Christ's College to hold high revel.

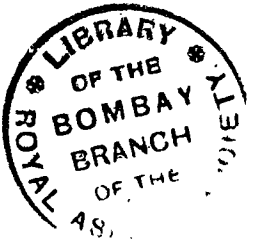
The Bluecoat boys are not the only partakers in the Company's prodigality of "goodies," on Corpus Christi Day. In bygone days money was placed under the plate of each guest, but nowadays the guests are each given a huge box of sweets!

The ceremonies were over and the guests were leaving, and as I passed down Newgate Street, in the carriage of one of the City dignitaries, my mind reverted to the young gourmands of Christ's College, and I asked my companion how long he thought they would be in disposing of their bagsful of good things, and gave it as my opinion that they would be in clover for weeks.

"I don't know exactly," said he, "but in my day we got rid of them in rather less than two hours; there never was anything left at twelve o'clock that night. Each boy shared with the occupants of the beds at either side of him, and we used to get right through!"

CHAPTER X

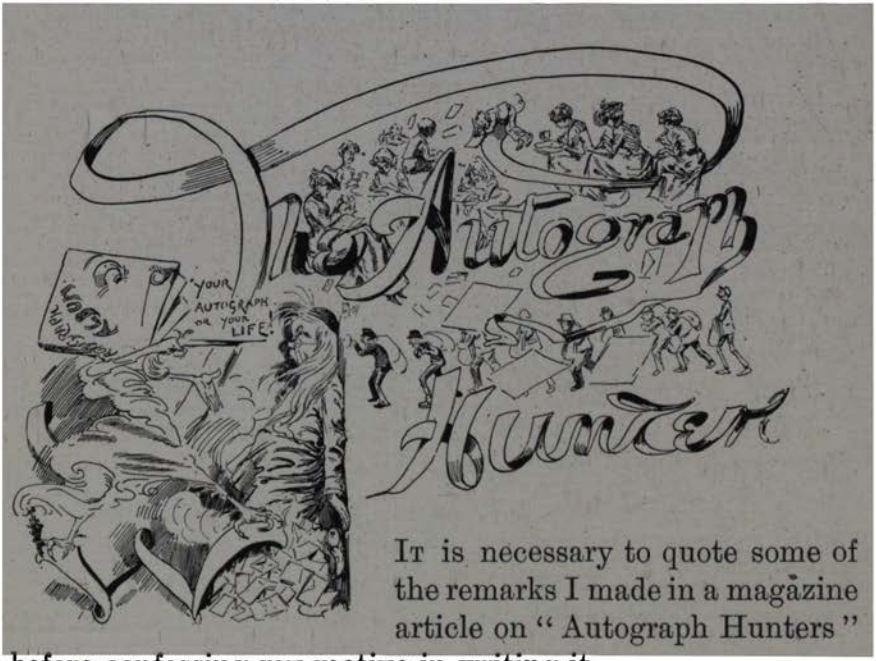
AN AUTOGRAPH VICTIM



CHAPTER X

AN AUTOGRAPH VICTIM

The Definition of an Autograph—Dan Leno's Joke—The American Form—Cousin Harry—Sir Alexander Mackenzie's—George Grossmith's—At Tennis—At Lord's—"Miss May Melrose"—My Confession—How I Drew the Public—"Cheek"—3,000 in 17 Volumes!—Suspicious Hunters—A Humorous Hunter.



IT is necessary to quote some of the remarks I made in a magazine article on "Autograph Hunters" before confessing my motive in writing it.

Is there any inoculation possible to avert autograph fever? It is a disease always prevalent in the United

States, but of late years has become quite an epidemic in England. Tattooing the patient's own autograph on the arm suggests itself to a Pasteur of graphology. The worst of this disease is that it is not painful to those attacked by it, but punishes those they correspond with. In the case of people who worry artists for sketches as well as autographs, a picture might be pin-pricked on the arm as well, to cure them of pin-pricking their fellow-creatures. It is flattering to me that I am being constantly hunted by the autograph fiend. And, in return for the compliment, I do not hesitate to send an autograph when the hunter accompanies the dart by a stamped and directed envelope. Others I quickly dispatch to the W.P.B. One of these latter, just to hand, I have saved from destruction to keep as a curiosity—after fumigation—for its contents are startling:—

"SICK ROOM, MONKTON SCHOOL.

"DEAR SIR,—A squad of us are down with German measles, and we are trying to run a *Monkton Chronicle* to cheer us up a bit. Can you very kindly send us something for this week's number? We are trying to make it funny, and a little sketch from you would be awfully jolly.

"Yours truly,

"THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SICK ROOM.

"Please send answer to the Editor, *Monkton Measles Chronicle*, &c."

The funniest description of an autograph was given at my own house. My daughter was entertaining some little girls at tea, when I overheard the following conversation between two of her small guests:—

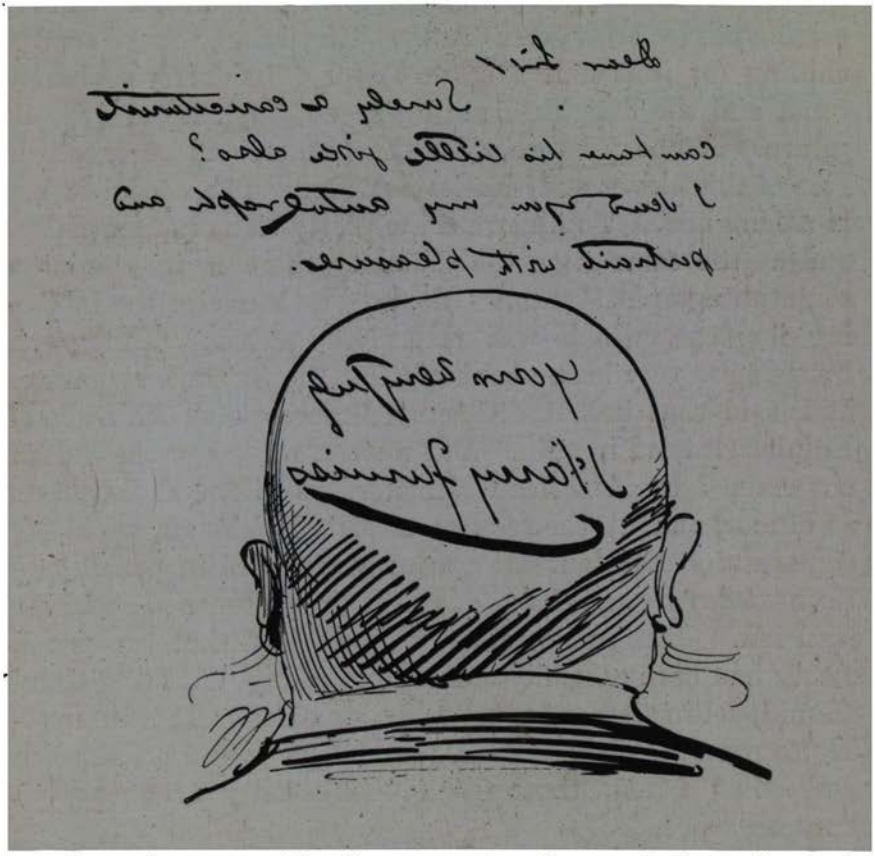
WINNIE (aged eleven): "Do you collect autographs?"

GIRLIE (aged nine): "No, I would not collect them on any account; they are nasty, horrid things."

WINNIE: "I don't think you know what an autograph is."

GIRLIE: "Oh, yes, I do. It's a nasty, green, slimy thing that grows in water."

Well, it is quite as difficult to get "a green, slimy" actinia off a rock, under water, as it is to get an autograph off some celebrities. Those whom the autograph hunter chases are generally very busy people indeed. Still, not too busy to sign their names, provided a stamped and addressed



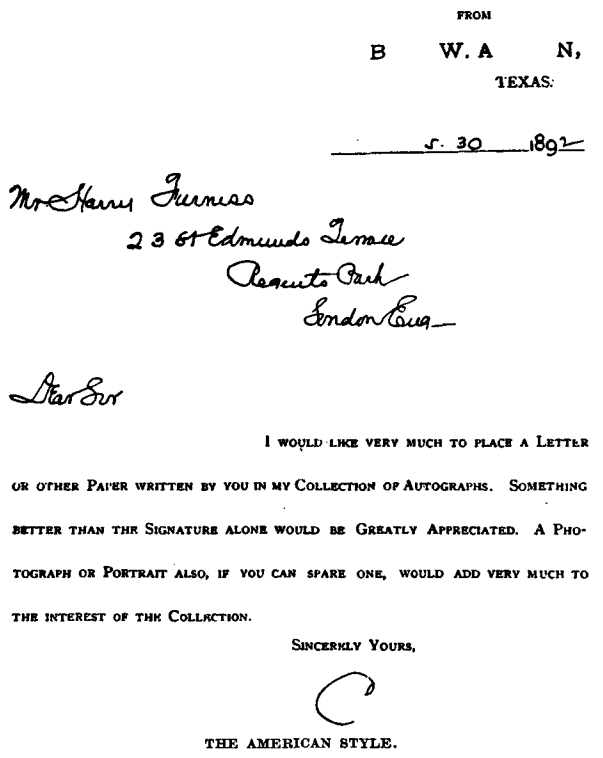
envelope is sent with the request. Some of those hunted are humourists, others are practical, others eccentric. Mr. Dan Leno is a humourist, unequalled on the boards, and, judging from a note I received from a schoolboy a short time ago, he carries his jokes on, just as successfully in private life: "DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly favour me with your autograph, and, if not asking too much, will you add a

funny little sketch? You must not be as funny as Mr. Dan Leno, for in reply to my request he sent his autograph, as he always does, by telegraph!" But I had my little joke with the little stranger who asked for a little sketch. My reply was something like the above, which a looking-glass will render legible.

The practical side of giving autographs cannot be better illustrated than by the system practised, and, I believe, originated, by Miss Ellen Terry. The hunter must send a shilling (or is it half a crown?) for Miss Terry's charity fund, and the delightful actress's autograph is received in return. A cheap bargain, for the hunter, and an excellent idea of this clever and charitable lady. The eccentric list is a long one. To illustrate the pretty side of eccentricity, and at the same time the difficulty there is in obtaining some autographs, I cannot do better than cite the following incident, which was recently reported: "Autograph hunters are very keen about getting the Sultan's signature. It is said that both the German Emperor and the Duke of Edinburgh tried in vain. But a short while ago the Sultan entertained the American Minister, his wife, and daughters at dinner, and, at the request of Mrs. Leishman, wrote his signature on her fan. It was only scribbled in pencil, and the next day he sent for the fan, on the pretence of rewriting it in ink. But on its return it was found that the pencil marks had been carefully erased, and a tiny "A. H." (Abdul Hamid) set in diamonds had taken its place." It is interesting to note that where a German Emperor and an English Duke had failed, those from the country of autograph hunters succeeded.

In America, one is besieged by autograph collectors, perfectly startling in their persistency. On arrival at the hall or theatre, to give an entertainment, you find a row of autograph books, and their owners, waiting for your autograph. Some books are too precious to be left, so the owner calls personally at your hotel. Many send their appeals through the post. Others have their appeals printed

in neat type. Here is a specimen; complimentary to a degree; but what the sender means by "something better than an autograph" is somewhat vague. A photograph, however, will suffice if—as I take it the writer infers—one has not a full-length portrait, in oils, ready to be dispatched



FROM

B W. A N,

TEXAS.

S. 30 1892

Mr Harry Furniss

23 St Edmunds Terrace

Regents Park

London Eng

Dear Sir

I WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO PLACE A LETTER OR OTHER PAPER WRITTEN BY YOU IN MY COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS. SOMETHING BETTER THAN THE SIGNATURE ALONE WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED. A PHOTOGRAPH OR PORTRAIT ALSO, IF YOU CAN SPARE ONE, WOULD ADD VERY MUCH TO THE INTEREST OF THE COLLECTION.

SINCERELY YOURS,

C

THE AMERICAN STYLE.

immediately to Texas. This reminds me that a cousin of mine, in South Africa, when on a visit to England asked me for my photograph and autograph for his little girl. "I have brought you cousin Harry's portrait and autograph," he told her on his return to Africa.

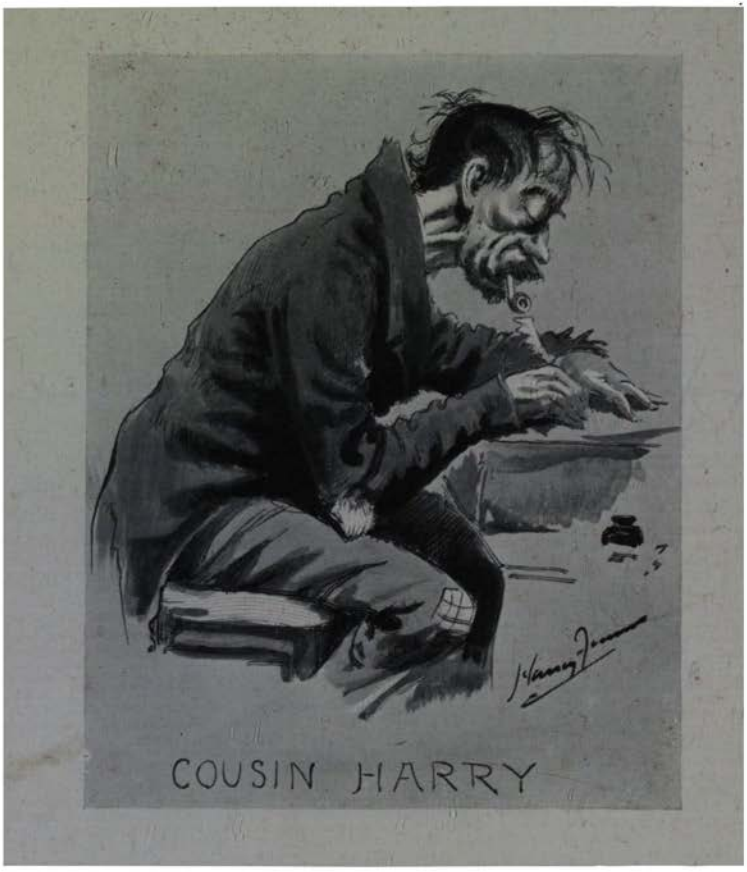
"Oh, we have had them, father, for ever so long."

"Indeed! Where?"

"Just come up to the nursery. He is framed there, and his portrait is signed by himself."

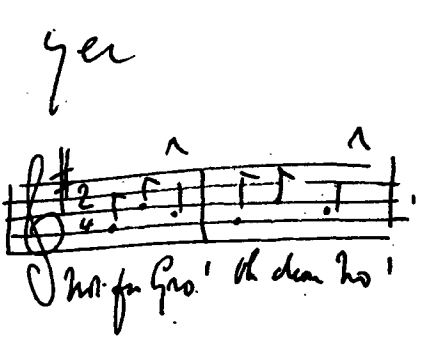
In all earnestness, my cousin was shown, by his children

an advertisement (which was, unknown to me, taken for that purpose by the proprietors of a soap, from a drawing of mine in *Punch*): "I used your soap two years ago; since then I have used no other."



The critical mind is content with writing the most modest, and neatest, of hands. Writers of all kinds, even the cynics, as a rule, write the smallest. Taking one at haphazard, I find an autograph of George Bernard Shaw, which fully illustrates this fact. It is, however, not so eccentric as the writer of it. Eccentric autographs often emanate from the artistic mind. The artist sends his, embellished with a sketch, to the musician, and the musician—the seriously clever Sir Alexander Mackenzie,

or the ever humorous George Grossmith—sends back his, set to music.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH'S AUTOGRAPH.

The common practice, of signing menus, at public dinners, is a modern nuisance, also copied from America. To have to sign dozens of cards, after one has sat through a long dinner and dreary speeches, is anything but a pleasant occupation to wind up with.

I shall never forget one request for my autograph. I was playing lawn tennis, on the lawn of a country house—a real match for a prize. It was the semi-final, and the score was "love all." I was the favourite. Excitement ran high. I was opposed by the youngest daughter, aged twelve, and had only her uncle, an M.P., with a poor idea of the game, to meet in the final. I had just defeated one of the young ladies, who gave me thirty, and the German governess, who played me even; when, at that critical moment, the head gardener, Mr. MacPherson, walked straight on to the tennis lawn, with his autograph book wrapped up in tissue paper, and, provided with a gardener's pencil—something like a builder's—about an inch wide, and having a stubby point, one-eighth of an inch long, and there and then demanded my autograph, "with just a wee bit of the face of the Grand Old Man."

I lost the match.

When I was sketching at Lord's, one Eton and Harrow match day, some years ago, a sheet of my sketch-book fell

out. A very young lady, I had just sketched, picked it up. "Will you kindly sign this and give it to me?" Could I refuse, after her politeness in bringing it to me? But these are trifles among the trials of those autographically hunted.

A YOUNG AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

I have discovered a not very uncommon manœuvre of the autograph collector, who, finding that writing for autographs does not always meet with a response, writes to ask some business question: the price of a picture; your fee to give an entertainment; and may, in fact, should his family be collectors too, carry on a correspondence till the autographs are obtained. Then one hears no more. This coolly impertinent process I have known carried still further. Some artists cannot resist adorning their letters with sketches. To obtain that sketch, requires more careful fishing on the part of the stranger. The sport, to him, is, therefore, all the greater. On more than one occasion, I have received letters, from well-to-do strangers, asking me to accept a commission for a drawing.

"A slight sketch of the subject will oblige." I take the bait; the *slight*, subject sketch is sent, and there the correspondence ceases. But my sketch is not returned. I have a letter, to this effect, which may explain the reason why. It is adorned with a coat of arms and three separate addresses, after the following fashion:—

"Hav'em Hall, Do'emshire.

"The Rookery, Chislehurst.

"6, Bounder Court, Mayfair.

"SIR,—Lady Sharper and I have changed our minds. We fear your price for the drawing is more than we care to give; and as we only wanted a specimen of your work for our collection, you will be glad to learn that we have decided to frame your autograph letter, including the sketch."

SHARPER.

The frame-maker, at least, earns something for his family.

One should be careful, in sending an autograph. For instance, a pretty little note from "Miss May Melrose," or from "Miss Lottie Lightfoot," written on primrose-tinted paper, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope—care of The Creamery, West End Villas, Highgate—is not always from an enthusiastic young lady, in her teens, who is, in spite of her parents' protests, collecting the autographs of celebrities. It is just possible, that that flattering little note, is penned in the coffee-shop or public-house, next door to the "Creamery" by a thorough-paced blackguard, who either sells the autograph or, worse still, uses your signature to rob you or yours. It is therefore, most unwise, to sign your autograph, carelessly, in the centre of paper.

What is to prevent "Miss May" or "Miss Lottie"—in other words, the practised thief; as practised, no doubt, in imitating handwriting as an Ireland or a Pigott—placing,

over your signature, "I O U," or even something more elaborate, to be presented to your executors, after your death, if not actually manipulated at once? It is, therefore, well to bear this in mind; and when writing your signature, not to leave a space above it, but place it well on the top of the page. A safe form is as follows: "Mr. S—— has much pleasure in complying with the request for his autograph." (Here sign the name.)

"MISS MAY MELROSE."

There can be no hanky-panky tricks played with that.

There is nothing more difficult to draw than a tall hat. There is nothing easier to draw than the British Public; particularly that section of the public with bees in their bonnets, and those who find, in one's sketches, caps that will fit their idiosyncrasies.

I have succeeded in drawing a considerable number, from among the large public, reading the *Strand* Magazine, in which the foregoing "Confessions" appeared, and what is more, they have been drawn to depict themselves, in letters. For a huge budget of epistles—some that I may call—autocaricatures, has come in, since the appearance of my article on "Autograph hunters." A selection from these letters may interest my readers, as, judging by the

way in which the article was received, the subject seems a very popular one. Even had I the power to endow my various correspondents' letters with journalistic merit, I would not attempt any such feat; but rather content myself, and I trust, interest their fellow-readers, by making a few "elegant extracts," in the very words of some of the many hundred autograph hunters, who have written to me, from all parts of the world, and publishing them without any addition, collusion or even permission.

In giving a lady correspondent first place, I have not merely studied etiquette, for, as a matter of fact, the best letters, I have received, are written by lady readers of the *Strand*.

Characteristically, this lady, although assuring me in her letter; that "after seeing in your experiences the manner in which some people make their requests, words fail me," fills four pages of a letter with the following words:—"Being myself one amongst many of those too terrible creatures—viz. 'The autograph hunters' I could not fail to be naturally much interested by your article in the *Strand* Magazine. Doubtless on reaching this juncture of the letter, you'll be on the point of looking for the usual stamped, addressed, envelope; but please do not, for it isn't enclosed and am not in any way contemplating worrying you in that direction.

"Now I may safely proceed. Being the possessor of a much valued album, should like just to mention to you a little about it. In all there are about 50 contributions from celebrities,—actors, music-hall artistes, authors, &c., which take the form of extracts from plays, songs, and in nearly each case accompanied by a photo of the original —so you may imagine it is a real, good collection. And now please do not think that what I am about to add is said in any spirit of conceit—it is really true. In every case the gentleman whose kindness I have taxed *re* autograph sent me a letter before the book was handed along expressing his pleasure in permitting me to do so,

so that in addition to the entry in the album, I have a most interesting collection of letters also autographed—hence am real proud of them—receiving such exceeding kindness from, in most cases, strangers (one or two of the professionals I am acquainted with) has often appealed to me, but after seeing in your own experiences the manner in which some people make their requests, words fail me—one can only breathe hard at the cool audacity displayed and agree with you that the waste P. B. is the only article required to complete the picture. Cheek! well, it's abominable. A very well known personage told me how he was tackled one evening. In Charing Cross post office he was sending a wire, when right across the form he was writing on, a book was thrown and a sweet damsel said:—'Your autograph, please, Mr. ——,' in such a 'do or die' style that he said he was absolutely flabagasted—and he signed the album in sheer desperation. It's really too bad to carry the craze to this pitch—it becomes a perfect pest. Now I do trust Mr. Furniss that this chat (unasked for by you) will not have bored you too terribly, but I have taken such an interest in this autographing business that on seeing your article directly I determined just to write to you—feeling sure you will overlook the liberty taken and forgive——"

This lady, who takes such an interest in the "autographing business," hails, I think, from the land of business, and "autographing," America, as she is "real proud," and I am glad she determined "just to write to me," and I assure her, her confession did not bore me "too terribly," on the contrary it reminds me somewhat of a chat I had, "on the other side," with a lady autograph hunter who showed me an album full of autographs, a tablecloth covered with them, and some she had worked in silk, on her huge sleeves. "It is really too bad to carry the craze to this pitch." I wonder if my fair correspondent knows that New York belle with the sleeves? Or if she ever crossed, from the States, on board a certain White Star

ship, the Purser of which, I venture to think, must surely hold the record for Autographing: he writes me:—

"I have for some years been collecting the Autographs of eminent and celebrated Men and Women, and I venture to take the liberty of approaching you with the object of adding your name to the number, over 3,000 in 17 volumes. In conclusion I should like to remark, it is purely a private collection and not intended, at any time, for disposal."

Seventeen volumes; over 3,000 autographs! I wonder are they authentic; for while he hurries up to approach me for mine, in time I trust for the hundredth thousand volume, he spells my name wrongly! Above all things, my dear autographist, get your victim's name correct, do not add insult to injury.

Next to getting your name wrong there is nothing less soothing to the ruffled victim than to get his portrait wrong:—

"Having read your very interesting article in this month's *Strand*, I am writing to say that I should feel greatly honoured if you would oblige me by sending your Autograph on the sheet enclosed, and for the return of which I enclose a stamped addressed envelope? and I must add that a small sketch (however hurried) would be esteemed a special favour, but a short comment of the sketch on the sheet to be signed will do, for

Yours respectfully,

———

"PS.—Whilst looking at the said sketch it may interest you to know that it was done in little over ¼ of an hour, entirely by myself, and that I am 18 years old."

This eighteen-year old artist-correspondent, may spend a quarter of an hour, in comparing his flattering sketch with the caricature I sent him.

Many correspondents, strongly object to my casting a doubt upon their genuineness. A young lady, of Hong

Kong, is much exercised by my hinting that rogues and vagabonds write for autographs to use feloniously, signing their appeals "Miss May Melrose," &c., and she verifies her claim as follows:—

"I have a grand collection, nearly seven hundred, a lot given to me by friends, such as Sir Robert Peel's, dated 1830.

"I should so much like yours, and hope when you have a little time to spare you will not forget me.

"I enclose you a page of the Directory, so you will know I am *not* a 'Miss May Melrose,' but the second daughter, born Oct. 9, 1881, in Hong Kong.

"Thanking you beforehand, I am, &c. . . ."

Another, equally suspicious, does not even trouble to consult a Directory, but adds a postscript:—

"PS.—I am sending this C/o the Editor of the *Strand*, as I am not sure if the address in the middle of your article is a real one or not. . . ."

Another suspicious collector, doubts even the authenticity of autographs. He writes, strange to say, not from Ireland, but from Brighton:—

"Could you do me such a favour as to send me a small autograph, executed by you, for my collection. . . ."

A young lady, with a pretty name and a pretty enticing, as well as determined, way of putting the matter writes:—

"I should be so very pleased if you would favour me with your autograph. I read your article in the *Strand* Magazine, and felt all the more determined to ask you for your autograph. I am afraid that you will feel very much inclined to put this in the waste-paper basket, but I am enclosing a stamped envelope, and I am sure that you will not be so unkind as to refuse me.

"If you could do me a little drawing as well as your signature I should be *so* pleased.

"But *please don't* draw a picture of the back of your head with your signature backwards."

That is all very sweet and to the point; but this little maid, at school, is also confidential, and at the same time artfully flattering. She wants a sketch, as a consolation, prize—"a booby prize" in the game of progressive learning at her college—for she adds:—

"I daresay you read in the papers that Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian, presented the prizes at Princess Helena's College, Ealing.

"I go to the College, but did not get a prize. . . ."

I did not read the important announcement she referred to, in the papers, but she got her "booby prize" all the same.

On the other hand, schoolboys sadly lack the tact and ingenuity of the schoolgirl. Here is a specimen of cheek from Eton.

No name—no reply. An autograph for an autograph, young gentleman, is the least one expects. I trust I have flattered you, more than you have flattered me. I do not resent cheek, if it is intentionally funny—or unconsciously humorous; which of the two this letter, from a young lady of Athlone, is I fail to discover. (I imagine *all* my correspondents are young. Happy thought, no autograph without a photograph, then, if my surmise is correct, there would be some *quid pro quo*.)

"It was delightfully considerate of you, to inform me, by means of the *Strand* Magazine that you will bestow your autograph on any one who will give you the means of returning it to him, her, or it (if *it's* ever make such requests!).

"I beg you will send me *two* of your signatures, accompanied by two little sketches of yourself, one for your humble servant, the other for a small but senior aunt of mine who is too shy to write herself. Please send them soon. I enclose stamped envelope. I received on Wednes-

day the signature of 'that delightful actress,' Miss T., though owing to what a *kind* cousin calls my 'unsurpassable ignorance,' I was not aware of the existence of her 'Charity fund.' Please don't trouble to write your autograph *backwards*, nor send me *a telegraph clerk's* autograph.

"If my writing appears illegible it is that I am like my (or somebody's else's) grandsire, 'cut in alabaster,' and I'm frozen so

(goodbye)

"PS.—Could please let me have the address of Mr. Phil May, and oblige."

It seems, I have been guilty of starting a young lady, on her wild career in Autograph Hunting. She is Irish, and richly endowed with native wit.

"—— College, Dublin,
Merrion Square, Dublin

"After reading your article on Autograph Hunters, I feel emboldened to write and ask for your autograph (a thing I've *never* done before), and taking the hint that 'very busy people are still not too busy to sign their names provided a stamped and addressed envelope is sent,' I enclose the above. I am nineteen, a girl—an Irish girl—and live in a respectable place in Dublin. You may know Merrion Square?

"My father's name is in 'Who's Who,' 1901, and I have absolutely no sinister designs to use your signature for felonious purposes!

"Having now done all in my power to allay all suspicion, and make smooth your path, may I hope—if you are in a good humour!—a 'little sketch' may be included? I await your answer in some anxiety, for as I said, I have never had the temerity to write for an autograph before, and

wouldn't have now but for your article, so—be it on your own head!

"PS.—There is *no* subtle meaning in the two addresses given above."

No—but a goodly sprinkle of subtle humour.

This novice is also polite, (strange for autograph hunters), she writes and thanks her willing victim!

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